



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



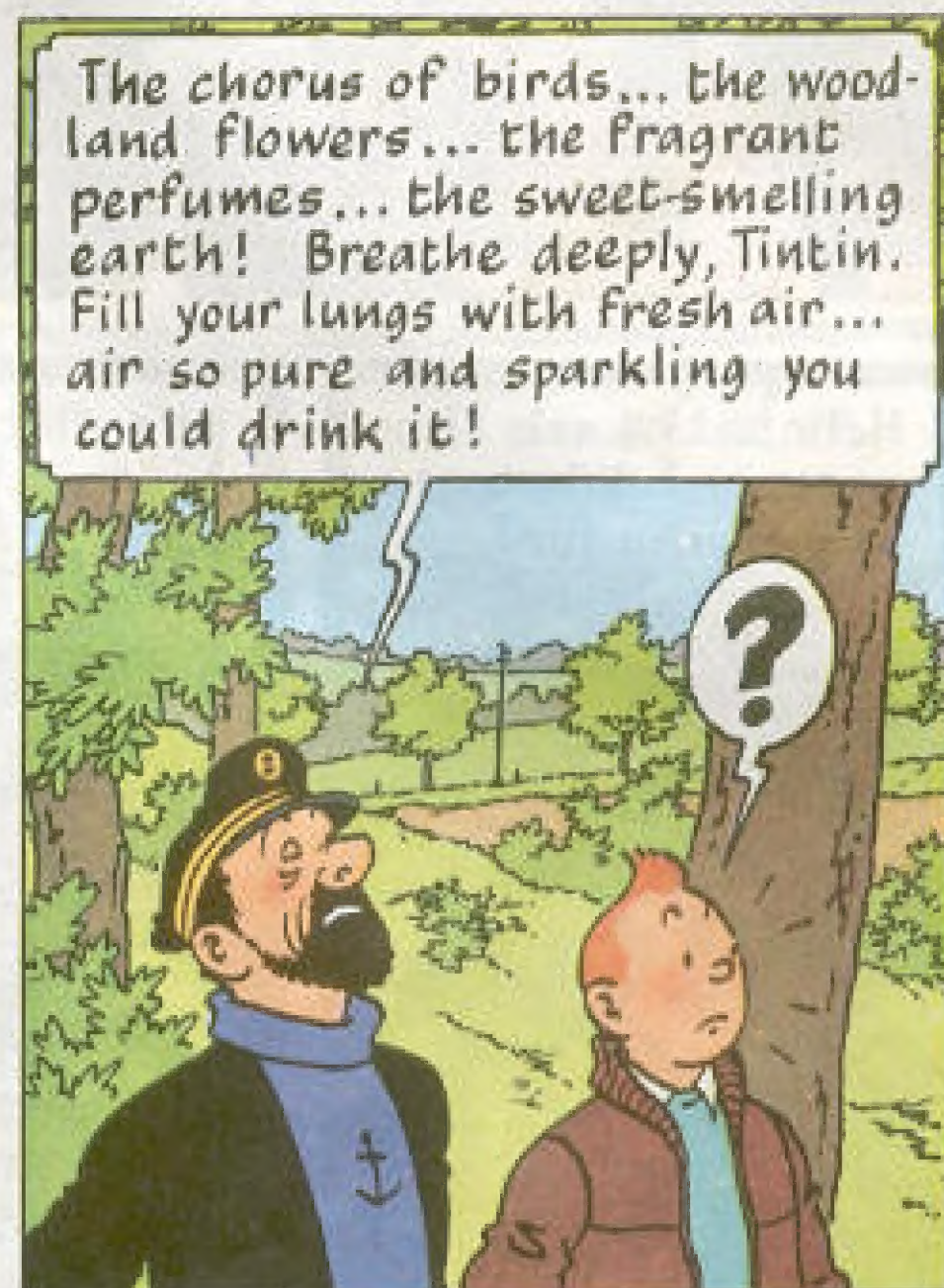
MAMMOTH



THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

Acc No : 146

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I. I. T., KHARAGPUR







Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree-root.



You haven't cut yourself, have you?... No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a bump, that's all.
Little goose!



Please, don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother... Can you stand up?

KILIKILIKILI!



O.K. now?



A few minutes later...

Mama!

Miarka!



To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!

I know.



Good day to you!

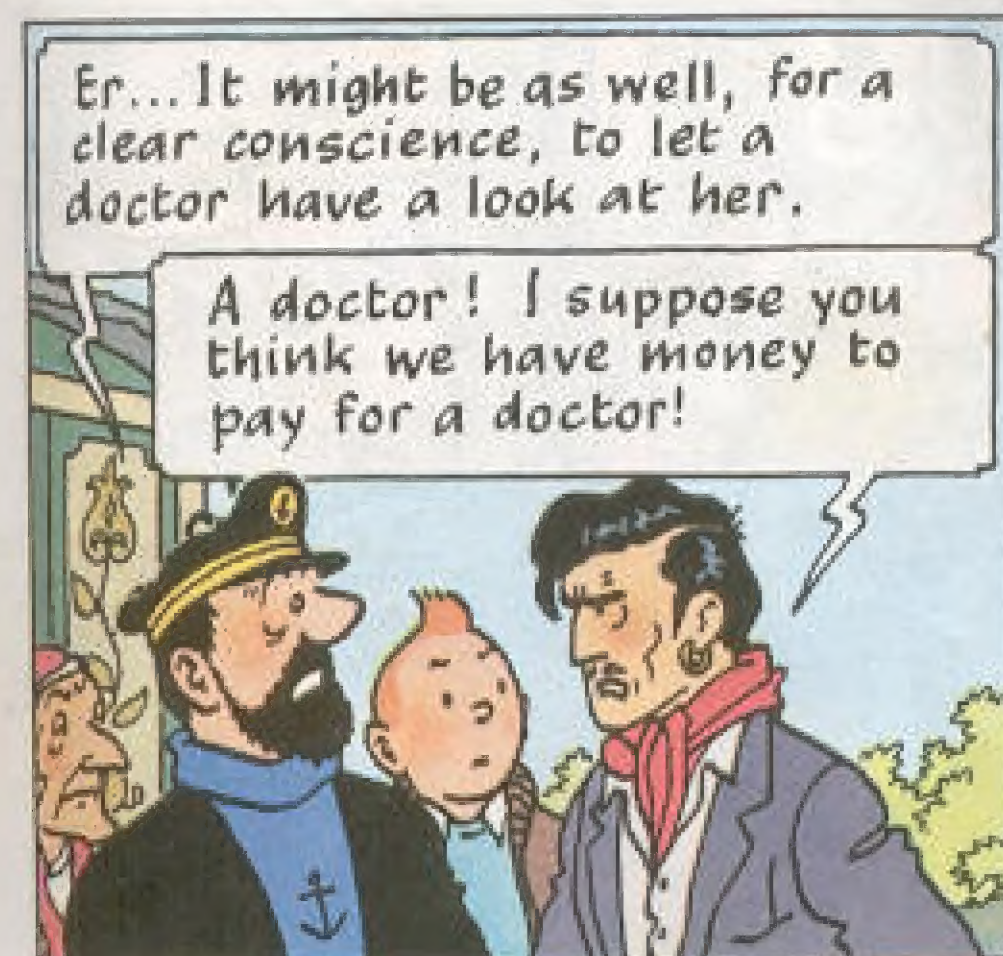


We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she...er... she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.



You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!

No, thanks. Definitely not!



Er... It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.

A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!



Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune... you cross my palm with silver...

No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!

What is it?... Tell me!



Trouble!

Well, if that's all you can see, I can tell your fortune, too!



You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious... I see you in a carriage... AAAH! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH!... A terrible disaster...

Go on, go on!



The jewels are gone... vanished!... stolen! You cross my palm with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, no! That's enough! Let go of my hand!



Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune!... The jewels will disappear!

Me too!... That's enough mumbo-jumbo for one day.



Well, goodbye, and take care of that little cherub. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rubbish-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...



D'you think we're here because we like it? D'you imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth?

You mean...



Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this gajo.

Me, a gajo?



That's what we call anyone who isn't a Romany... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

So that's it!

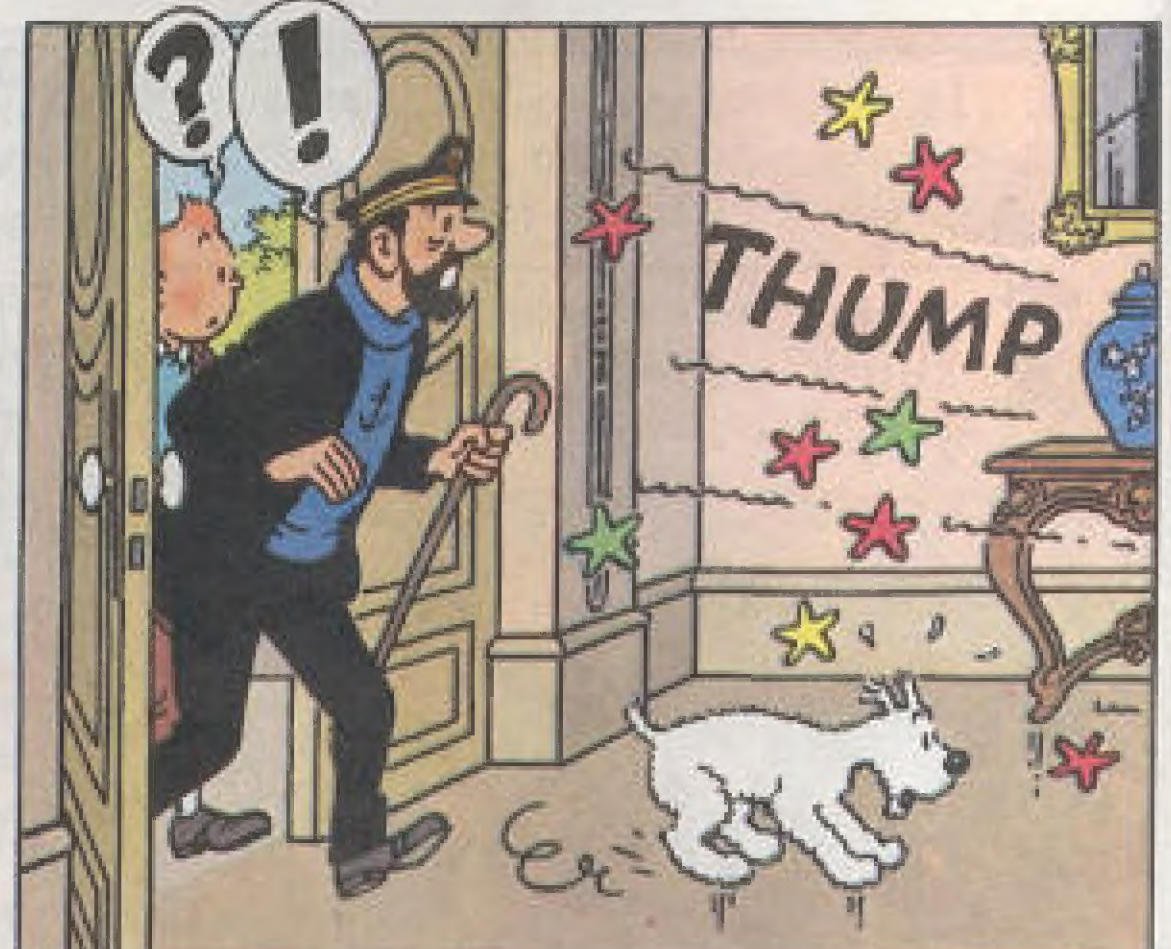
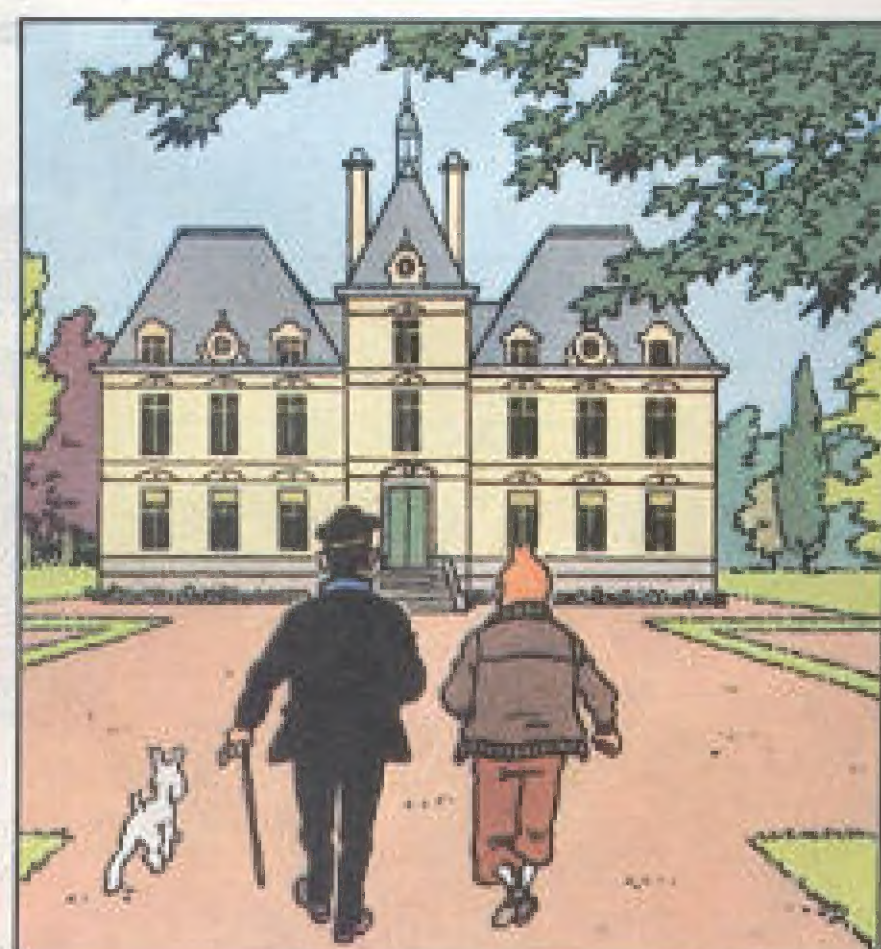


Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You're not staying here!... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.



Making people live on a dung-heap like this. It's revolting!

I'm glad you could help them.



?!

THUMP



Poor Professor!... Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!

That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that sluggard of a builder coming?



I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



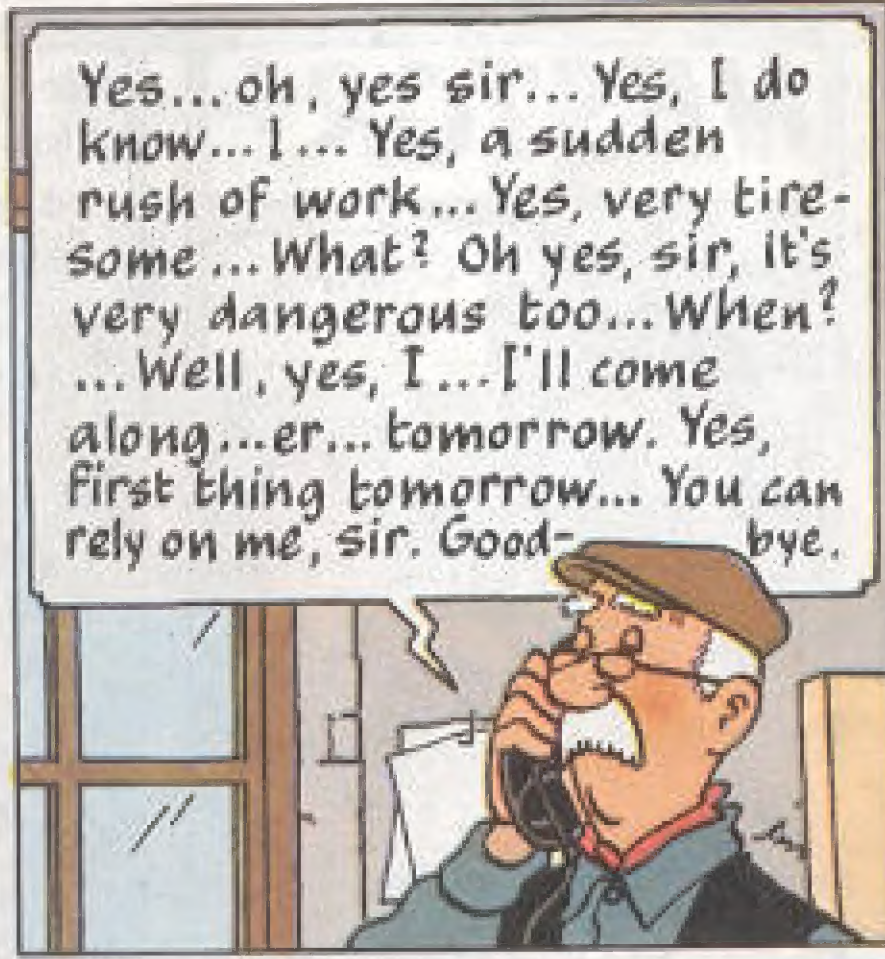
Hello?... Hello? Mr. Bolt?... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



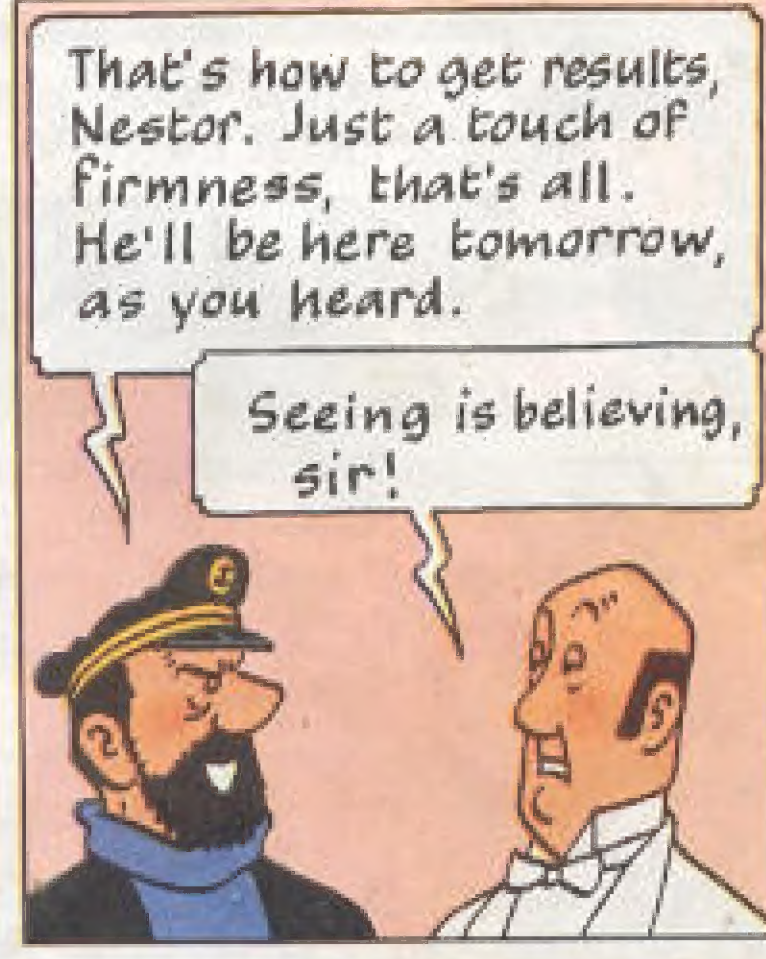
No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir, ... Not at all, sir.



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?



Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tiresome... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When? ... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.



That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink: the fresh air makes me thirsty!... All well, Tintin?

A letter from Chang in London: he's fine, and sends you his regards.



What a nice lad he is.

Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Bianca Castafiore!



Bianca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!

AAAAAH ♪♪ My beauty... ♪♪



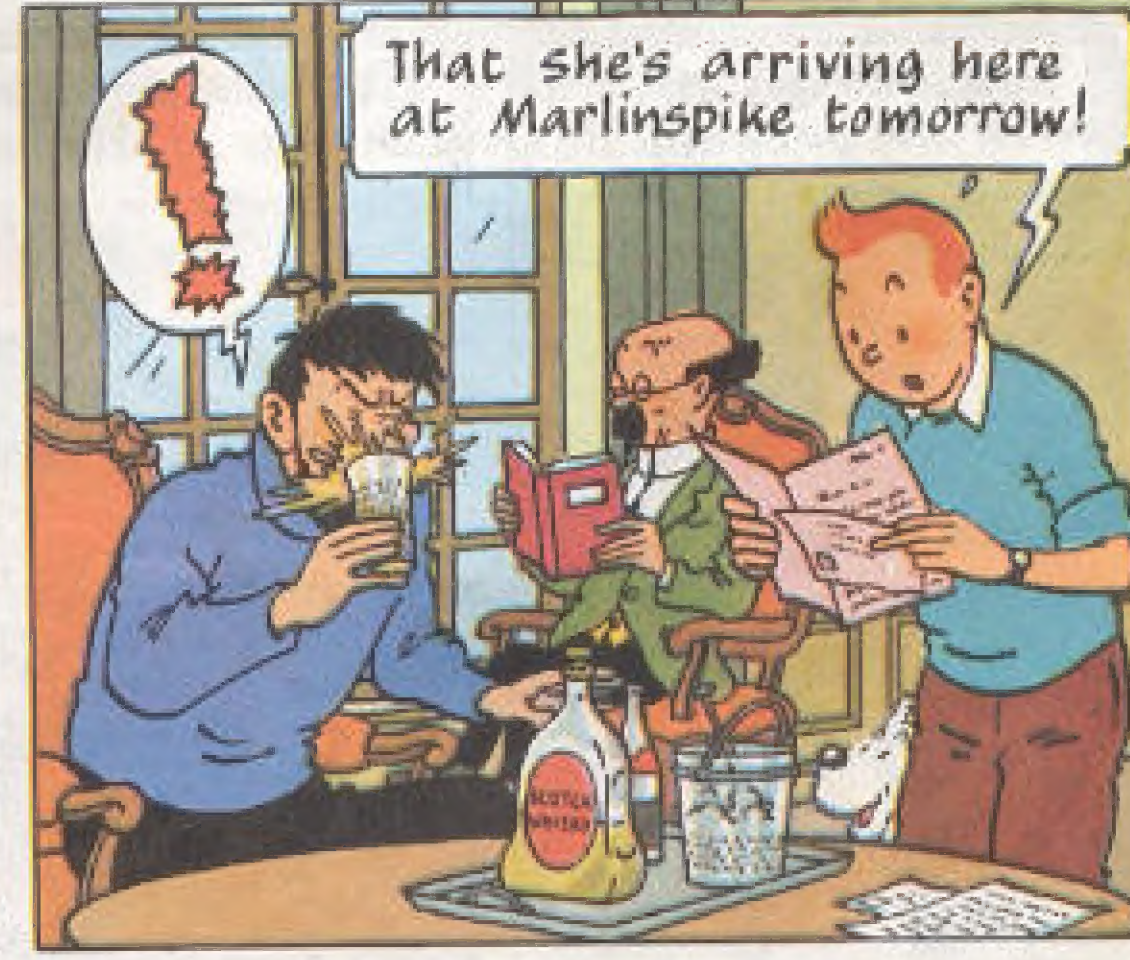
... past compare... ♪ Ma-a-a-argarita ♪

Hello, there's a storm brewing.

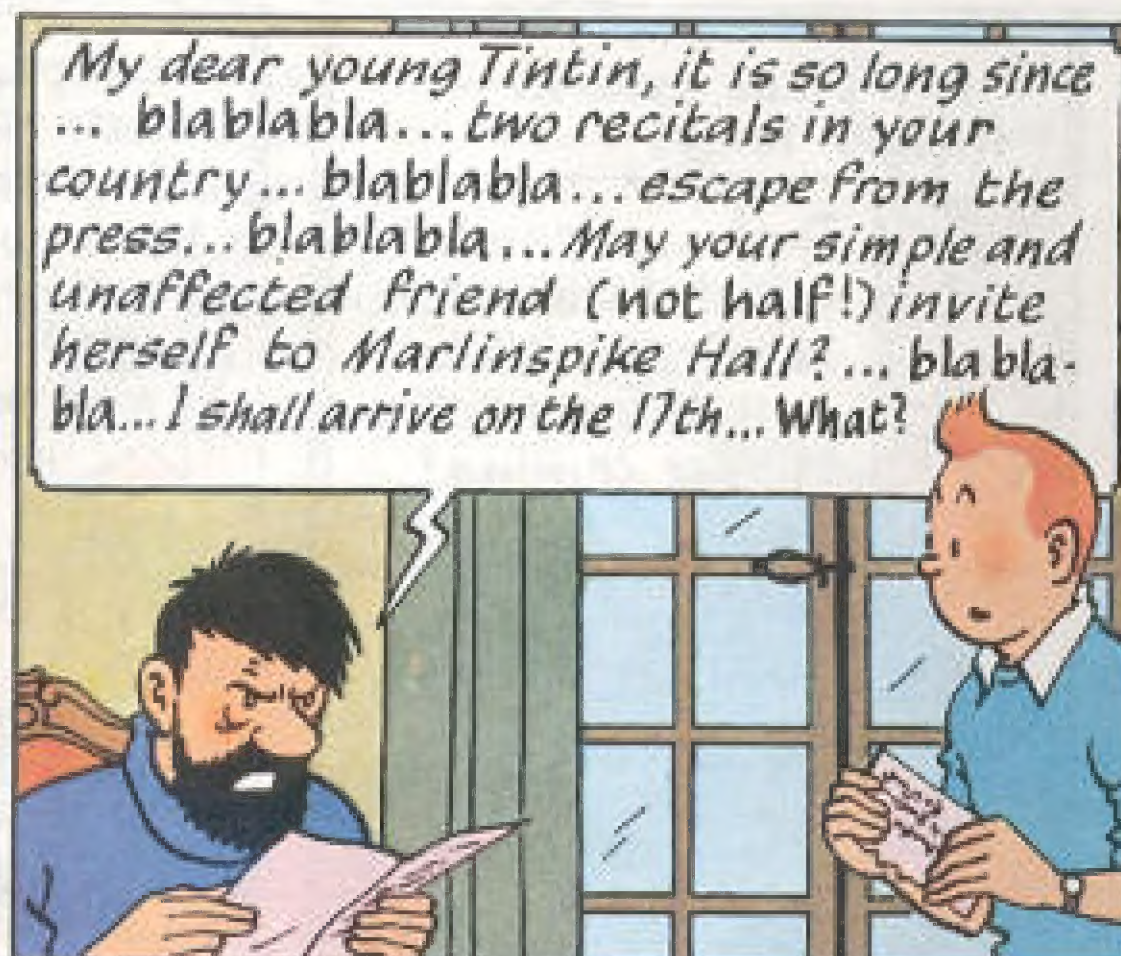


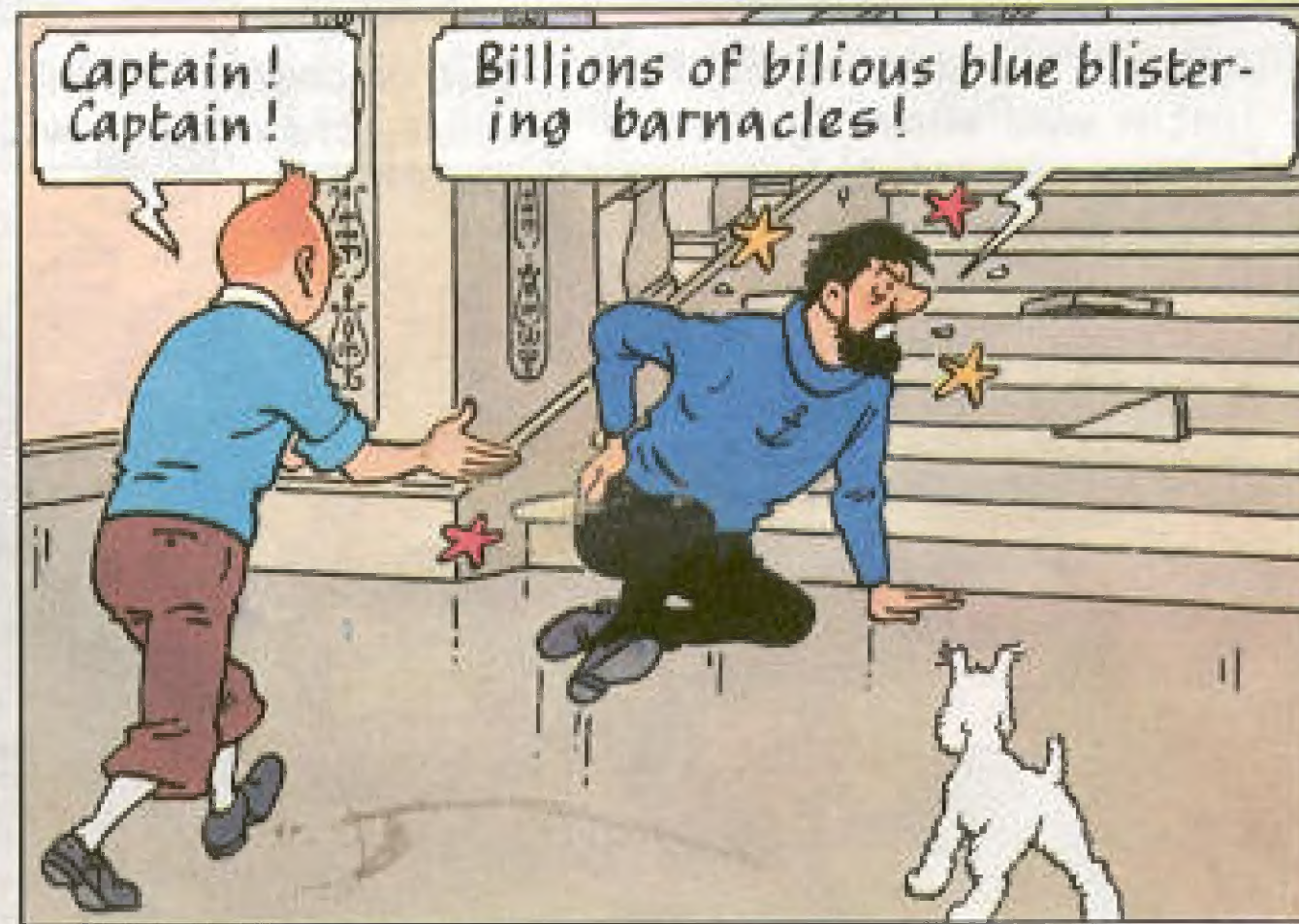
And what has that delightful creature to say?

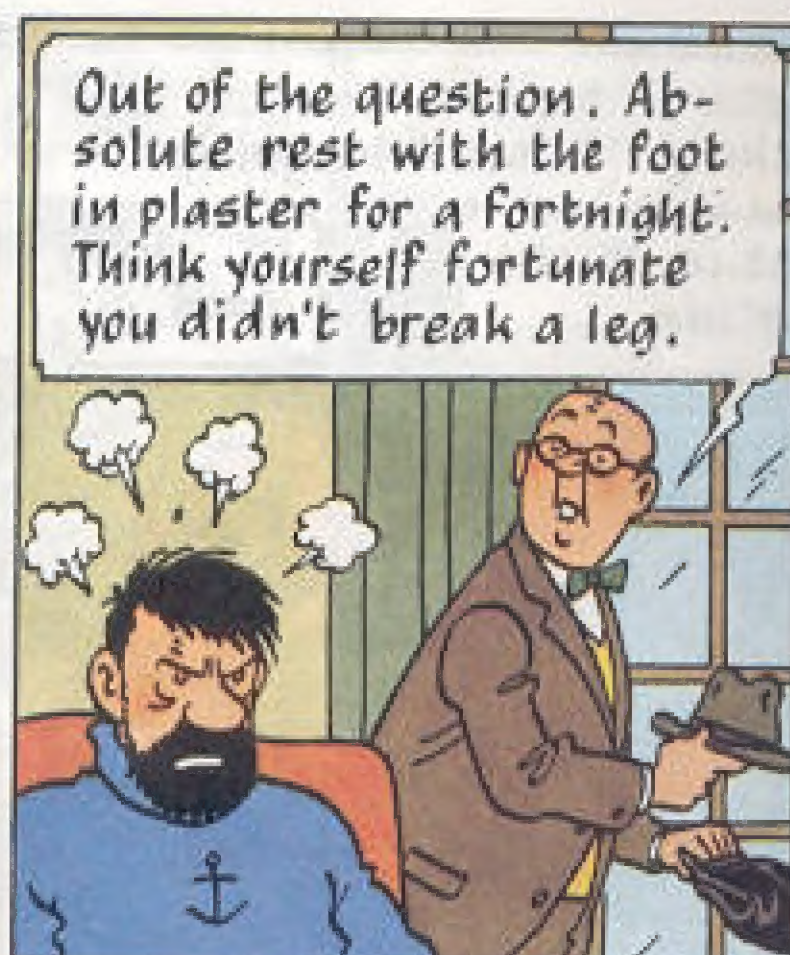
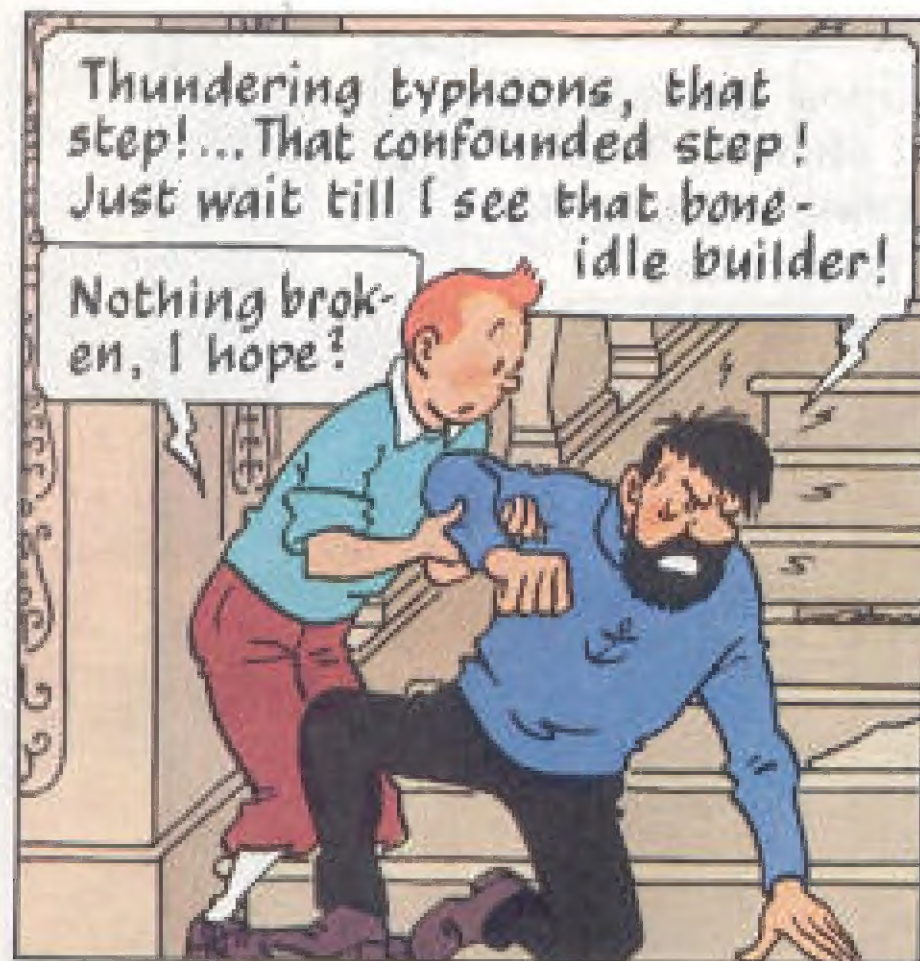
No, it's passed over.

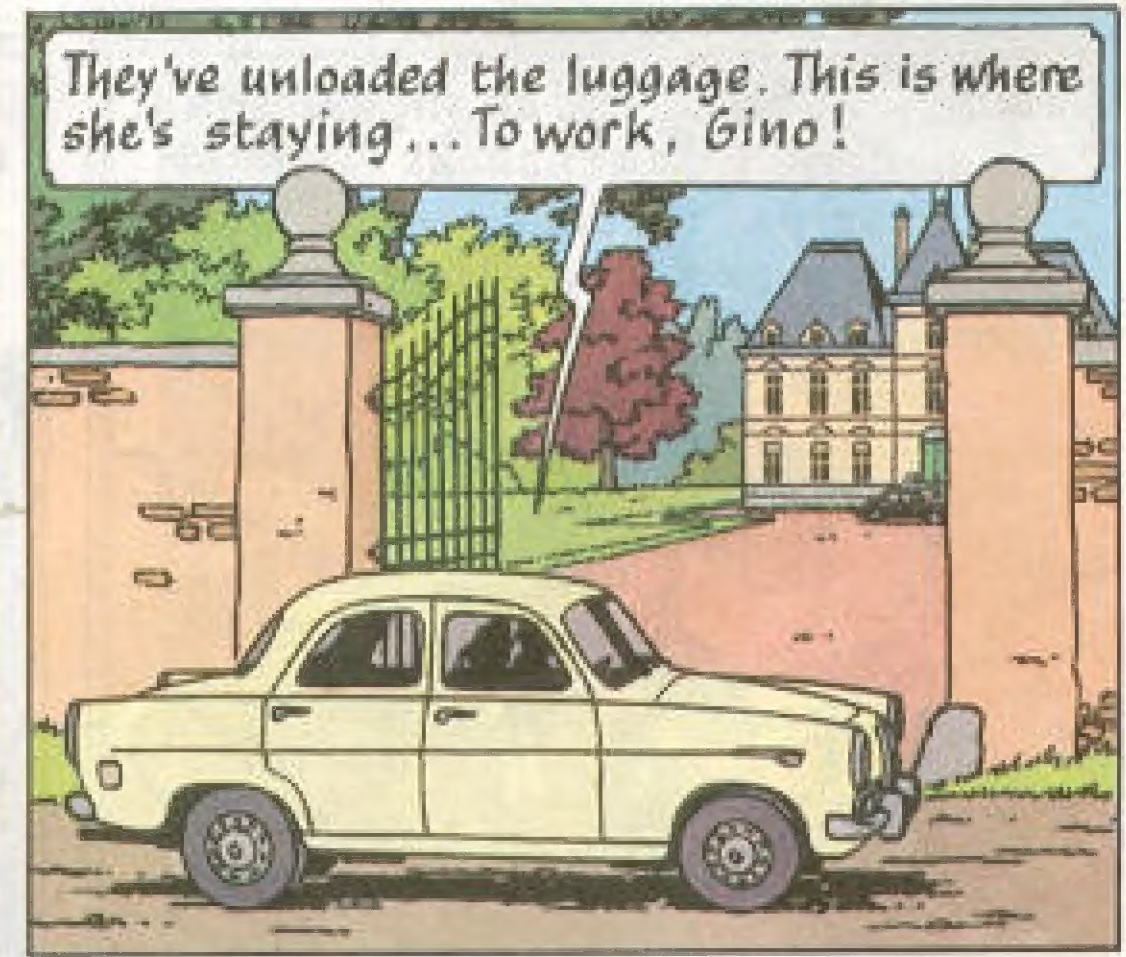
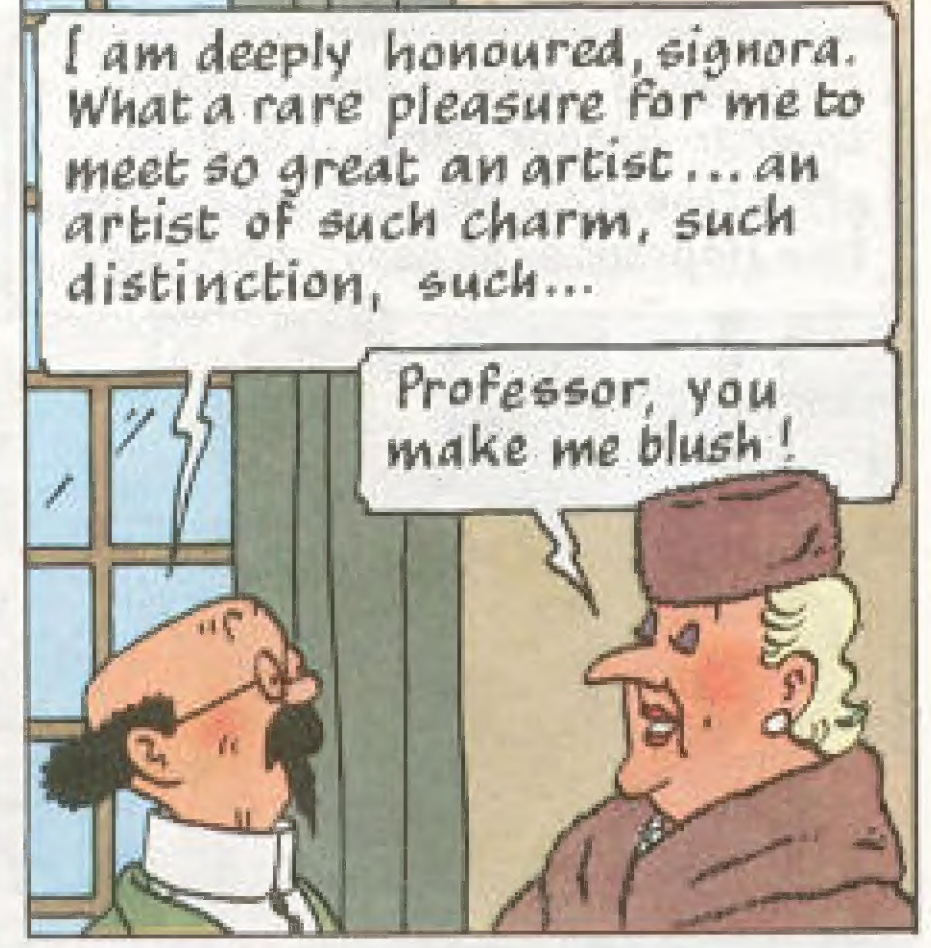
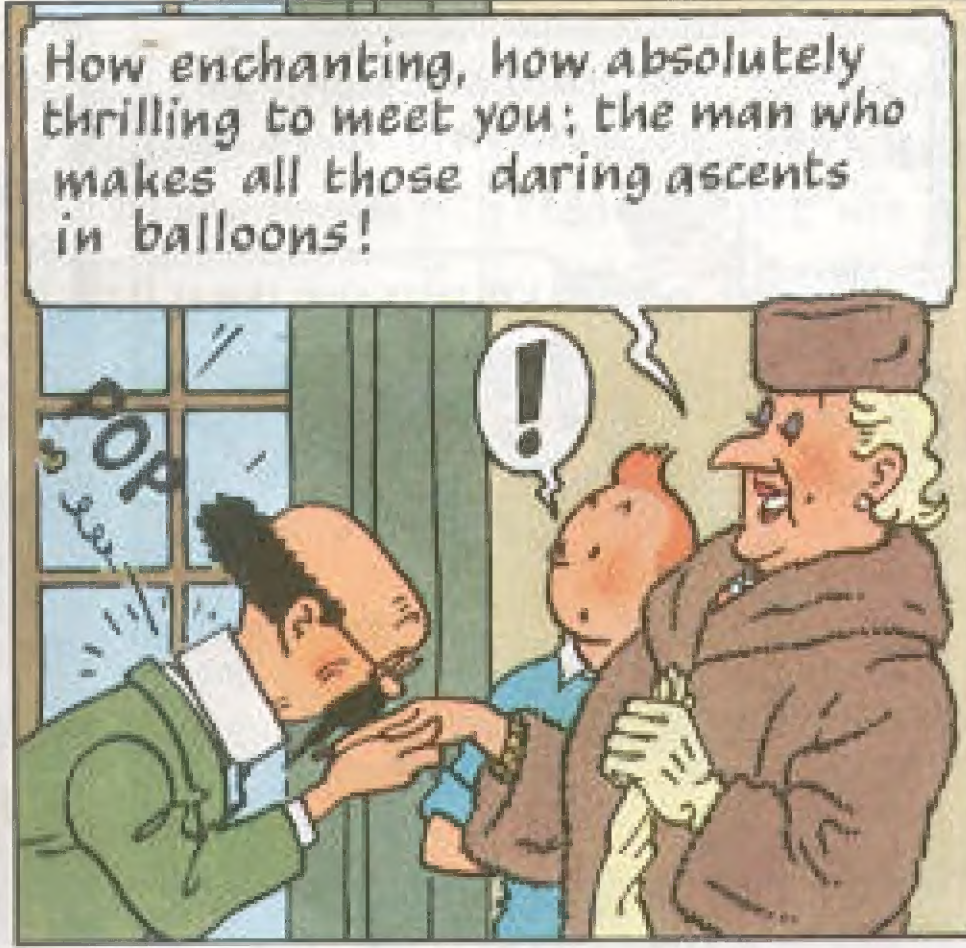
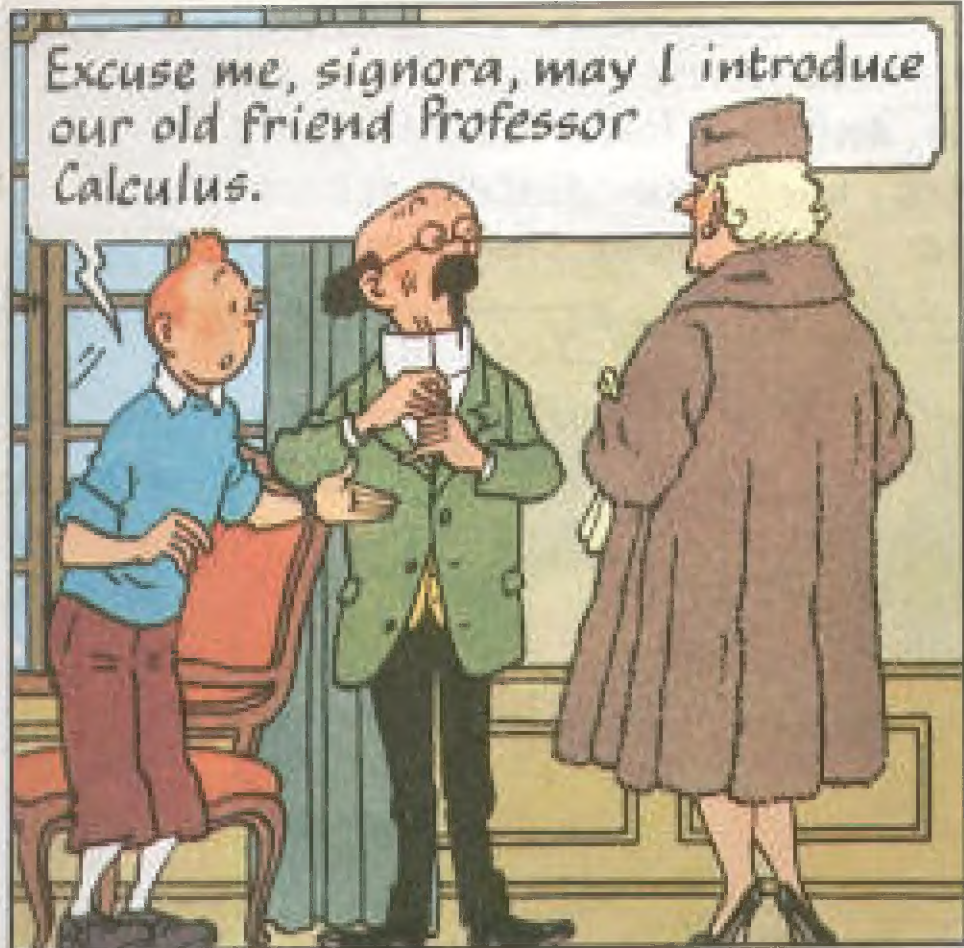


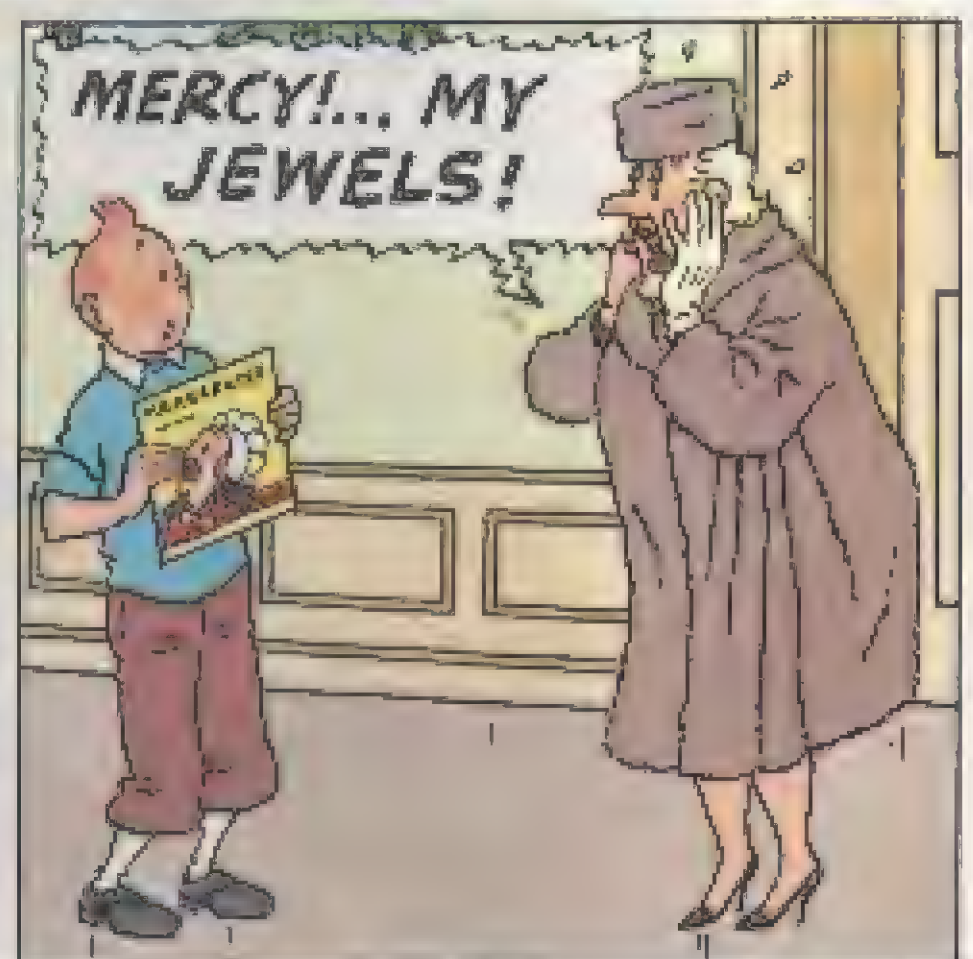
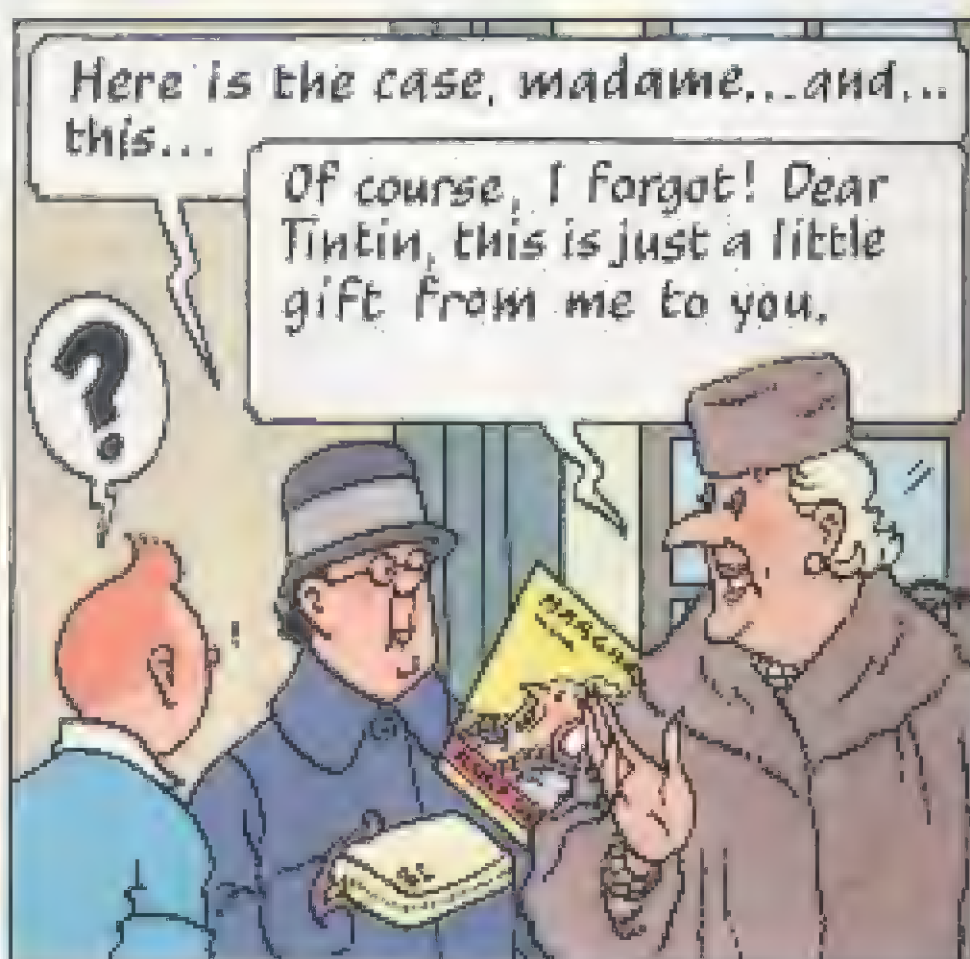
That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!













Here, madame, I've got your jewel-case.

Oh, so you have. I can breathe again!



Now, my man, if you'd be kind enough to show me to my room...

As the signora wishes.



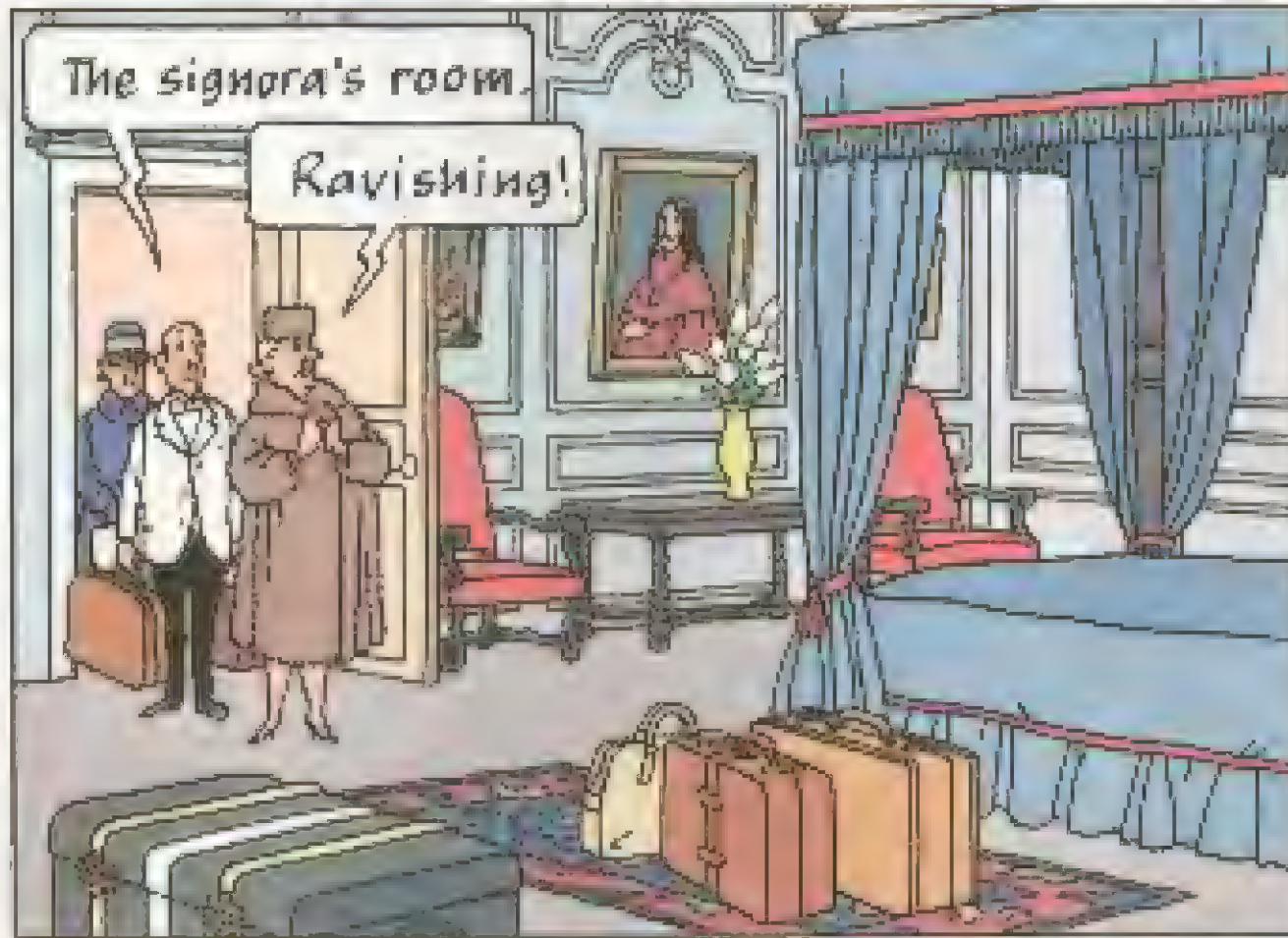
Oh, I almost forgot... The reporters will probably run me to earth here. May I ask my brave sailor to protect me?... Not a single interview, no publicity, no photographs... nothing! I came here incognito; you must help me to escape.

Of course!



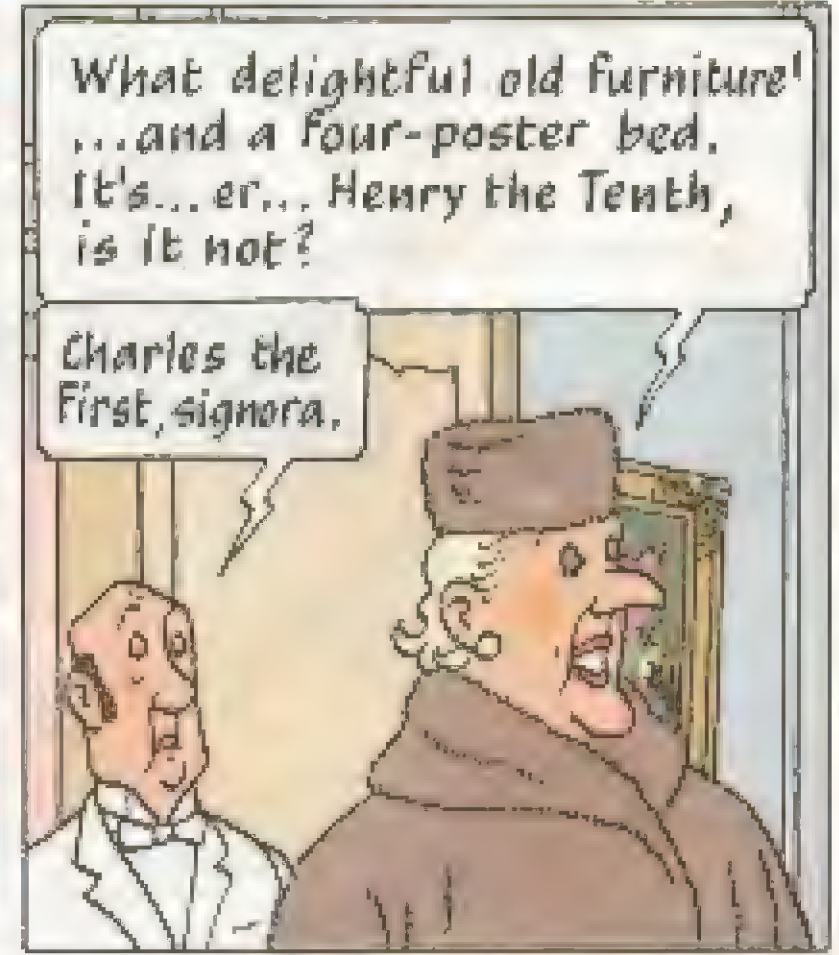
May I point out to the signora that the fourth step is broken.

Yes, yes, I see.



The signora's room.

Ravishing!



What delightful old furniture! ...and a four-poster bed. It's... er... Henry the Tenth, is it not?

Charles the First, signora.



Precisely what I meant, of course.

DONG



If the signora will excuse me: the door-bell.

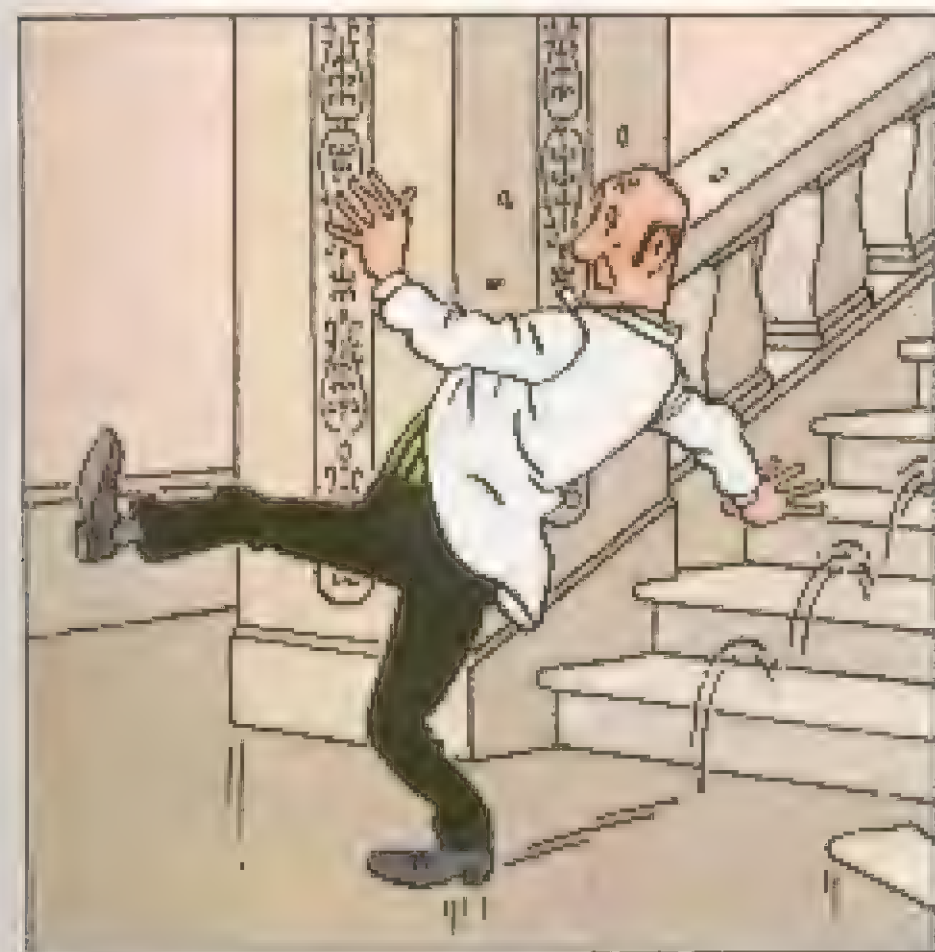
You may go.



Fiddle! What is it now?



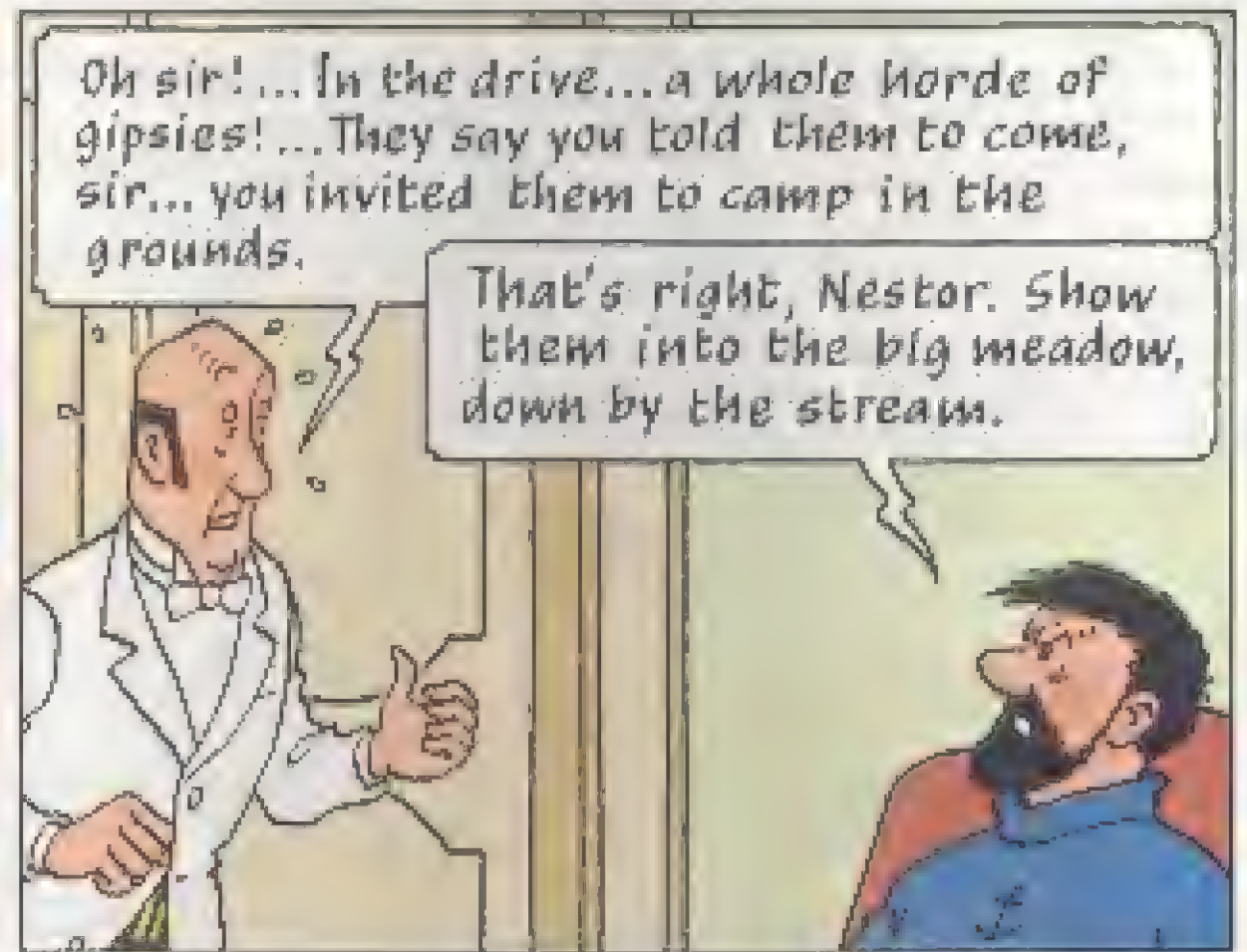
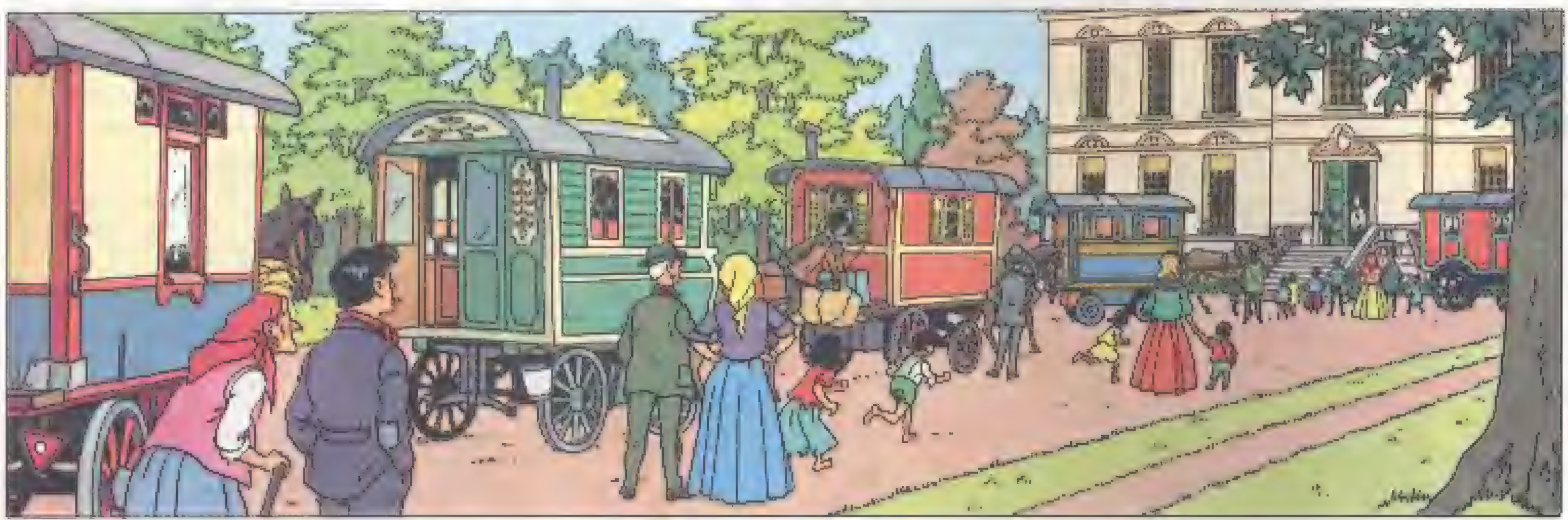
Oh dear!...The step!



Well done, Nestor, ... always keep your head!



!



Ah, Captain: my men report that some gipsies who were camping by the main road have moved... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...

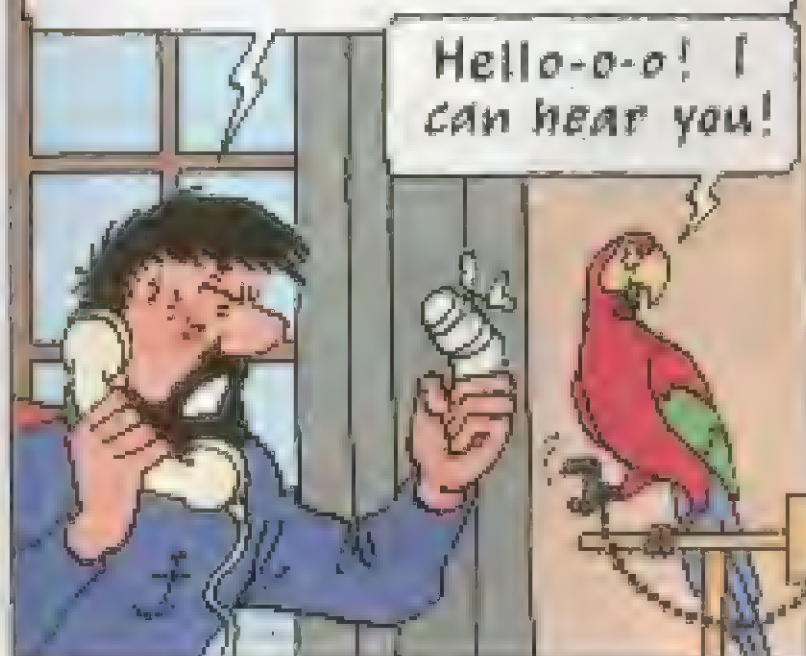


Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you...

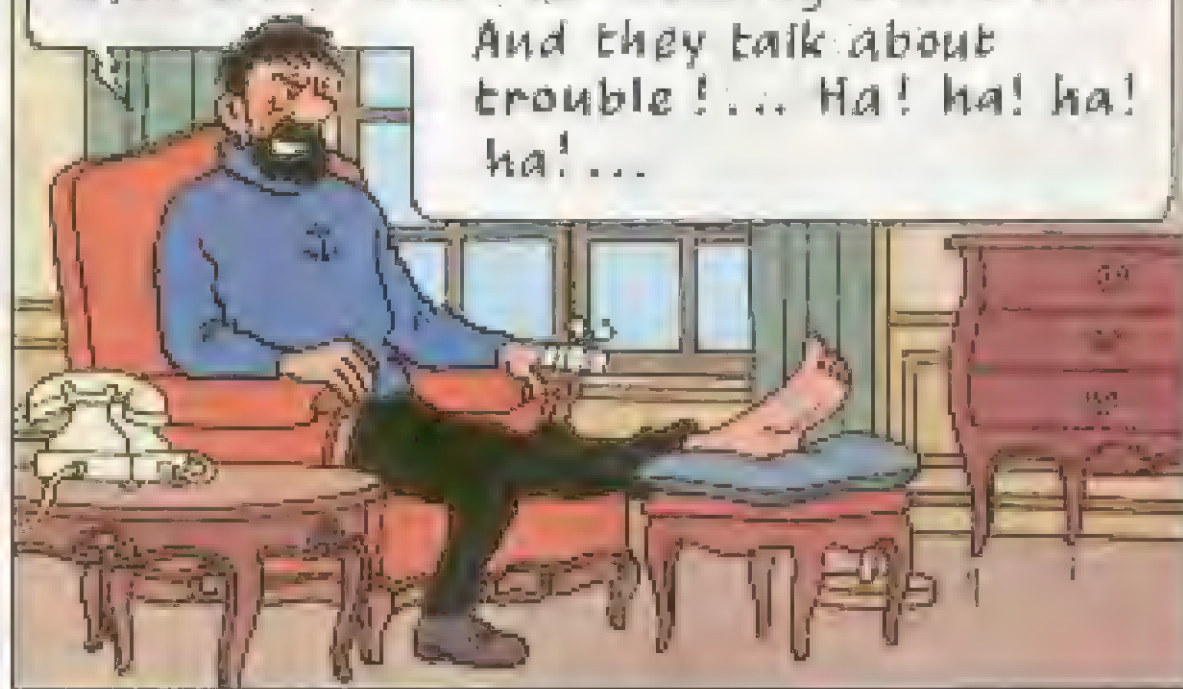


Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gipsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble!... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...



Meanwhile...

Mission completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us...



Not these, Mike, not these.

GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello, what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.



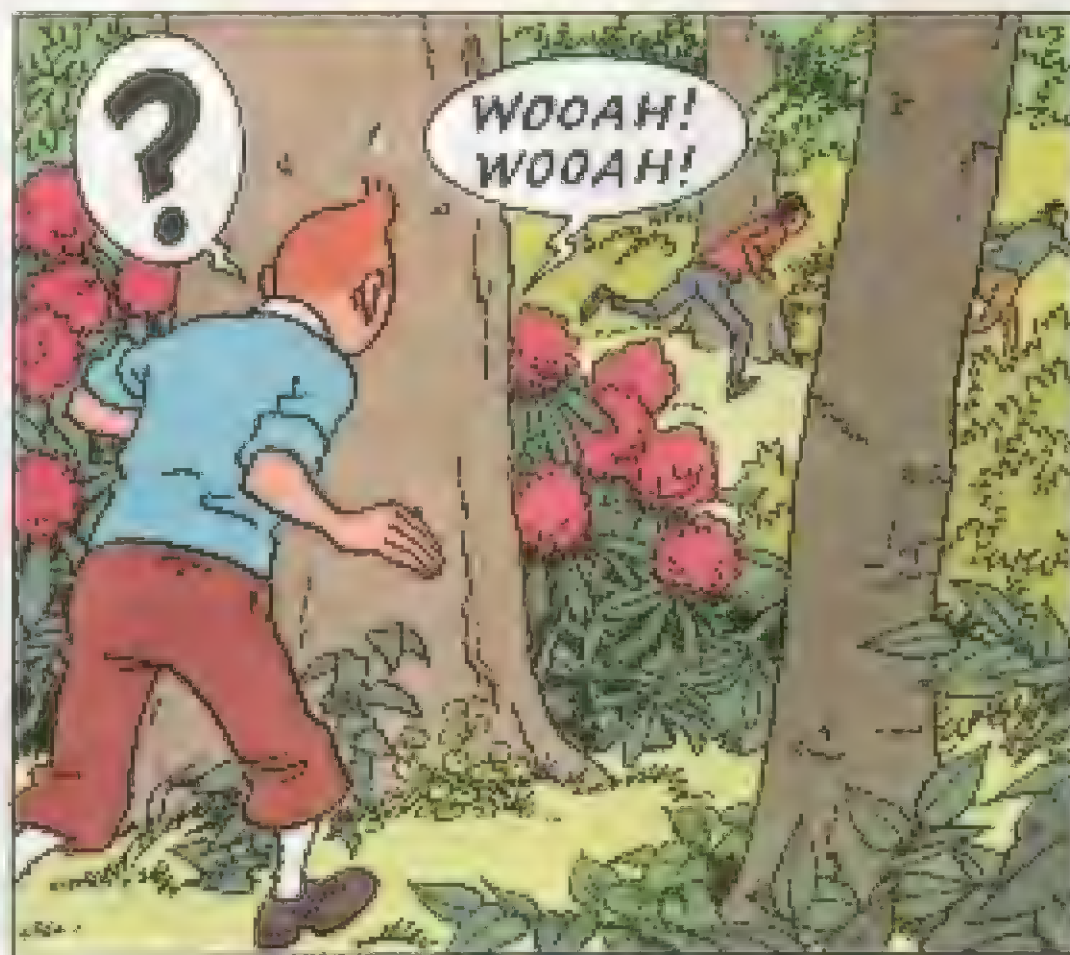
WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR! GRRR!

Snowy!... Here, Snowy!



?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Hey, who are you?... Stop!

WOOAH! WOOAH!





The gap!...They're going through the gap in the wall!

Woah!



A car!

Woah!



!



What's the meaning of that? ... And what shall I do? ... Tell the Captain? ... No, he's got enough on his plate already.



RRRING

Hello?...Hello?... Can you hear me?



?

Rrrring
Rrrring
Rrrring



KRRTCHMURTZ!

Mercy, my jewels!



I'll lock my jewels in this drawer, Irma...



...and I'll hide the key to the drawer in this vase, over here. Try to remember, girl.

Yes, madame.



That's that, Captain. Our gipsy friends are installed. They're delighted with their new camp.

Good. I'm very glad.



Hello-o-o-o!
I can hear you!



That parrot!... It'll drive me crazy!... Anyway, it's nearly bedtime. Then at least I'll be free of it for the night!

Nuts!



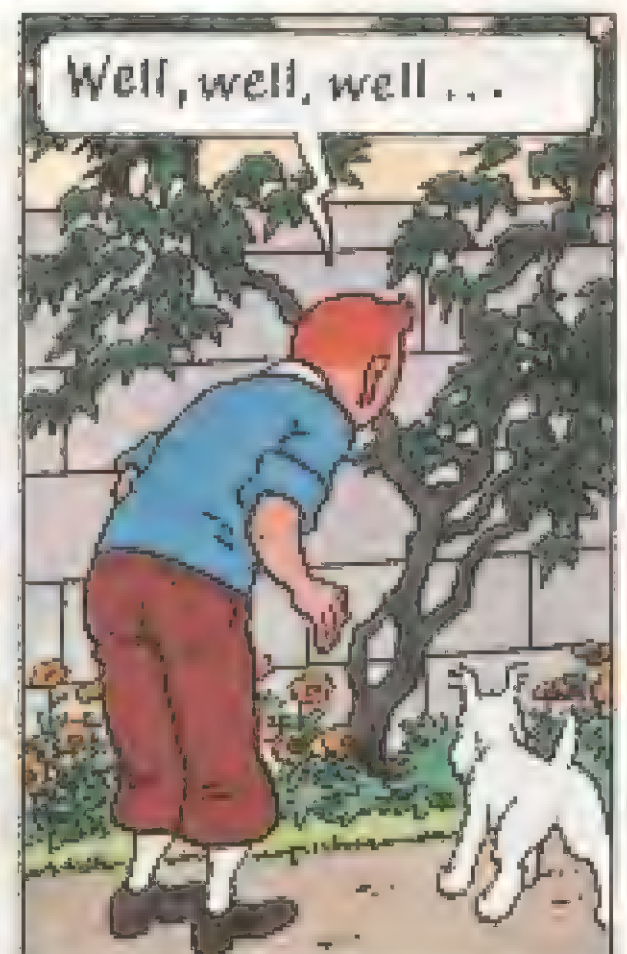
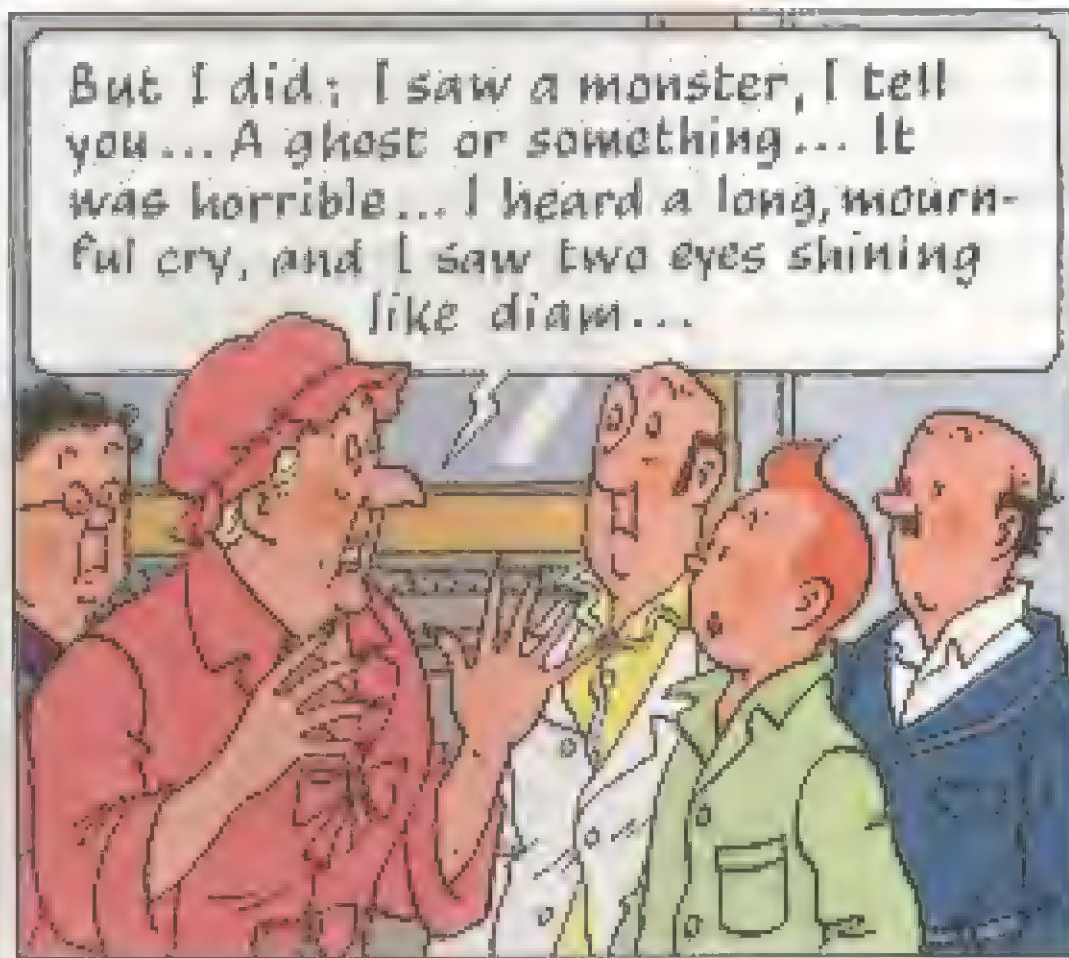
That night...

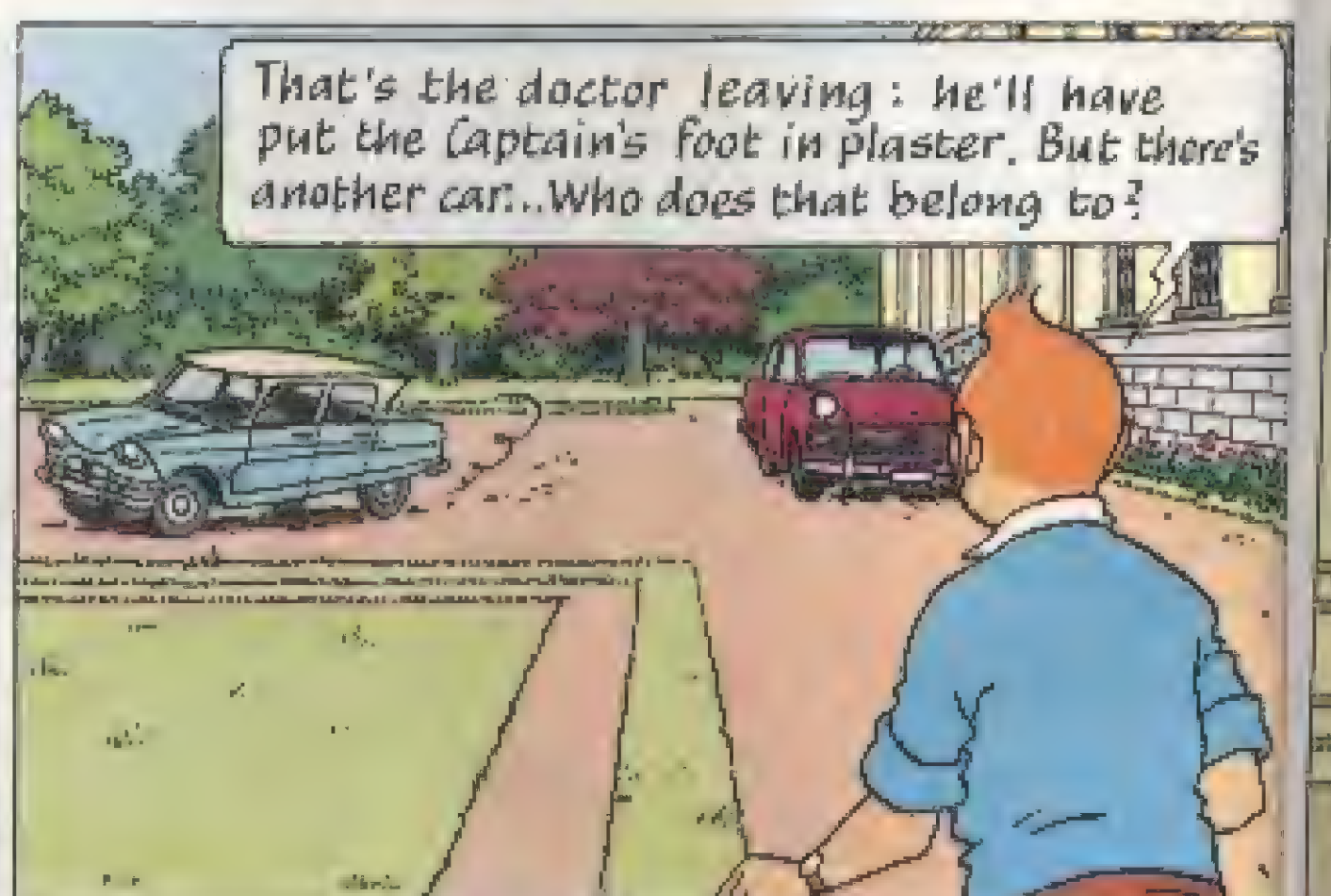
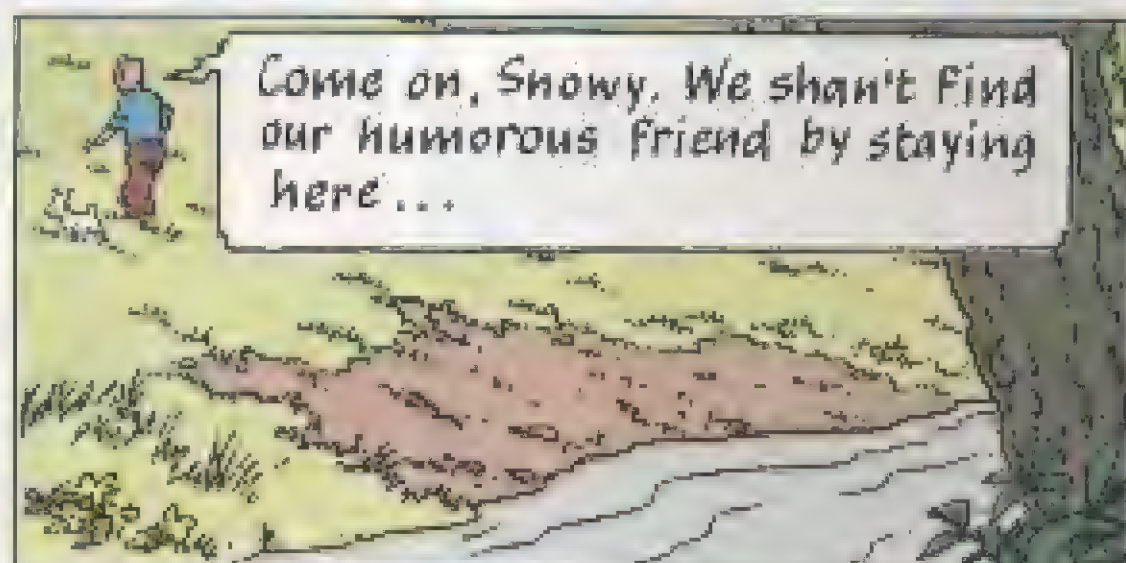
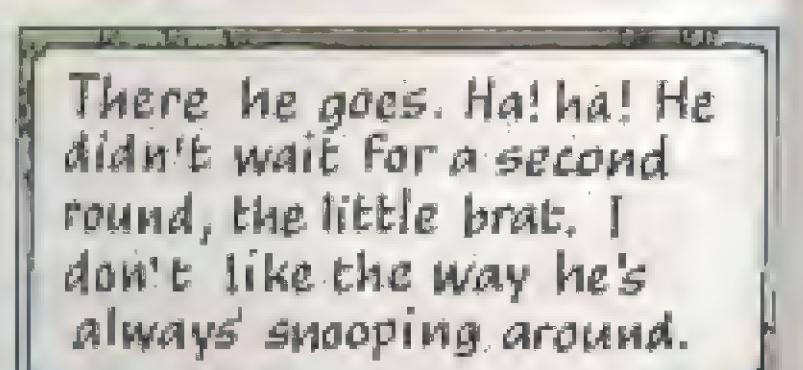
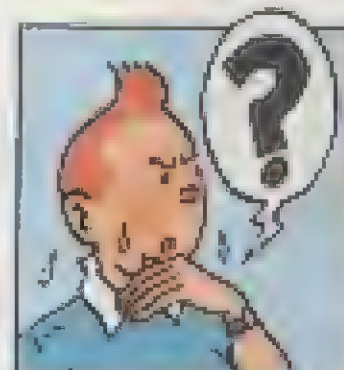
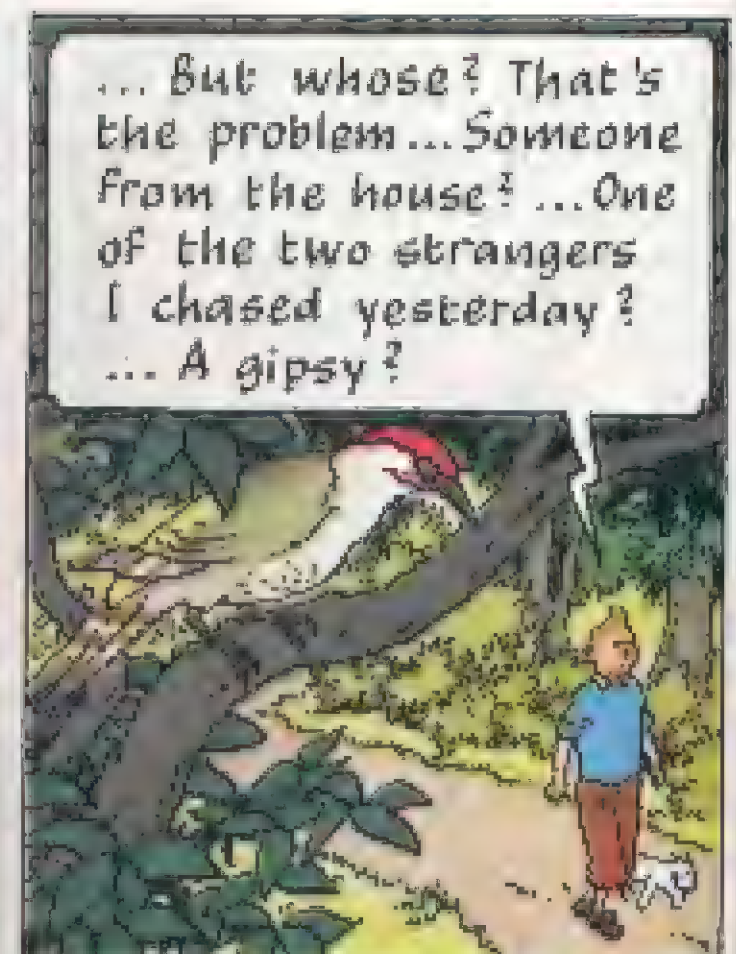
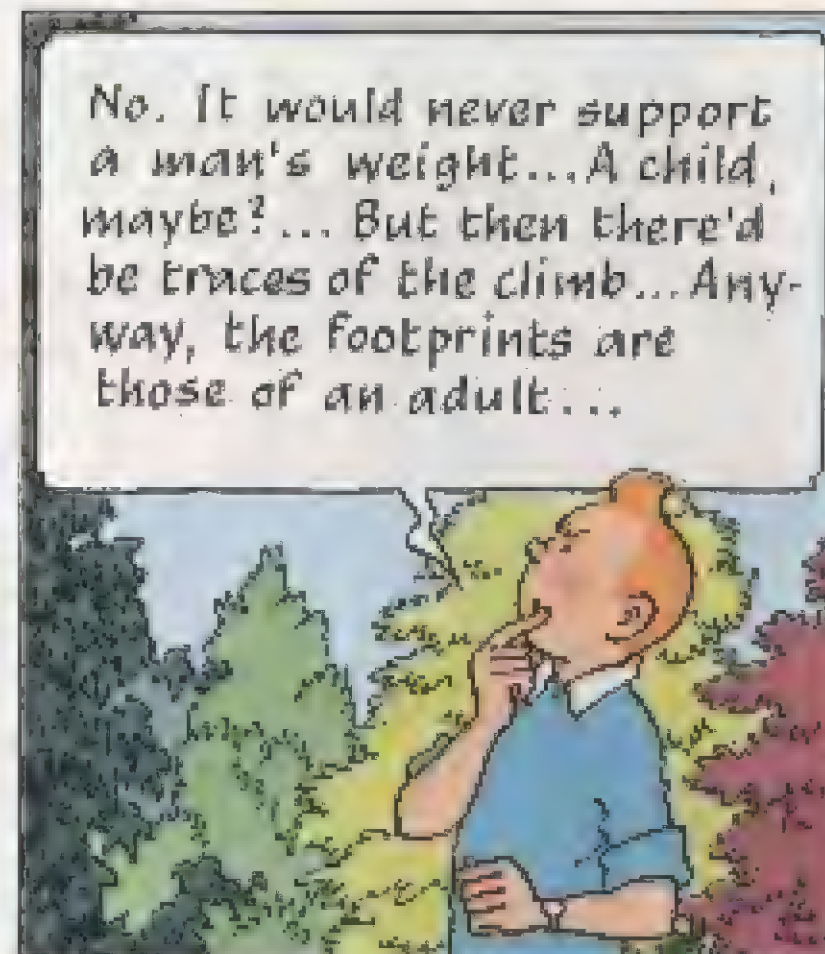
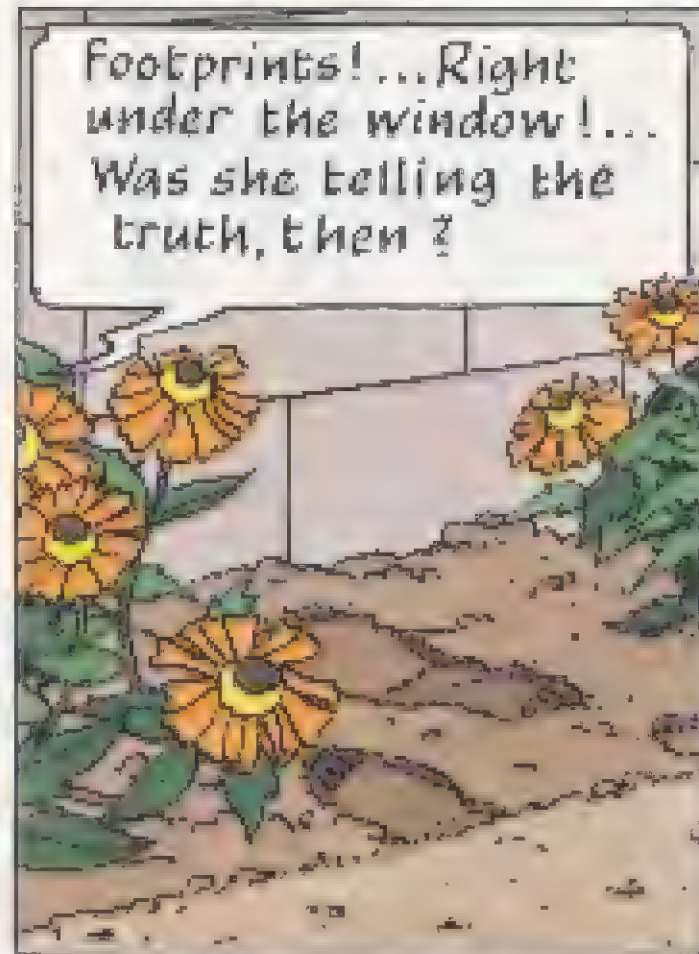
AH! MY BEAUTY

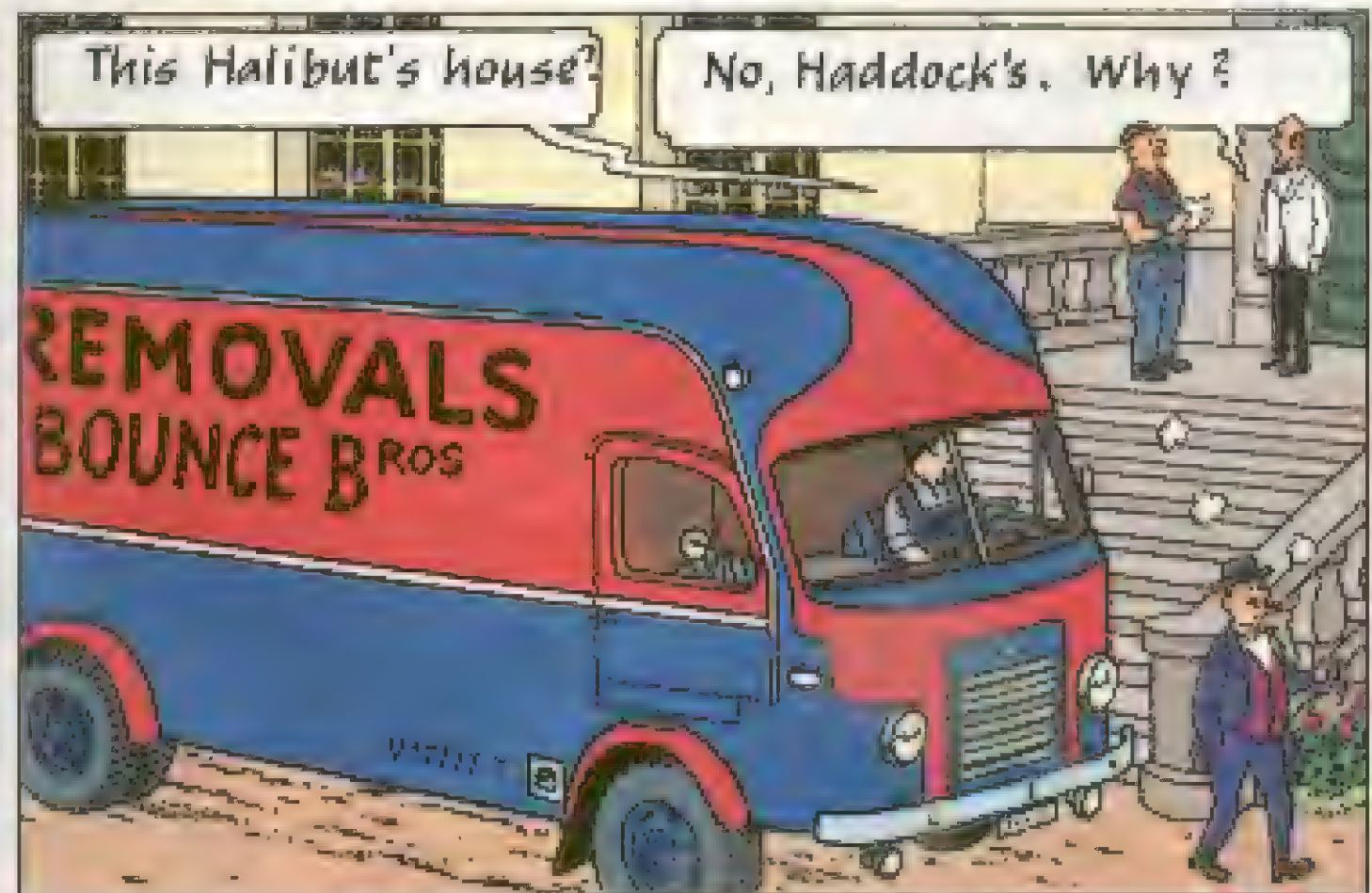
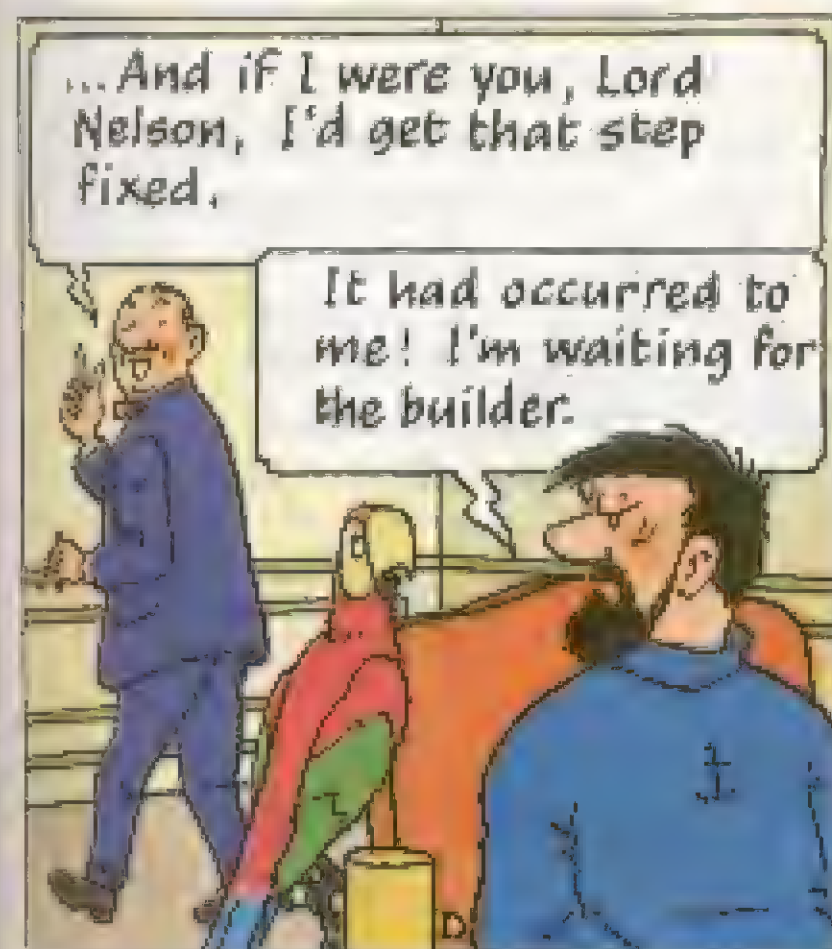
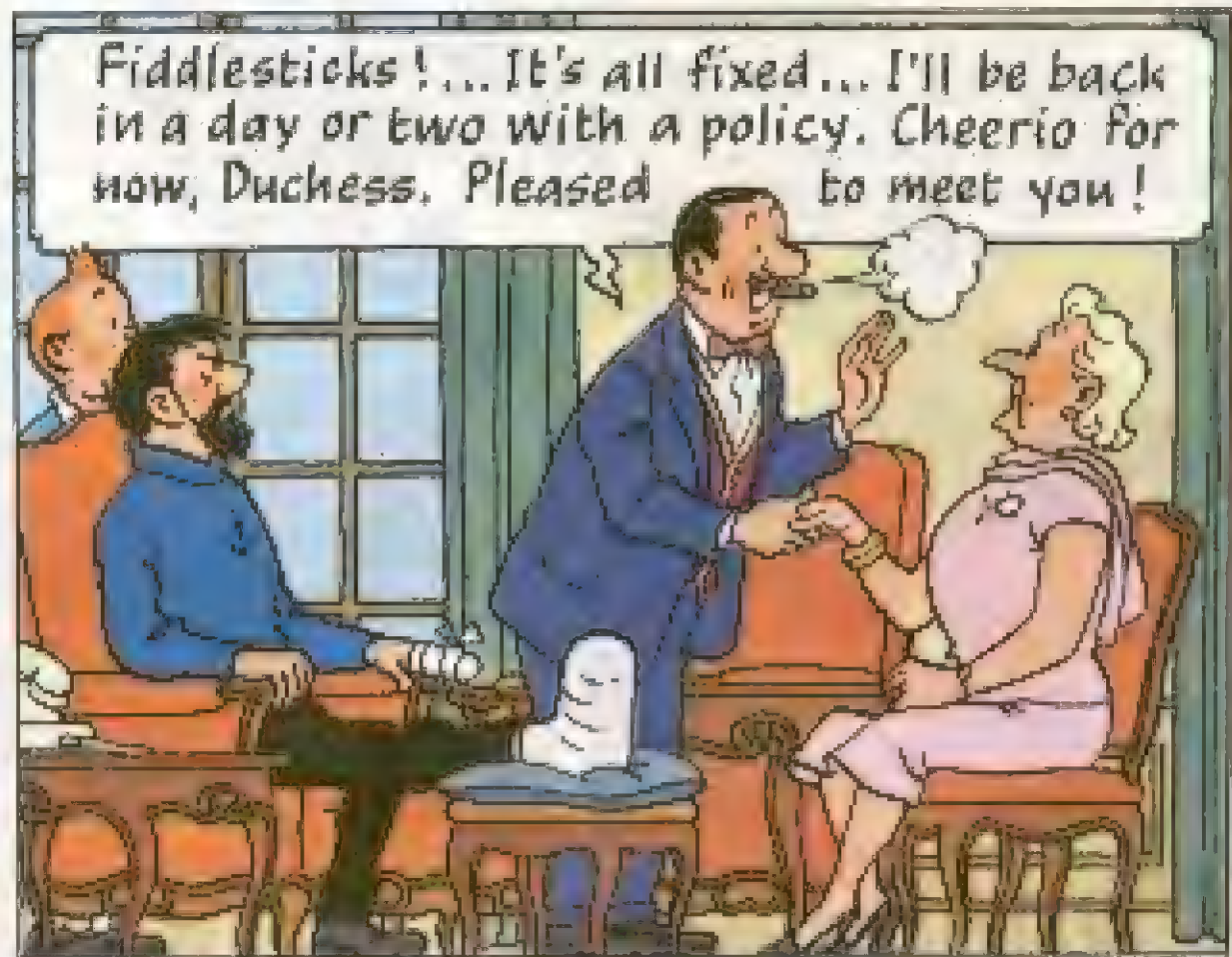
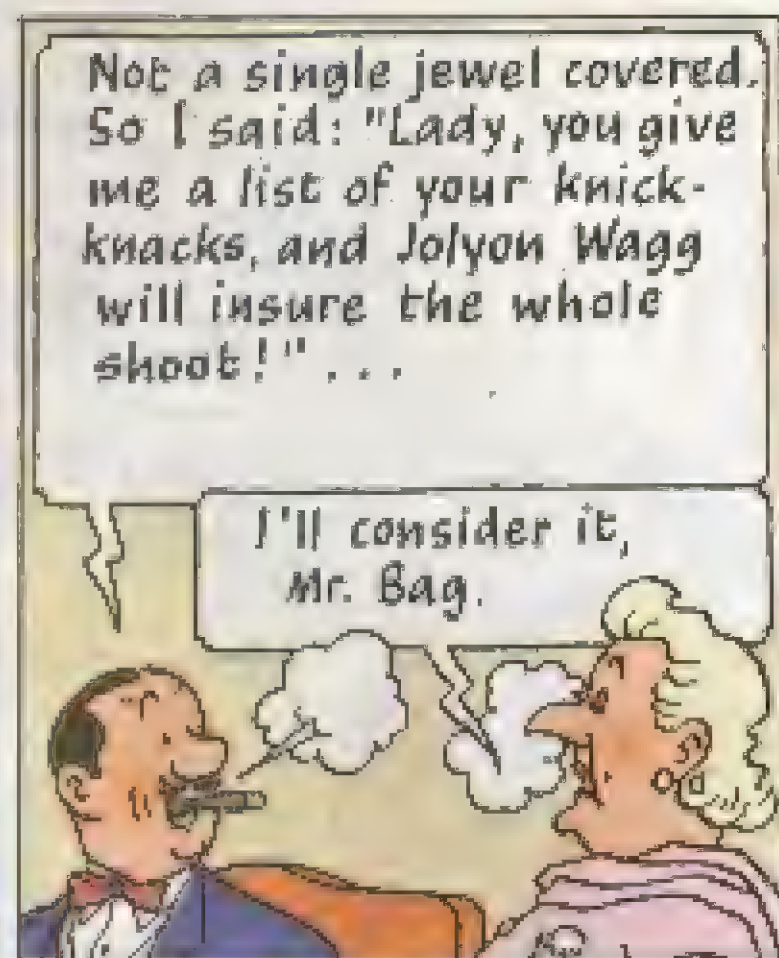
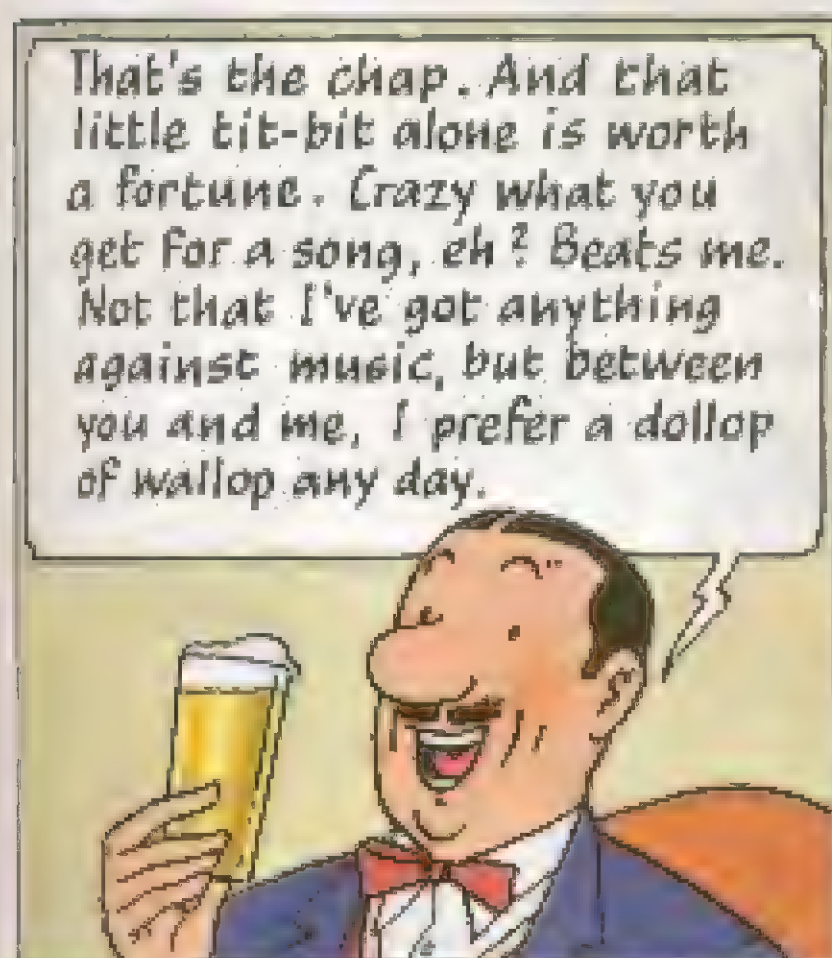
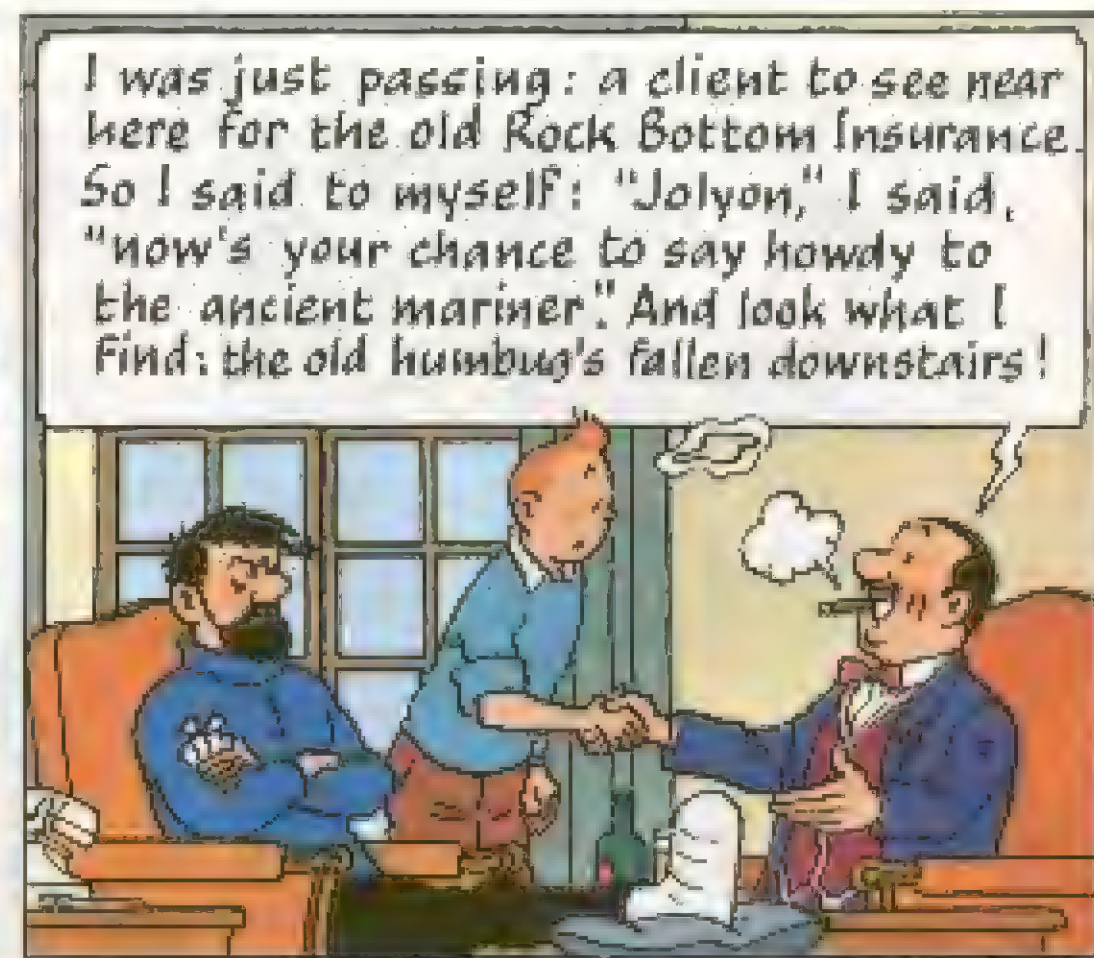


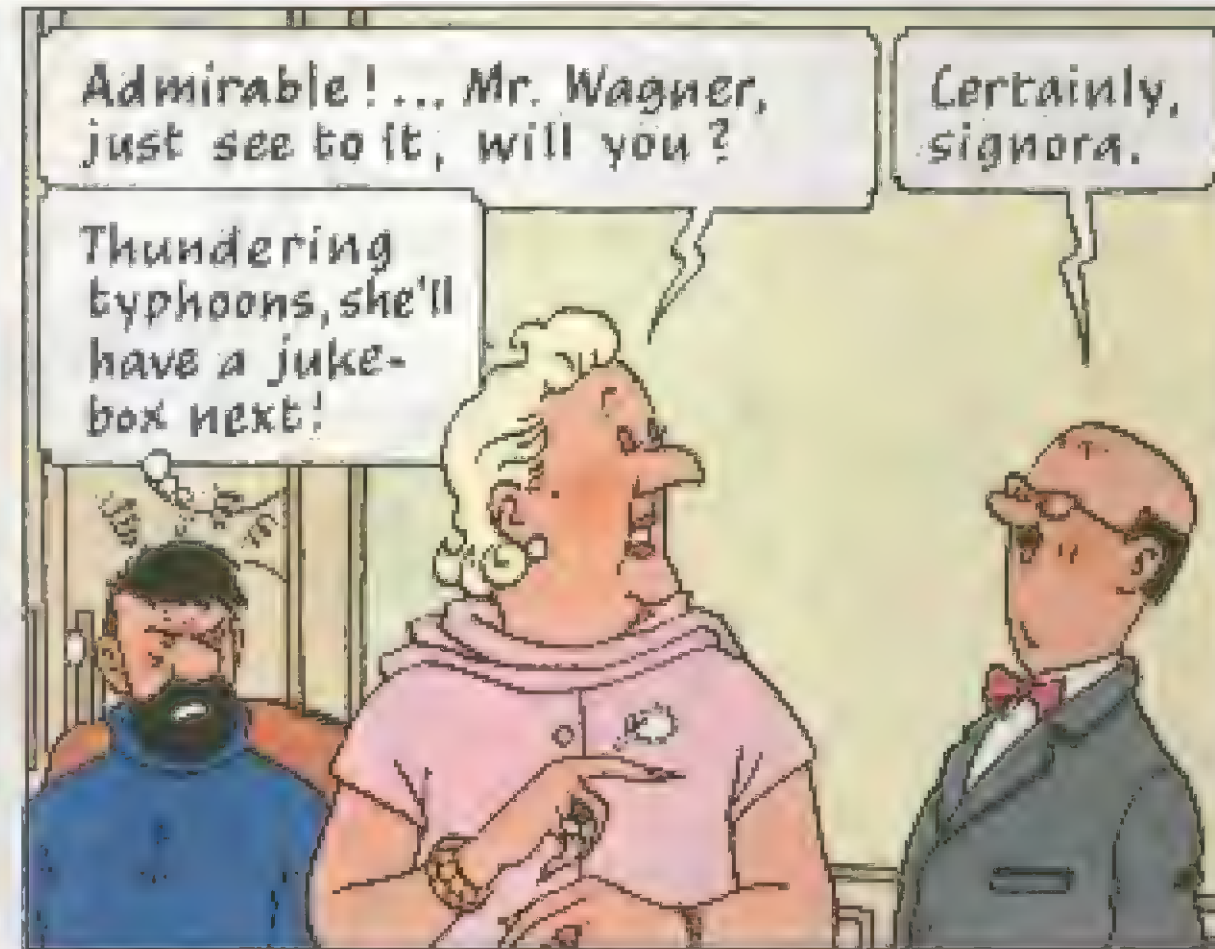
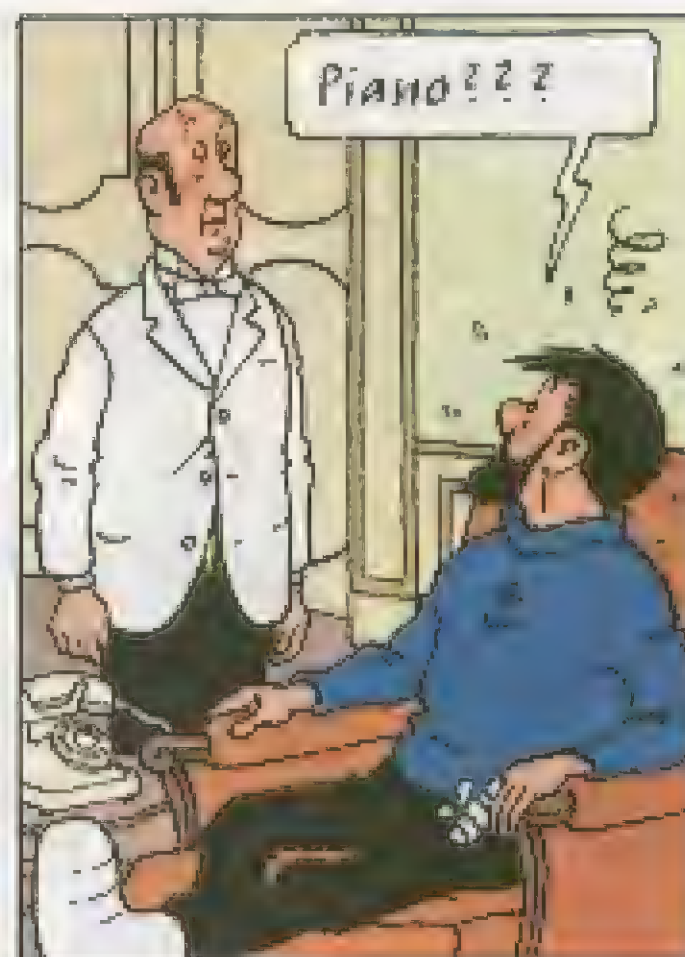
E-E-E-EK!

!









Journalists! They hound me to death!
... There's no escape! ... Oh well, one must
expect it ... The price of fame.

But you definitely
said: no interviews,
nothing ...

Journalists! They hound me to death!
... There's no escape! ... Oh well, one must
expect it ... The price of fame.

But you definitely
said: no interviews,
nothing ...

Oh, but "Paris-Flash" is Paris-Flash, you know. Not like those pigs on "Tempo di Roma". Not a flicker of respect for an artist ... So I refuse to receive them now.

But I must practise with Wagner... Bye-bye... I'll put dear Iago beside you.

No madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher. No, madam, you have the wrong number.

Rrrring Rrrring Rrrring

No madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher. No, madam, you have the wrong number.

Rrrring Rrrring Rrrring


Will you shut up, you cackinnating cockatoo!

I can hear you!


Will you shut up, you cackinnating cockatoo!

I can hear you!

And I can hear you, only too well. How dare you speak to me like that? You are an insolent cad, sir!



And I can hear you, only too well. How dare you speak to me like that? You are an insolent cad, sir!



I wasn't addressing you... nanny-goat! I was talking to the parrot! ... Hello? Hello?

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! I don't know what prevents me...



That parrot! Drown it, Tintin! Strangle it...or I shall do something violent!

That parrot! Drown it, Tintin! Strangle it...or I shall do something violent!

Tintin, for the love of heaven
do something for me. Get
me one of those invalid
chairs. Then I can at least
go outside. Otherwise
I'll go stark staring
mad!

Right!

Tintin, for the love of heaven
do something for me. Get
me one of those invalid
chairs. Then I can at least
go outside. Otherwise
I'll go stark staring
mad!

Right!

No good! She's doing her excercises. We'll have to wait.

The next morning...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car.

Hooray! I'm free!

Woonk! Woonk!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...

Meanwhile...

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen. I will inform the signora.

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you? ... How's the foot?

Oh, not so bad!... Anyway, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.

Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

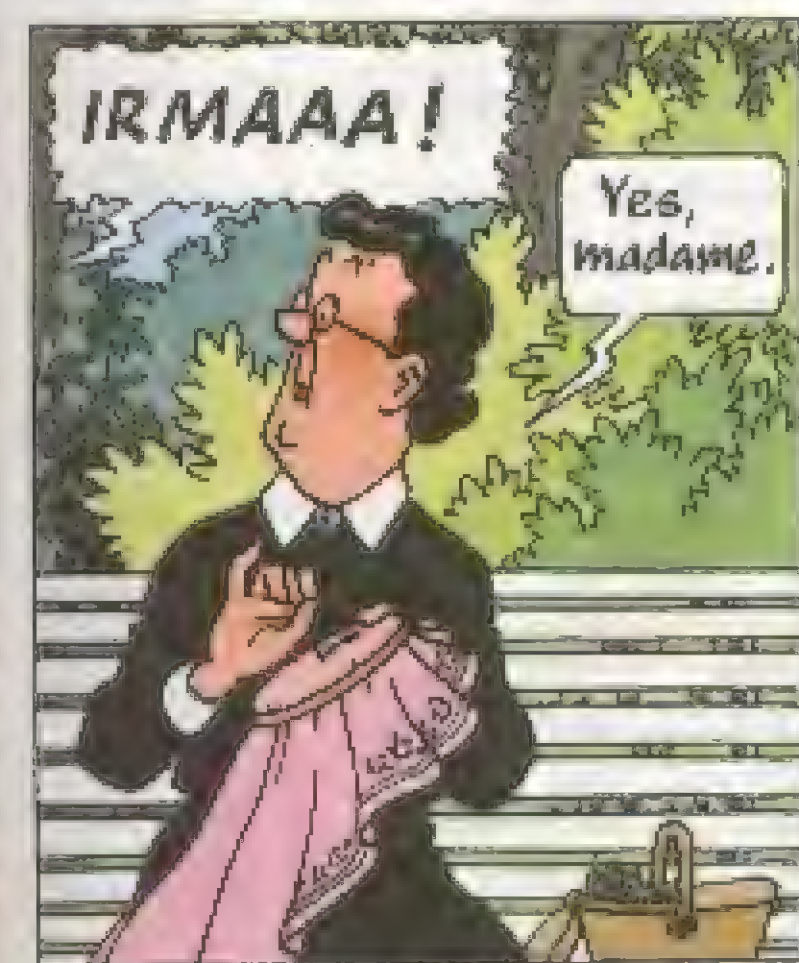
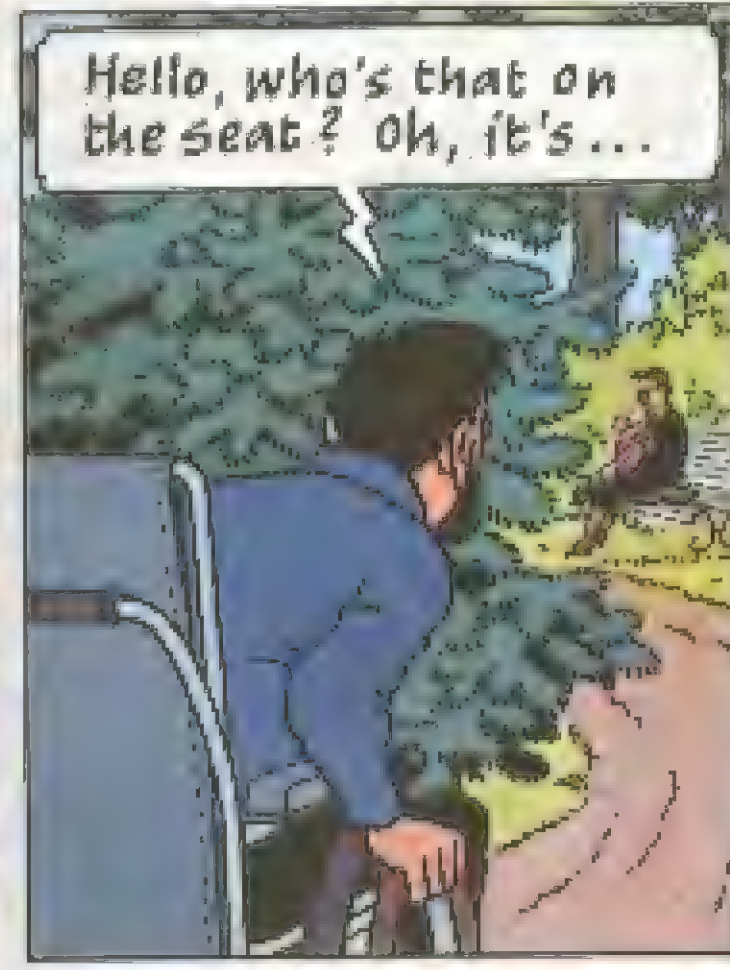
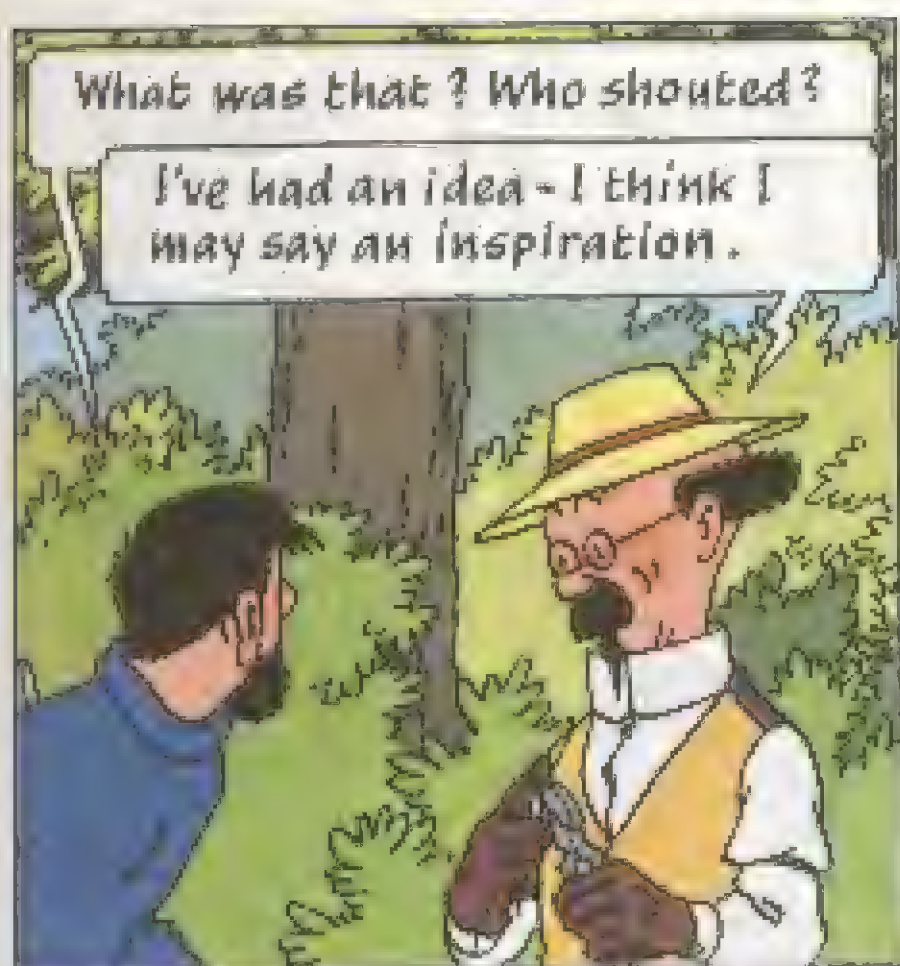
Well done! Splendid! ... Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue.

No, no, white! ... But such a white! ... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate! ... And the shape-perfect! ... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.

OW!

And the name? Aha! You will never guess...



If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child.

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz...
Zzzz...

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What?... Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here... Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...

It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

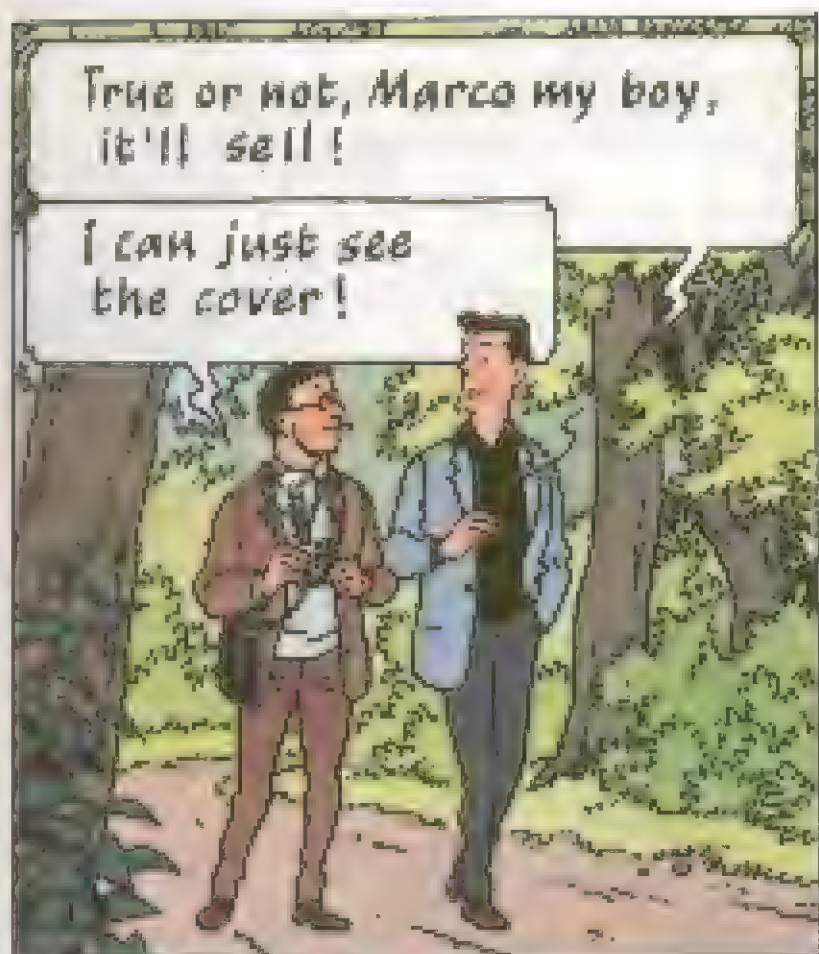
'Morning.

Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Hassock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat.

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



True or not, Marco my boy, it'll sell!

I can just see the cover!



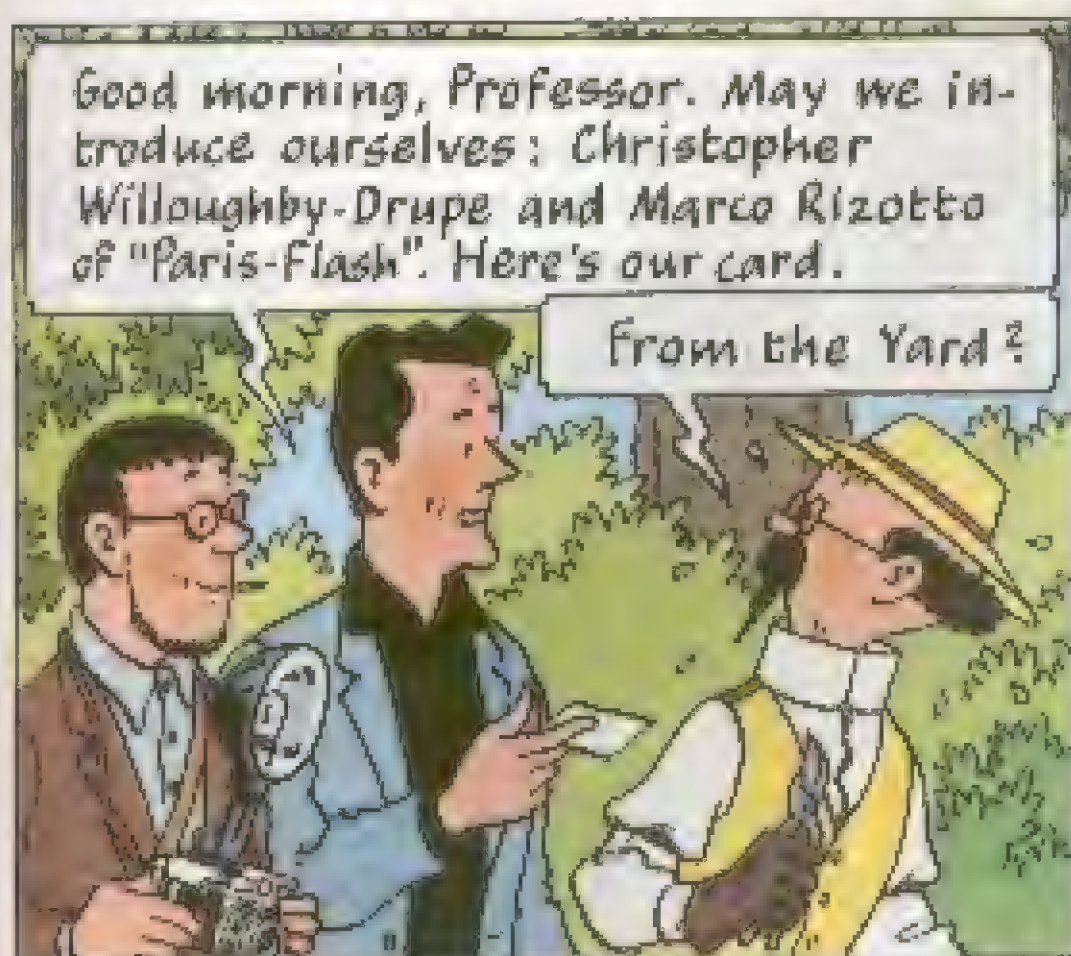
Look, a gardener. Come on, we'll try to pump him.

O.K.!



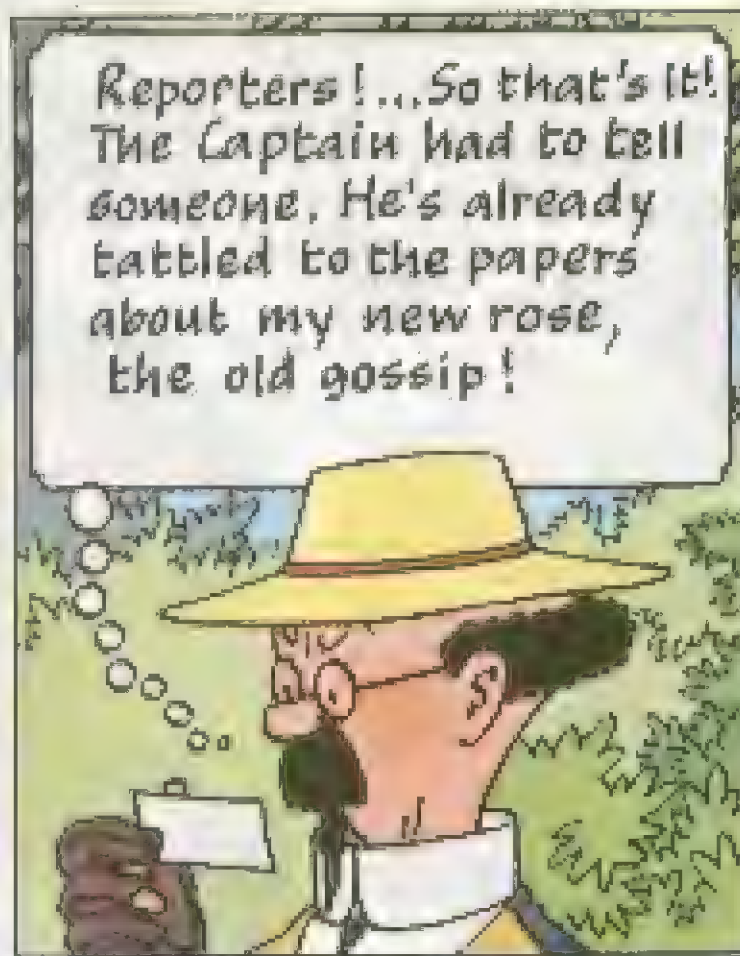
But...it isn't the gardener... it's Professor Calculus, who went to the moon with Tintin. He should be in the know.

Let's go!

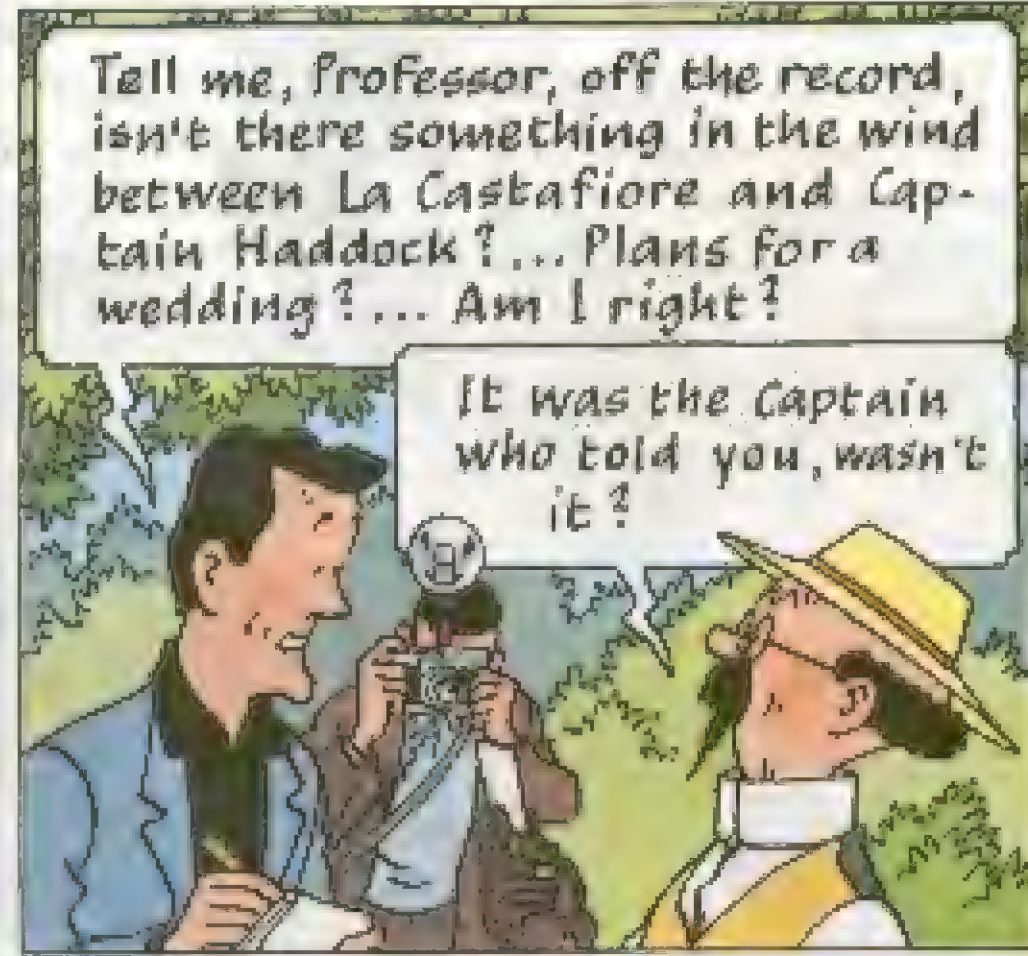


Good morning, Professor. May we introduce ourselves: Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard?

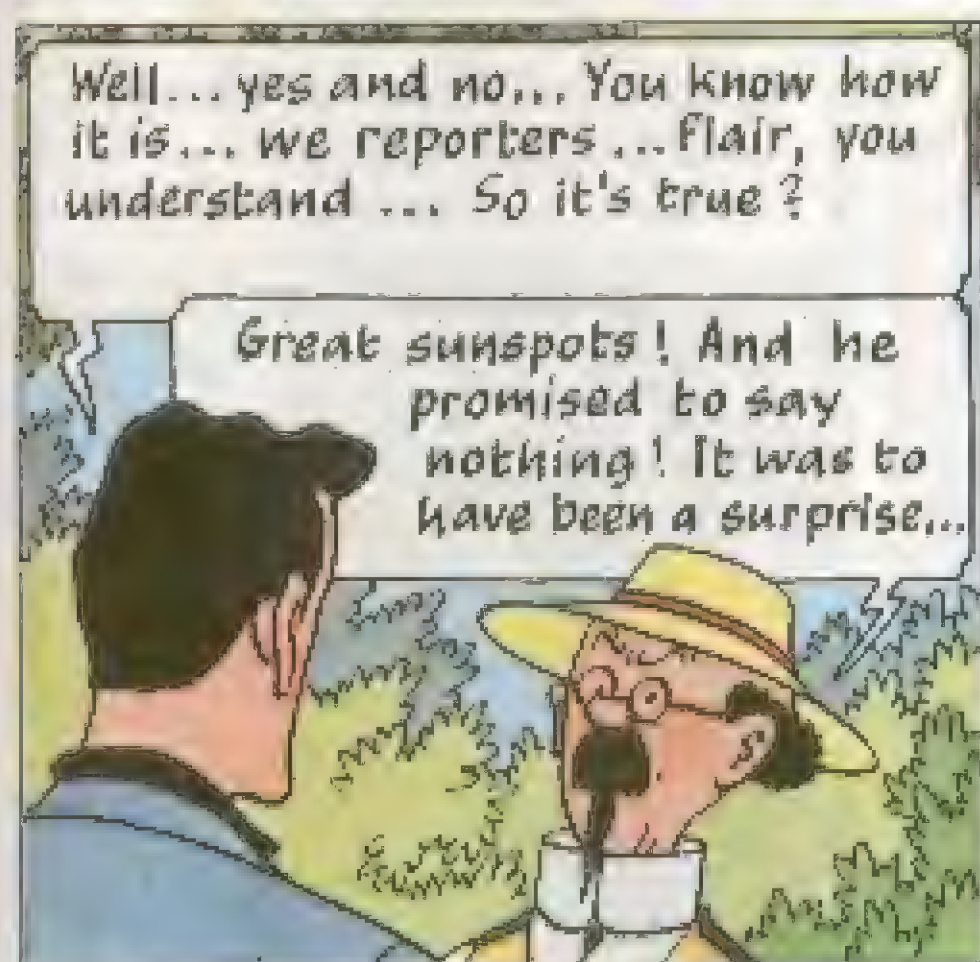


Reporters!...So that's it! The Captain had to tell someone. He's already tattered to the papers about my new rose, the old gossip!



Tell me, Professor, off the record, isn't there something in the wind between La Castafiore and Captain Haddock?... Plans for a wedding?... Am I right?

It was the Captain who told you, wasn't it?



Well...yes and no... You know how it is... we reporters... Flair, you understand... So it's true?

Great sunspots! And he promised to say nothing! It was to have been a surprise...



I quite understand... How soon will it be?

It all depends on the weather... But it could happen any day now.



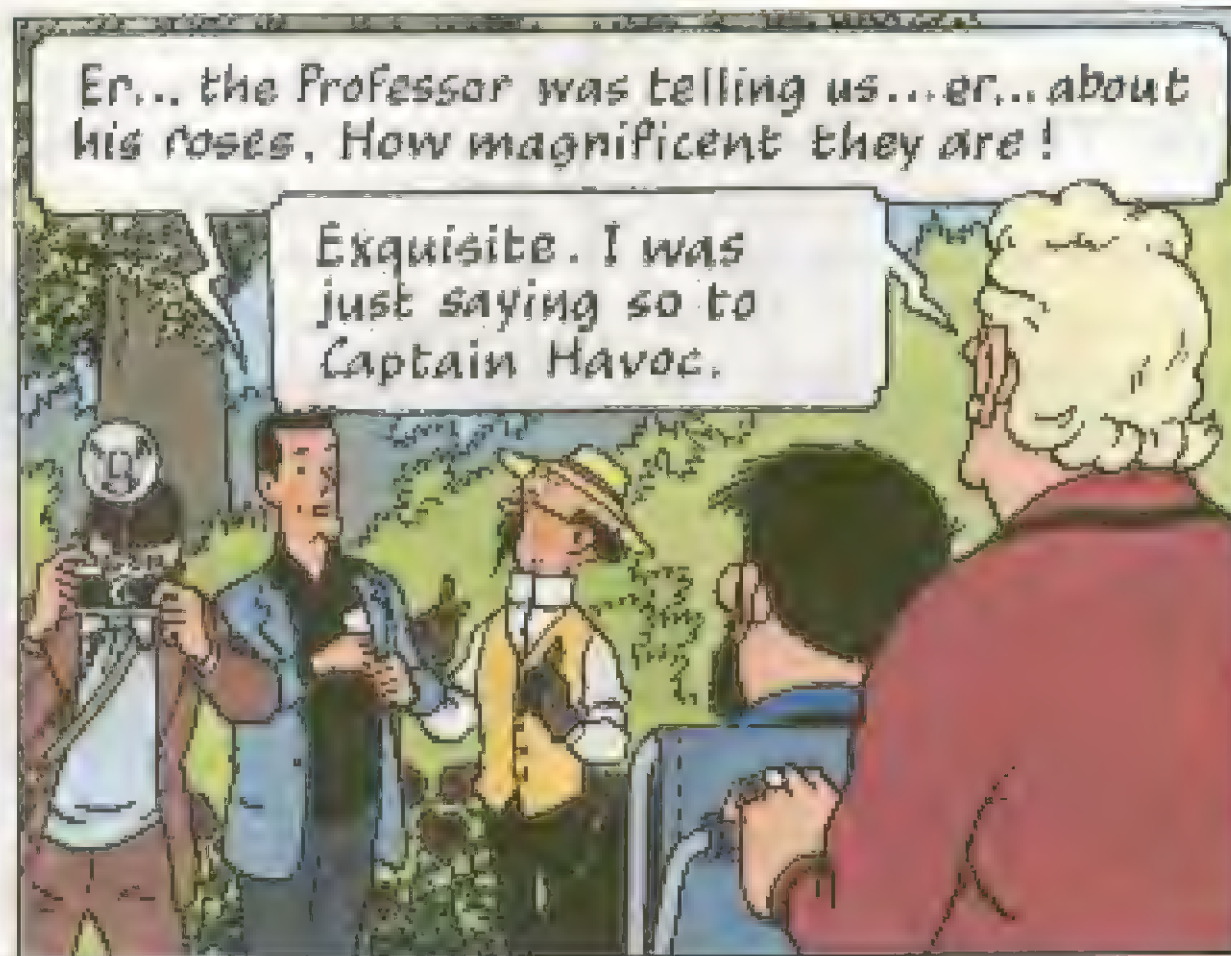
Aha! So it's imminent, then! And... how long has this been fixed? Can you give any little snippets about them... How they first met, for example?

Precisely!... It was two years ago...



...at the Chelsea Flower Show. But ssh! Here she comes... Signora Bianca, with the Captain. Not a word about this!

Right!



Er... the Professor was telling us... er... about his roses. How magnificent they are!

Exquisite. I was just saying so to Captain Havoc.

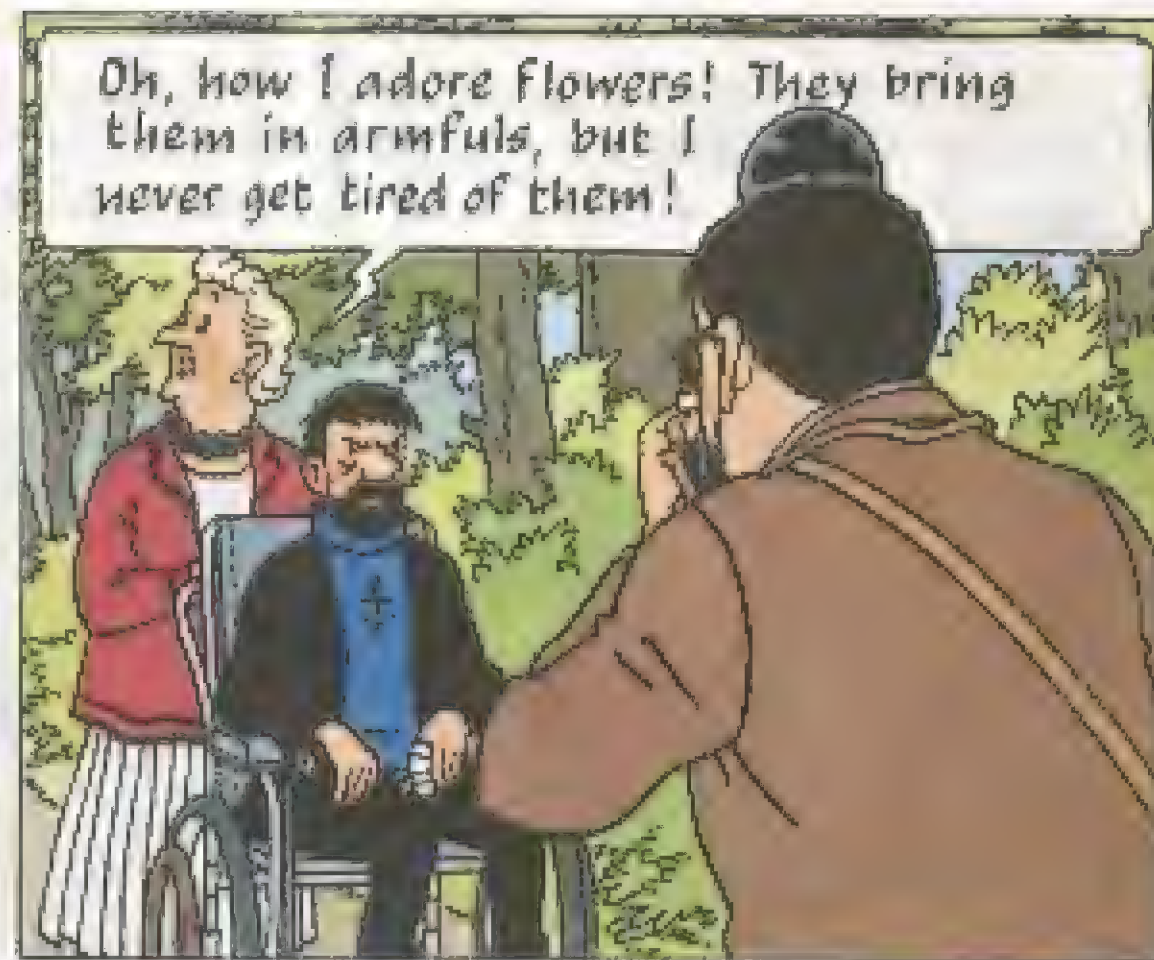


Meanwhile...

Got that? Sugarplum... Oriana... Semiramis...



That's right ... Exactly...
No, no, I'll ring you my-
self... O.K. then ... Till
tomorrow.



Oh, how I adore flowers! They bring
them in armfuls, but I
never get tired of them!



Dear lady, allow me to offer you
this modest "Crimson Glory"...
until...er... something better
comes along ... Ha! ha!

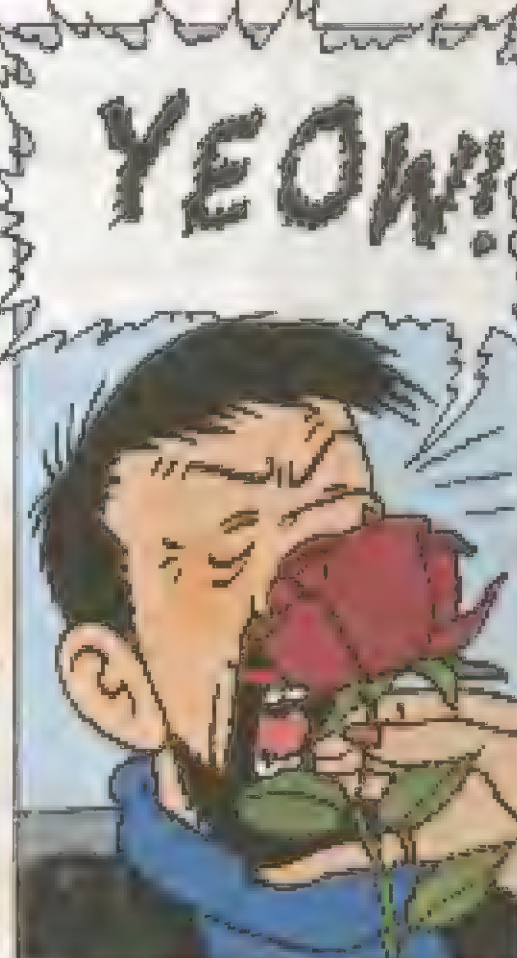
Oh, Professor!



MMMM! What
a sweet scent!



Smell, Captain! ... In-
hale the fragrance ...
Exquisite, isn't it?



YEOW!



Billions of blistering
barnacles! I've been
stung by a bee!



My poor boy, how did you manage to do that?
And what a terrible fuss! You frightened
me to death! Wait, I'll help you. First
remove the sting... There! Then apply
crushed rose petals to the spot.



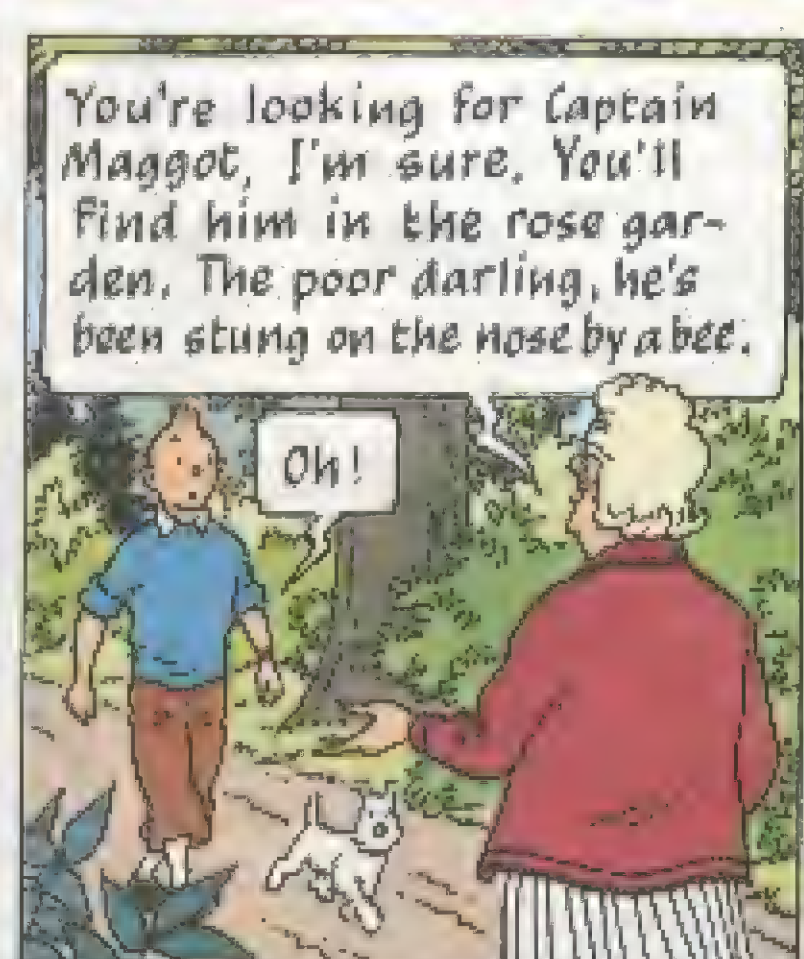
Th-e-re!
Better already,
aren't we?



Now, my friends, I'll leave
you. I must change for
lunch ... Ciao!



Trala laaa



You're looking for Captain
Maggot, I'm sure. You'll
find him in the rose gar-
den. The poor darling, he's
been stung on the nose by a bee.

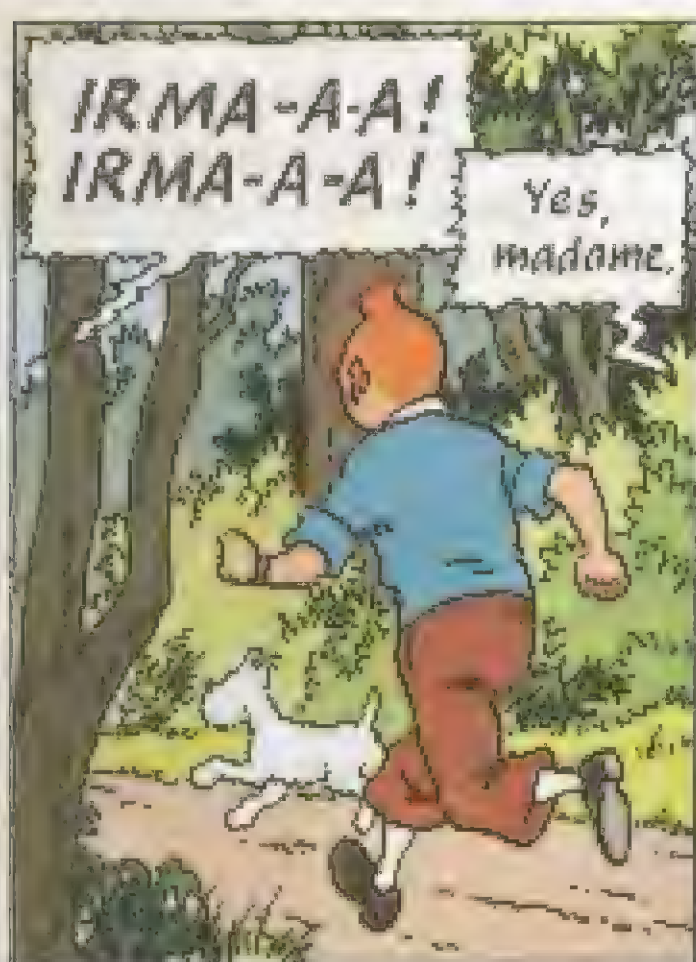
Oh!



A bee-sting on the
nose... Poor Captain;
that could be
horribly painful.

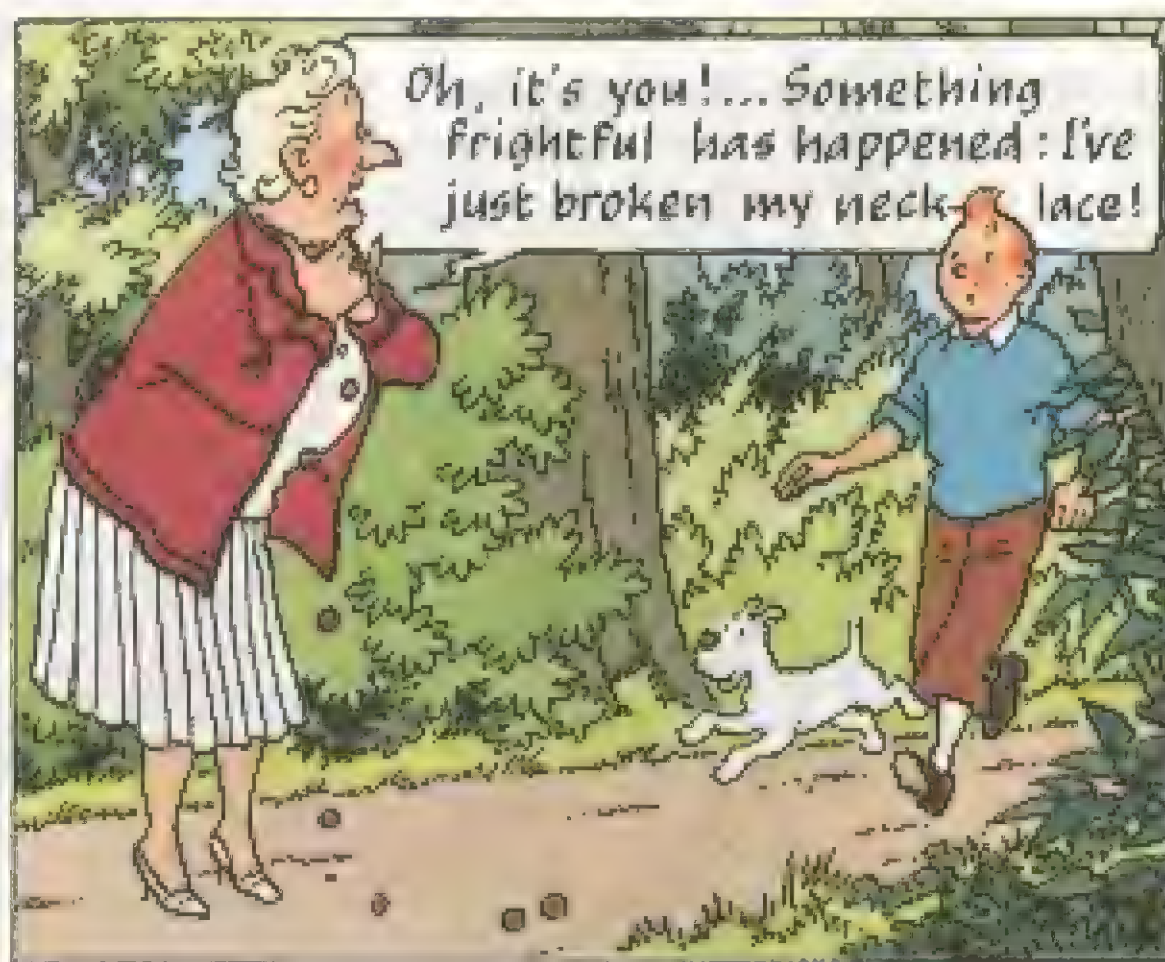


E-E-EEK!
MY
NECKLACE!



IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

Yes,
madame.



Oh, it's you!... Something
frightful has happened: I've
just broken my neck- lace!



Don't worry, sig-
nora, I'm sure
we'll find all
the beads.



There you are at last! I've
been calling you for hours. You
should have been here to pick
up my necklace.



I am so grateful, my young friend.
It's not that this necklace is particu-
larly valuable: it's only fashion jewel-
lery. But it's from Tristan Bior. And
say what you like, Bior is still
Bior!

Er...
obviously!

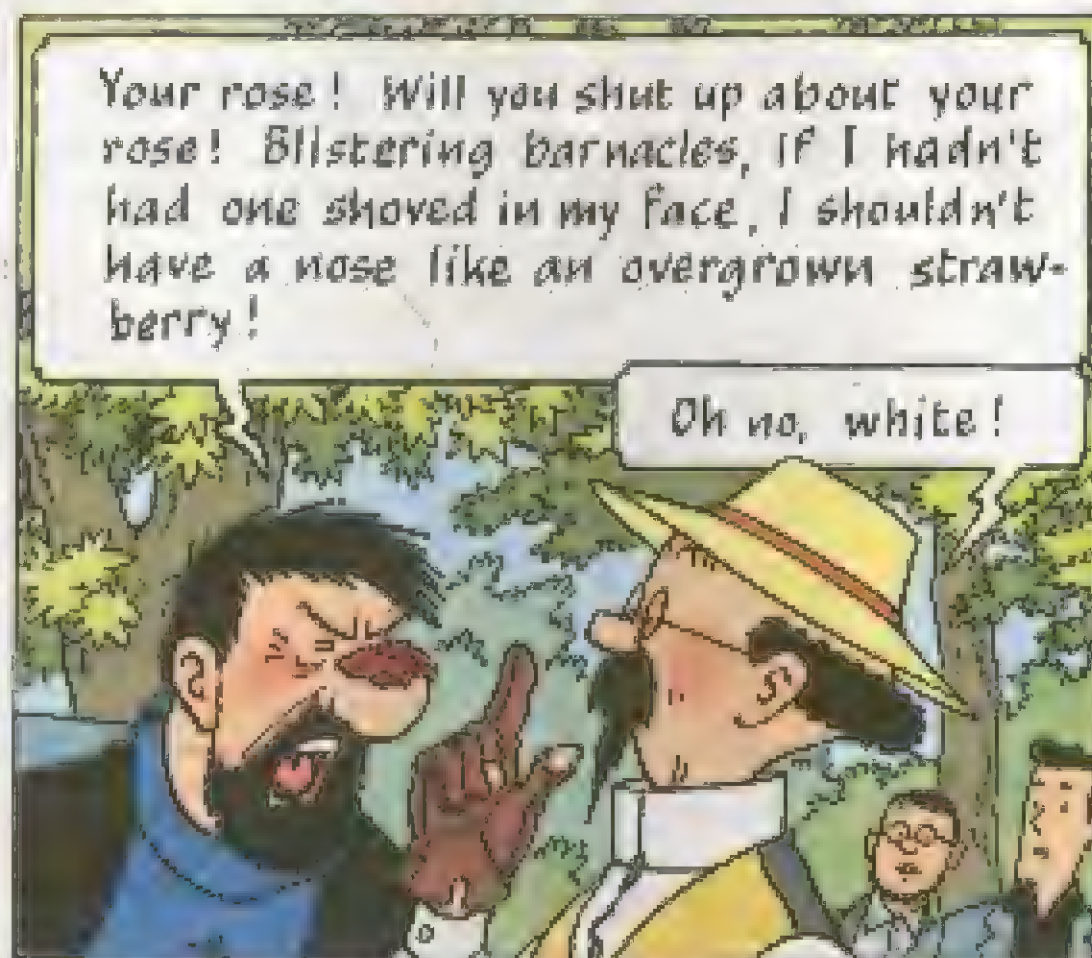


Now let's see about
the Captain's
nose.



Don't think I'm angry with
you, Captain, but why did
you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?



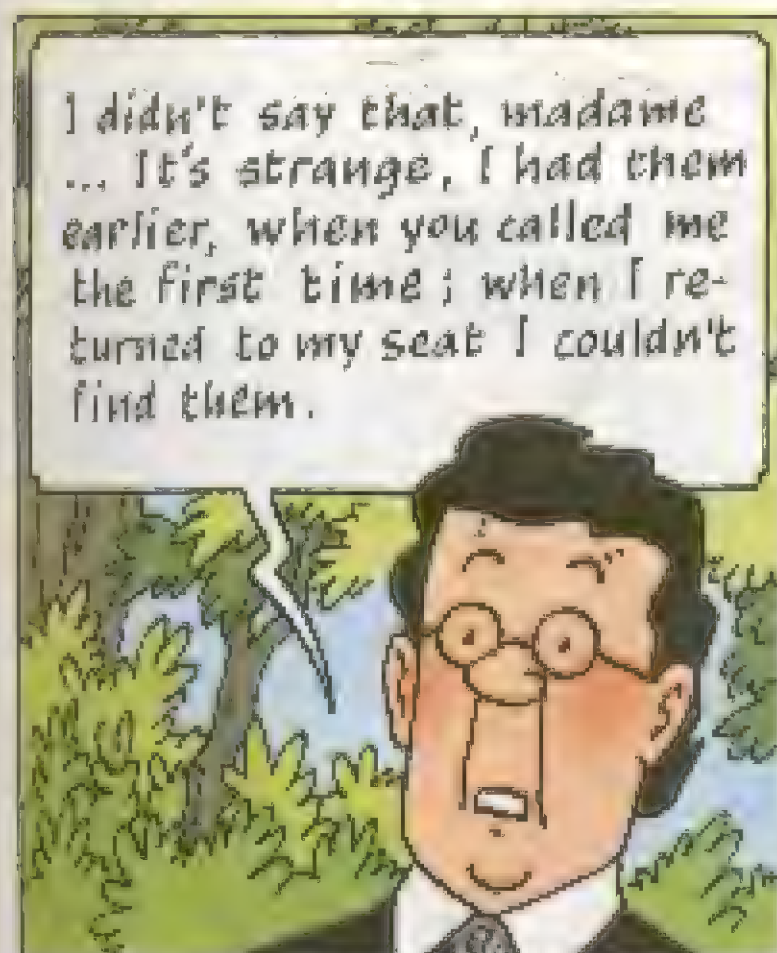
Your rose! Will you shut up about your
rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't
had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't
have a nose like an overgrown straw-
berry!

Oh no, white!



Excuse me, madame, have you
seen my embroidery scissors...
you know, the little gold
ones...

Why should I have seen
them, girl? It's not my job
to look after your things.



I didn't say that, madame
... It's strange, I had them
earlier, when you called me
the first time; when I re-
turned to my seat I couldn't
find them.



Well, have a good look, my
child... No one's going to steal
a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame.



Meanwhile...

Little scissors made of gold... Aren't
they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!

Three days later...



Hello, is that Mr. Bolt? ...
Oh, I'm speaking to Mrs.
Bolt...



Yes... oh, the gentleman from
the Hall... Er... no, he's been
gone since first thing this morn-
ing... Oh? He promised to come
to you?... I'm afraid I don't know
... I'll tell him, sir... Yes, without
fail, sir...



Thundering typhoons!
If he doesn't come
tomorrow I'll get
someone else...



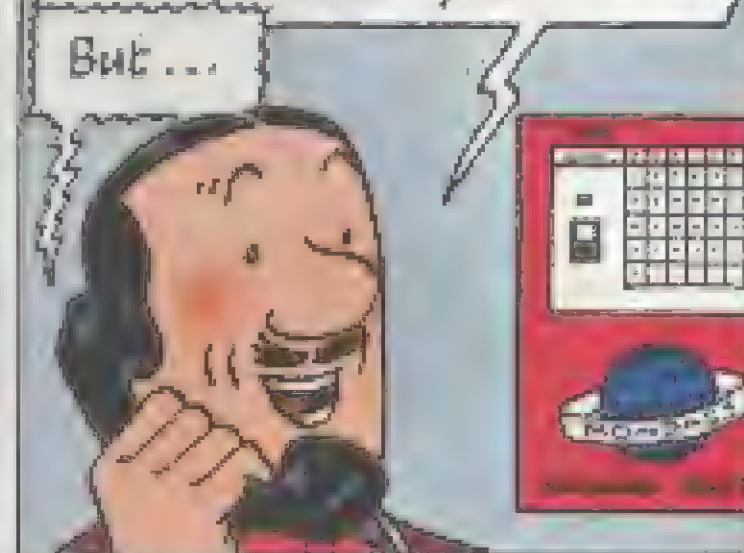
Hello, is that you, old
shipmate?... This is
Jolyon... Congratulations!
...You old humbug,
you certainly had
your old pal fooled!



Had you fooled?
Me?... I don't under-
stand... What do
you mean?



Ha! ha! ha! Still keeping
your trap shut, eh? ...
That's O.K. by me!... Keep
your hair on. I just want-
ed to be first to congratu-
late you.



And don't let your Castafiore do any-
thing about that insurance: I've
got to go off on the road for a while,
but I haven't forgotten it... I'll be
back one of these days... Well, so
long, old horse. And once
again: all the best!



Congratulations?
What's that gas-bag
on about now?



Oh well, forget it. I'll have a quiet
pipe, and read the papers.



DONG

Now what
is it?



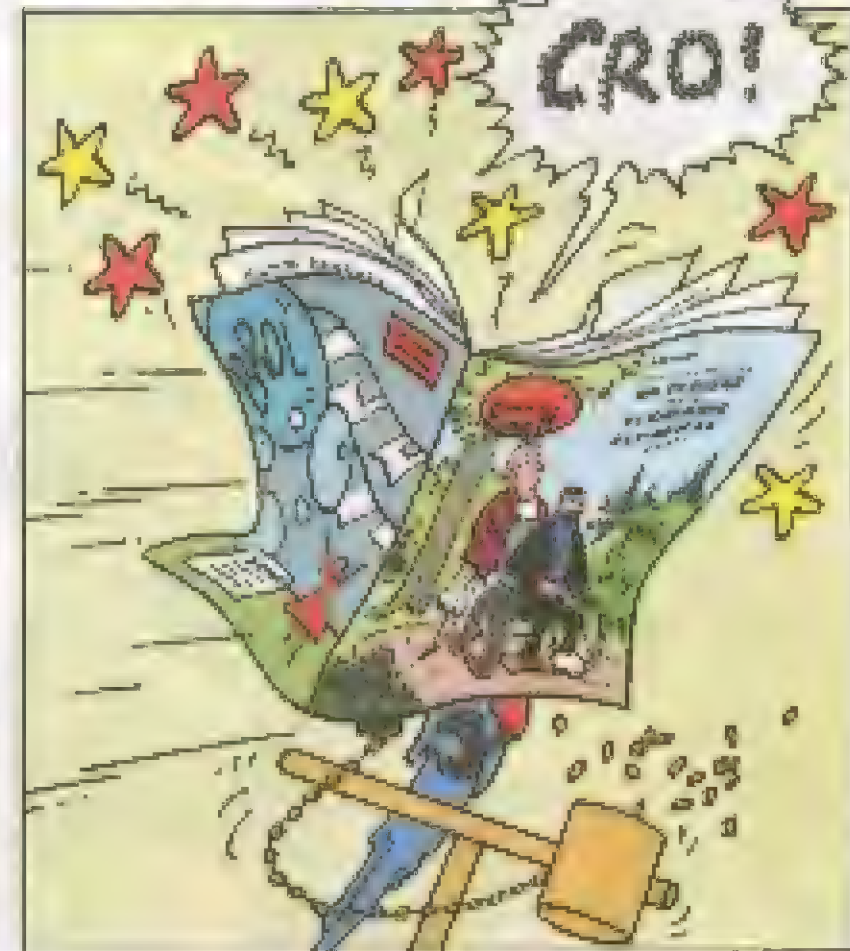
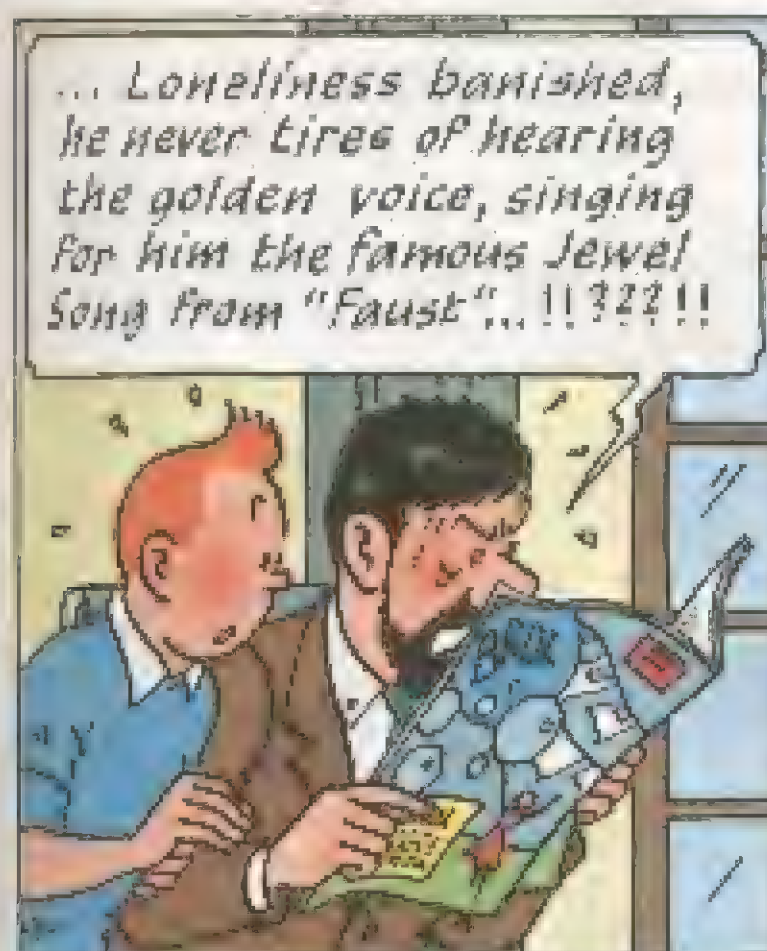
A telegram for you, sir.

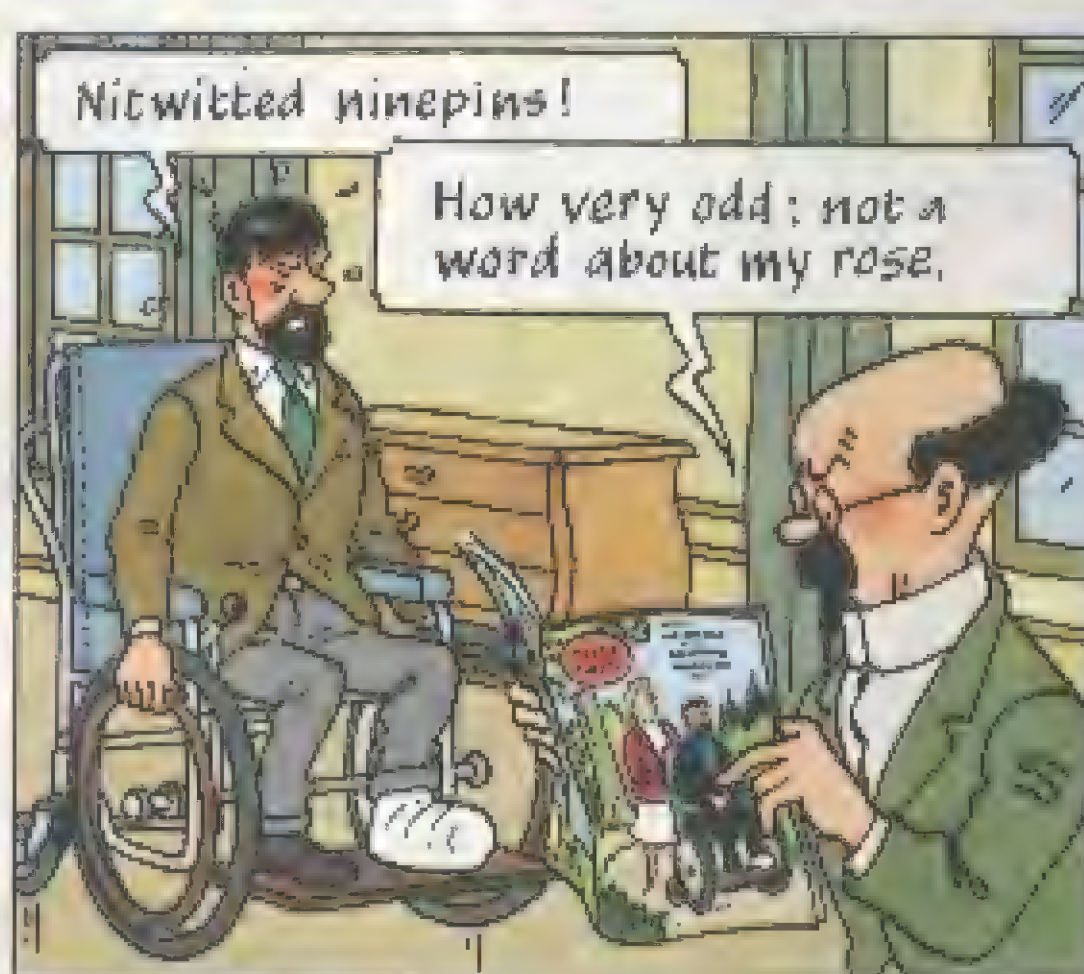
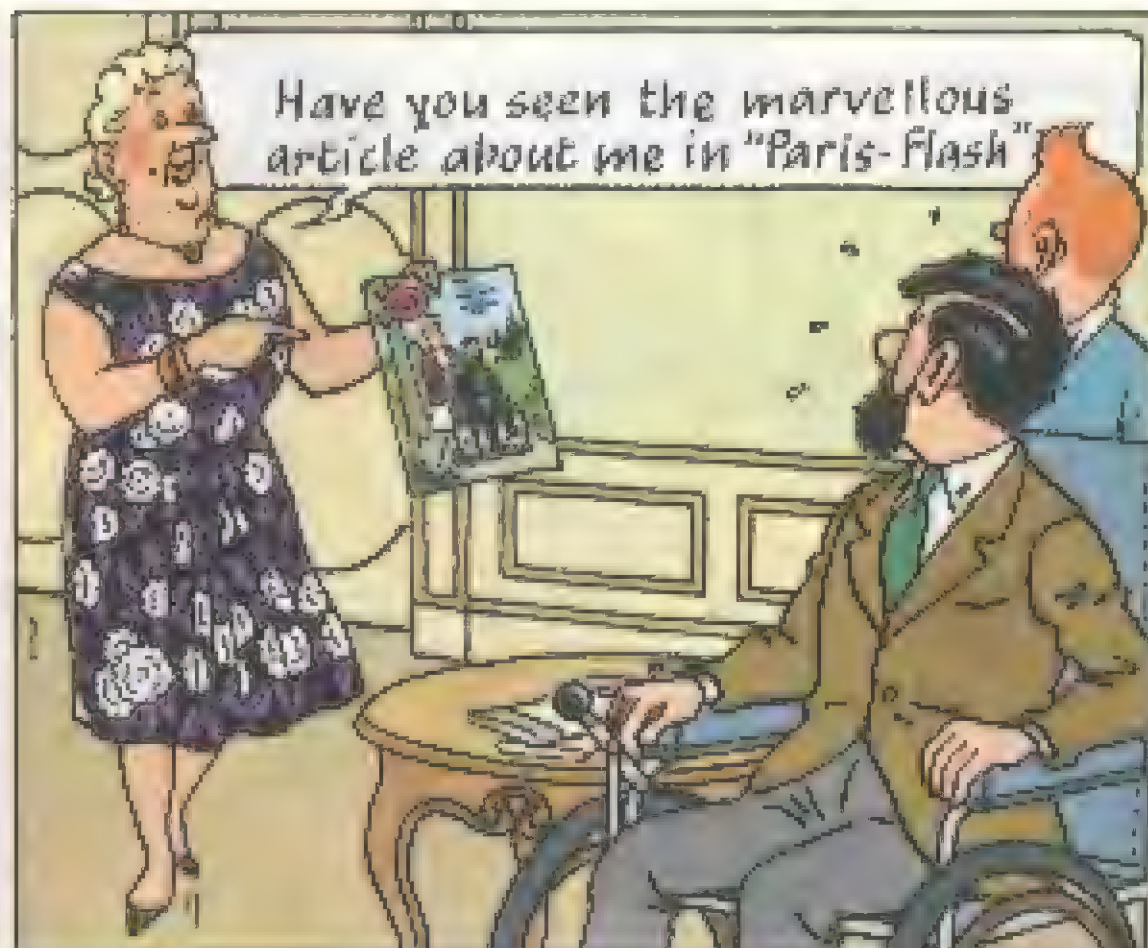
A telegram?

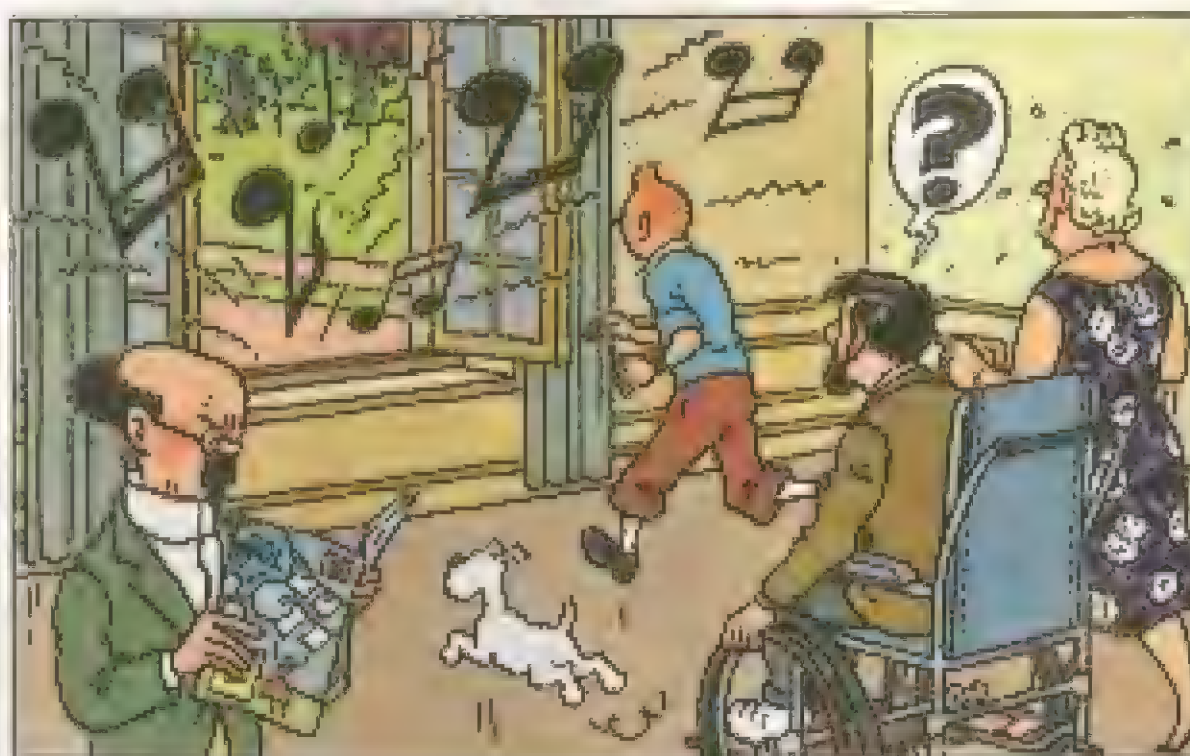
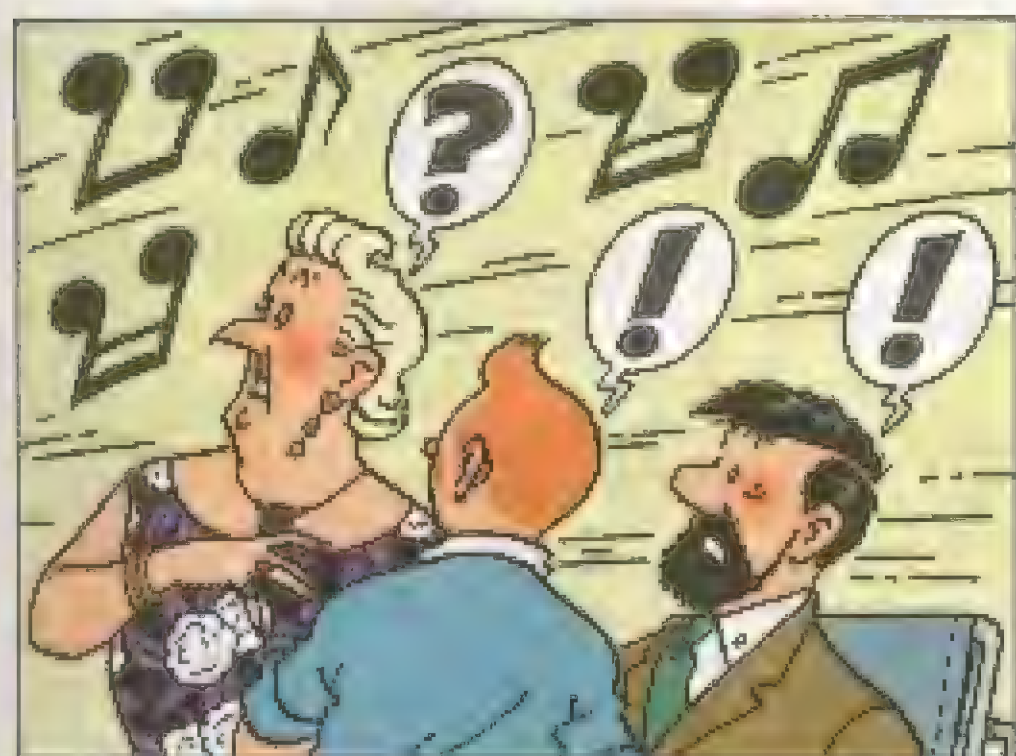
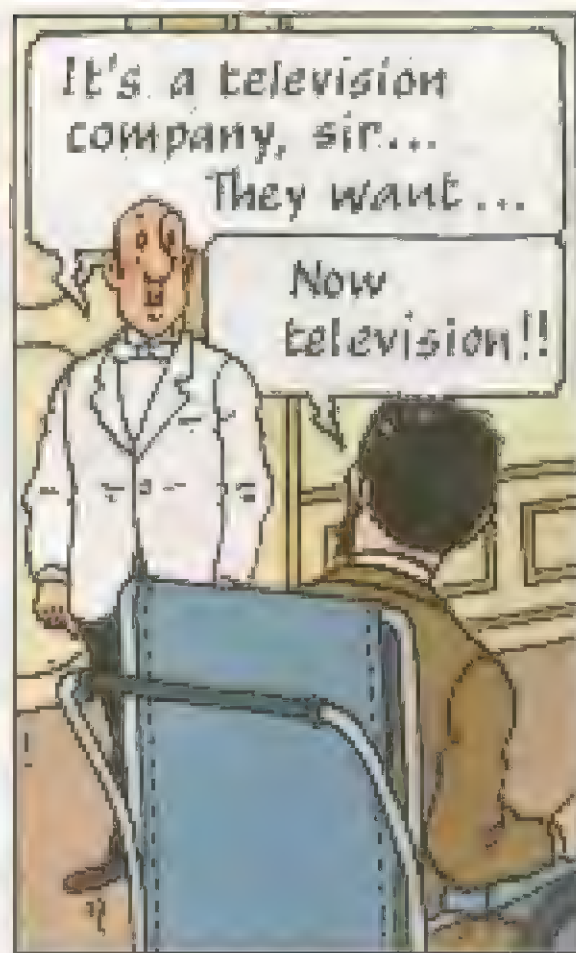
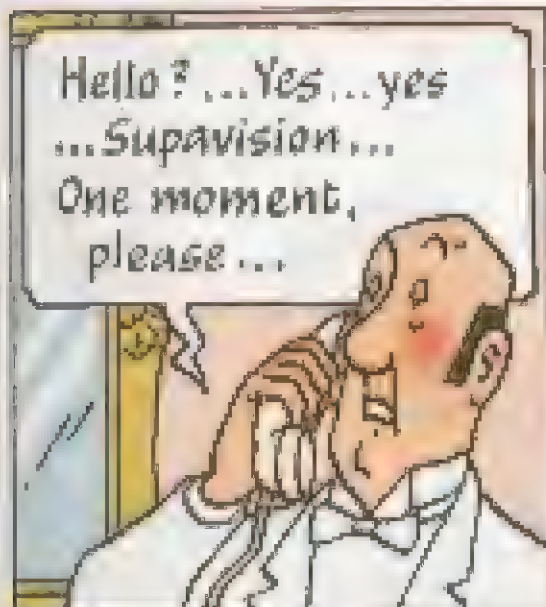


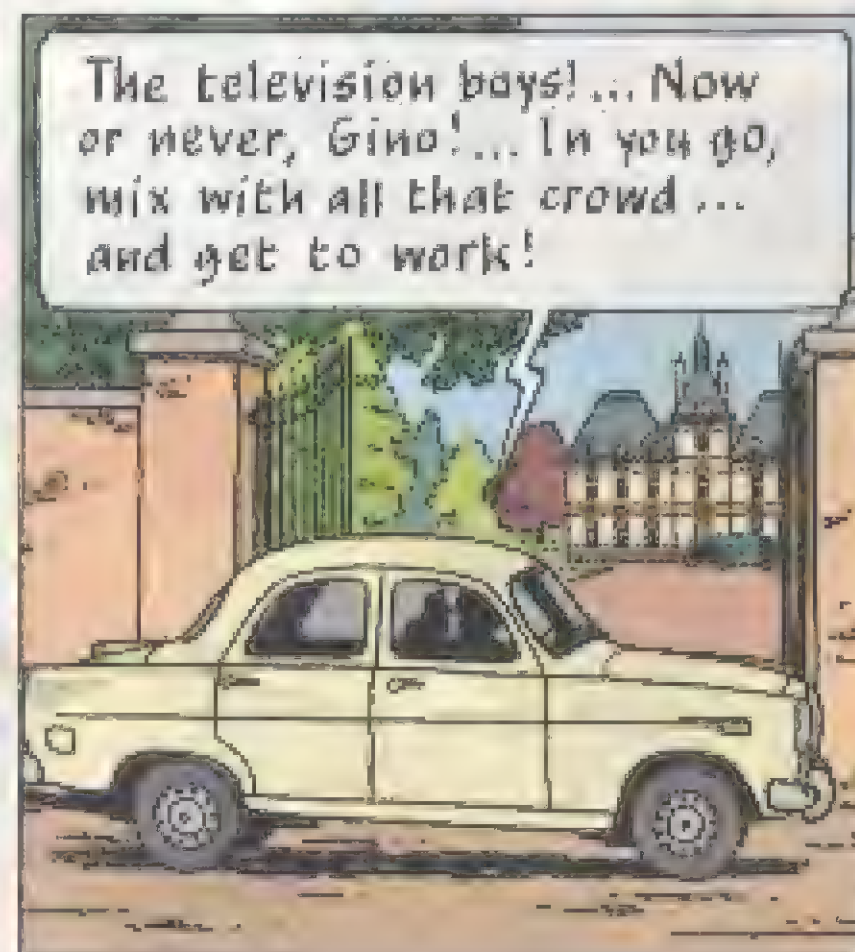
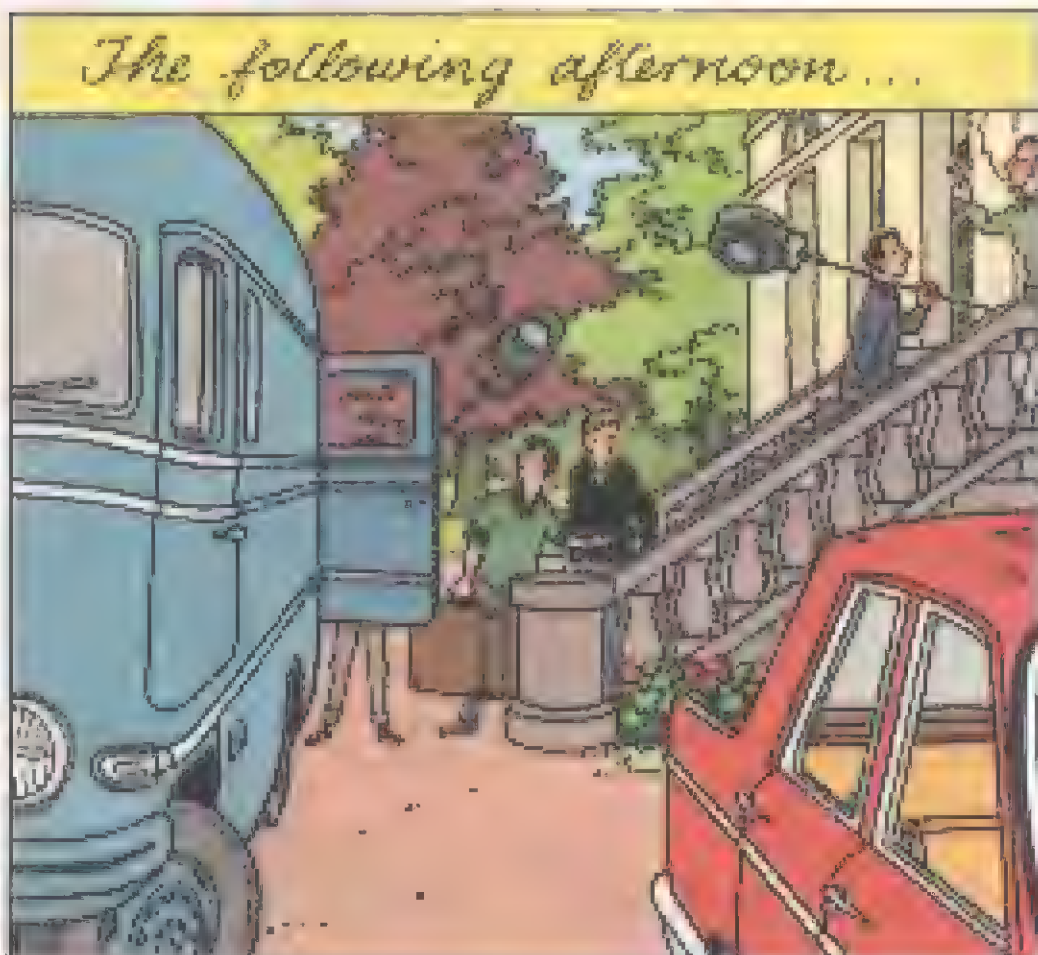
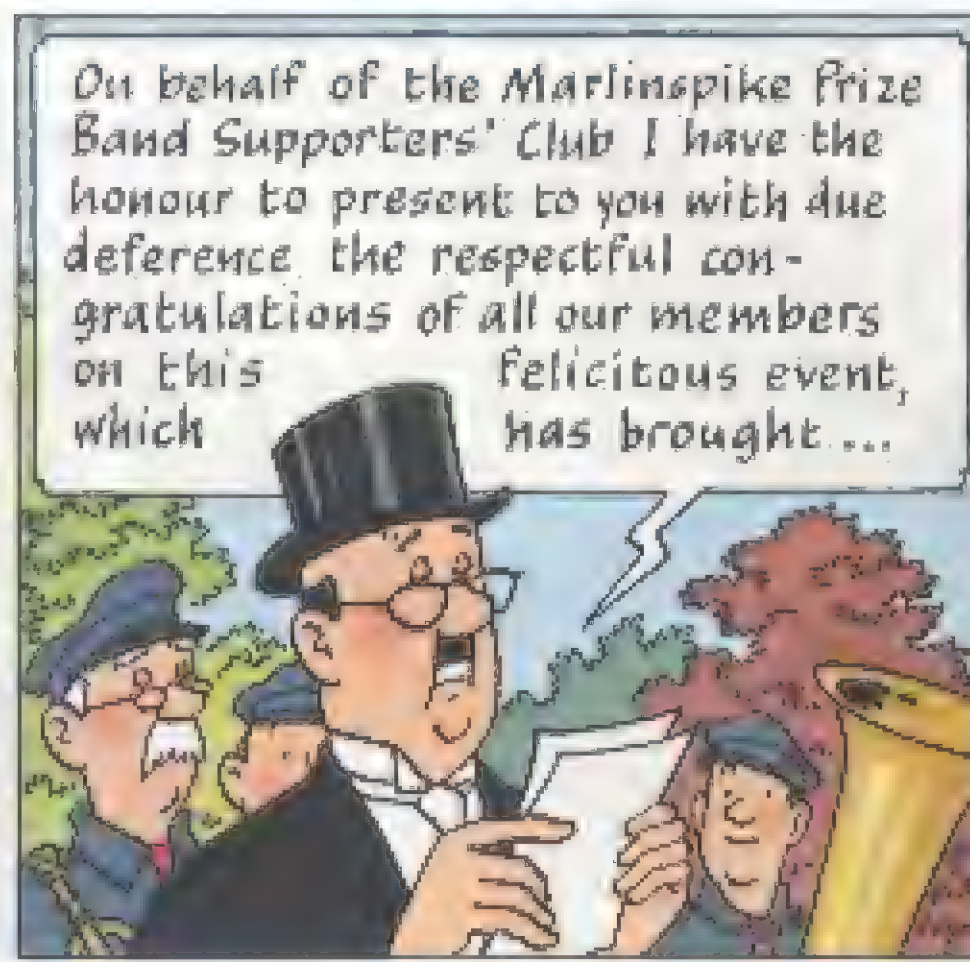
Billions of blistering barnacles! What
does this mean?

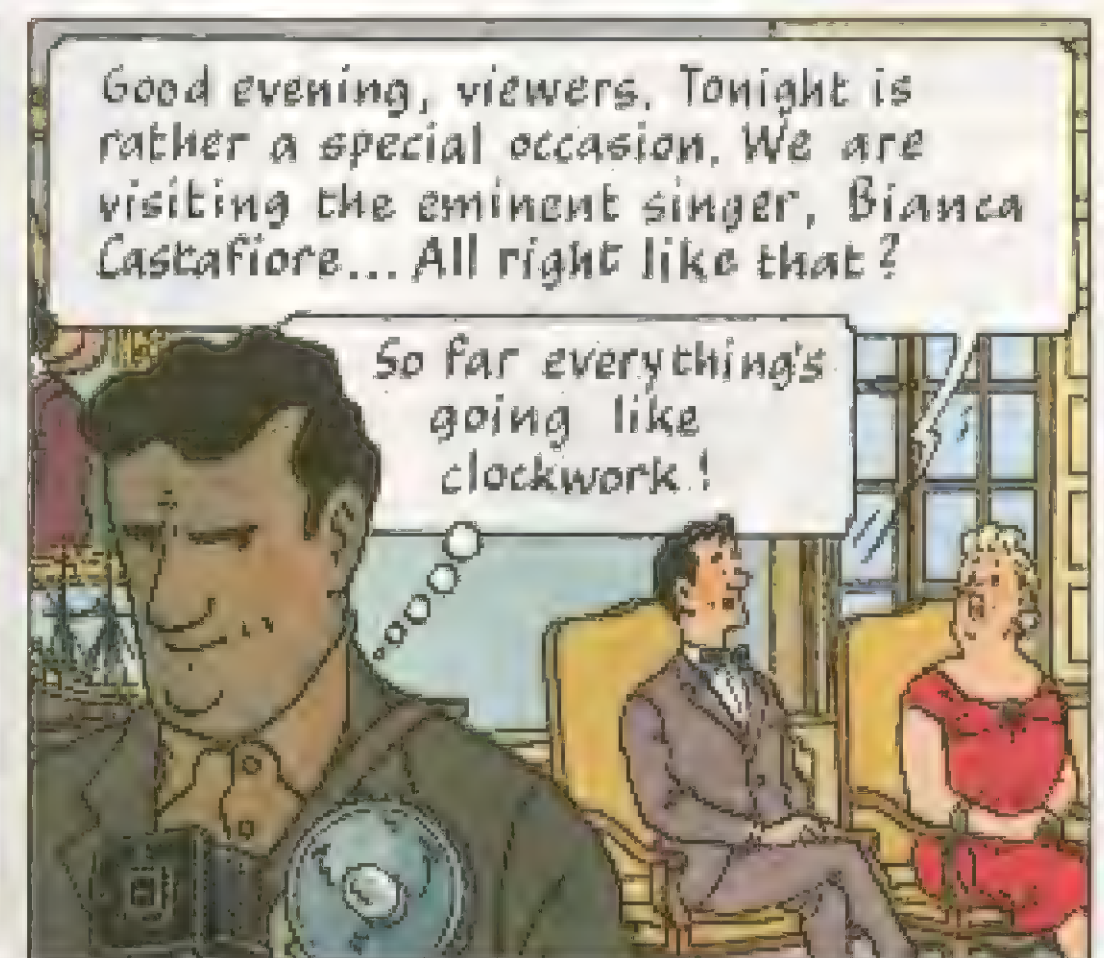


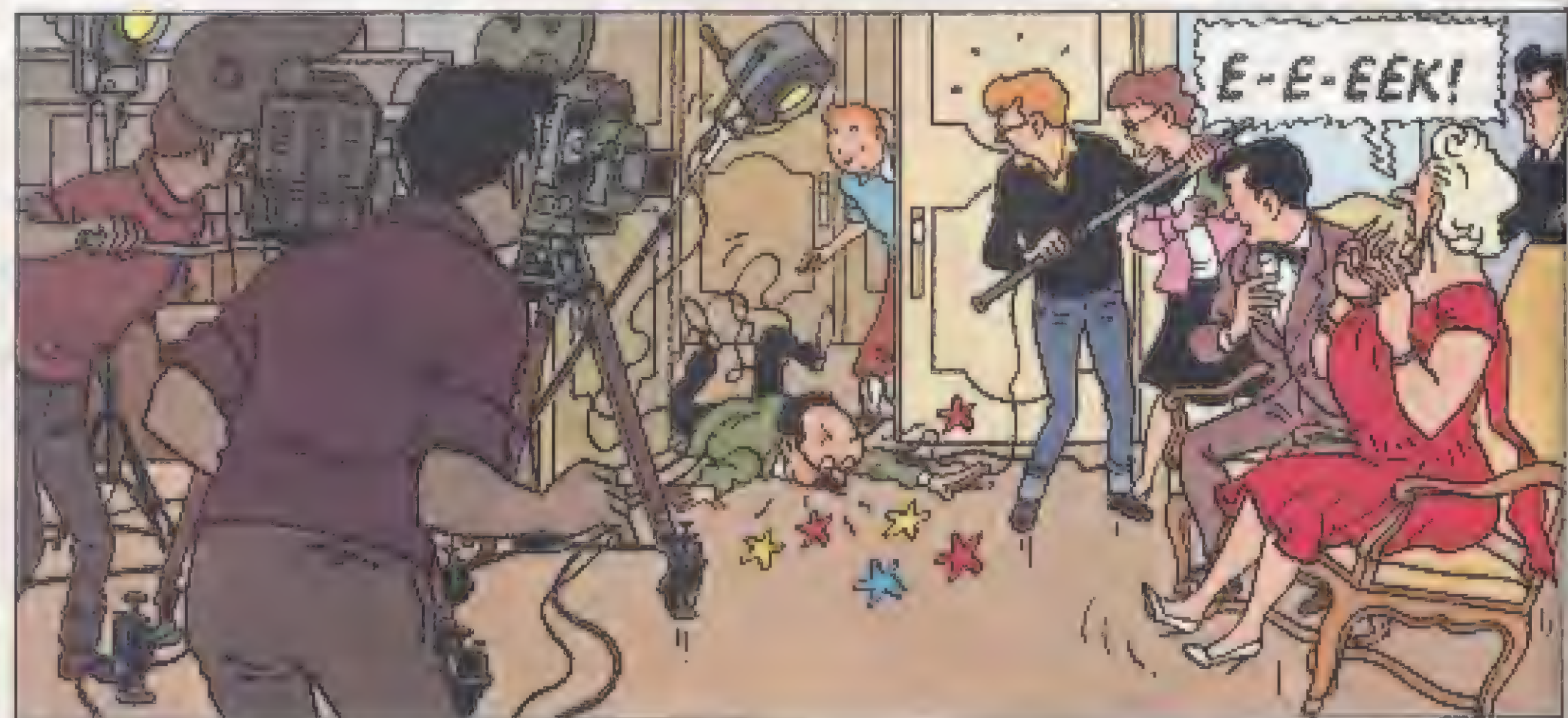
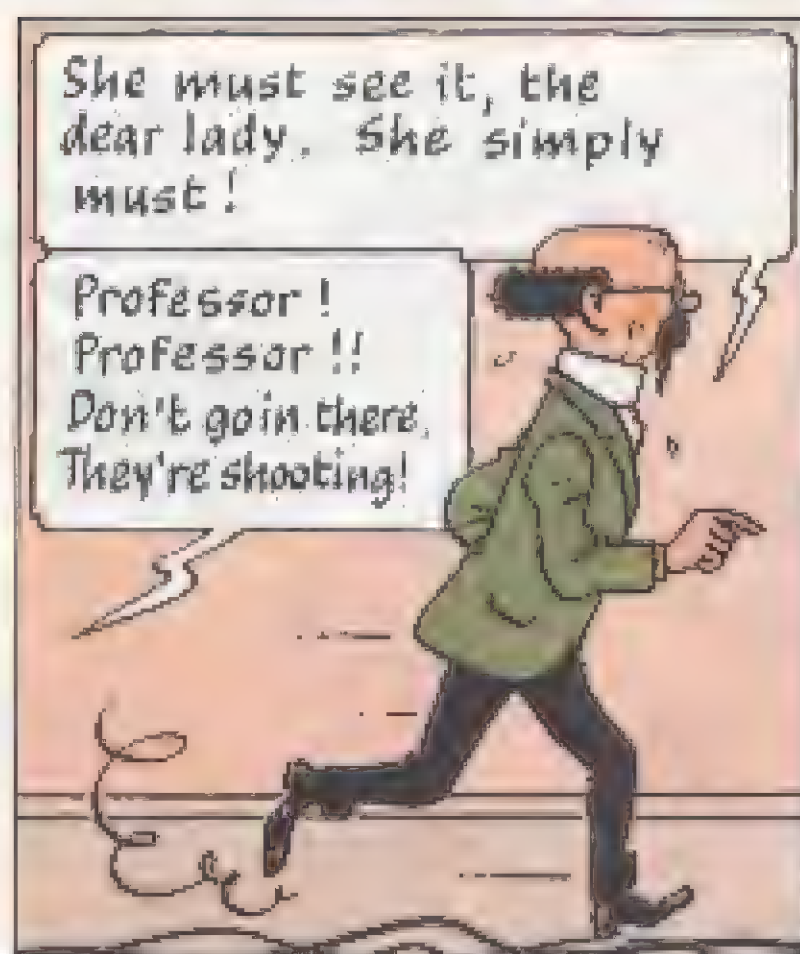
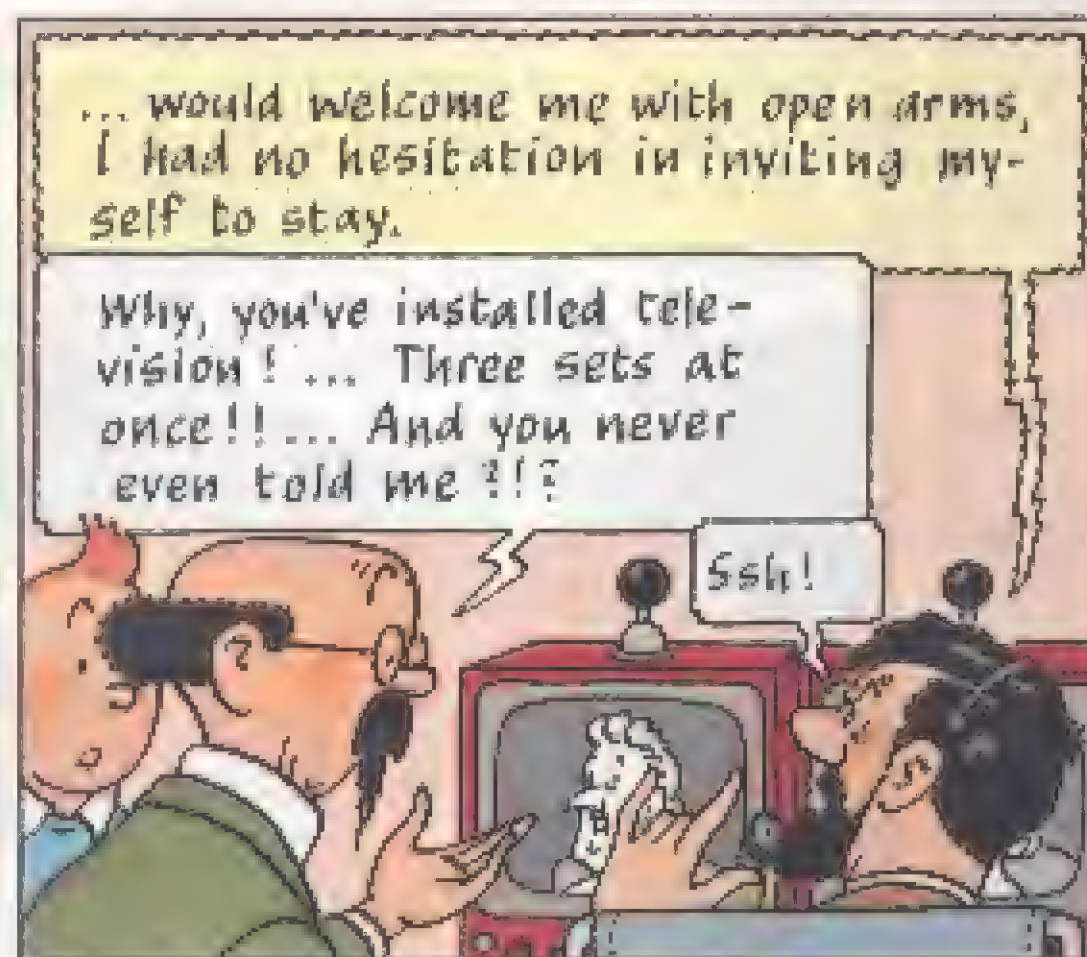
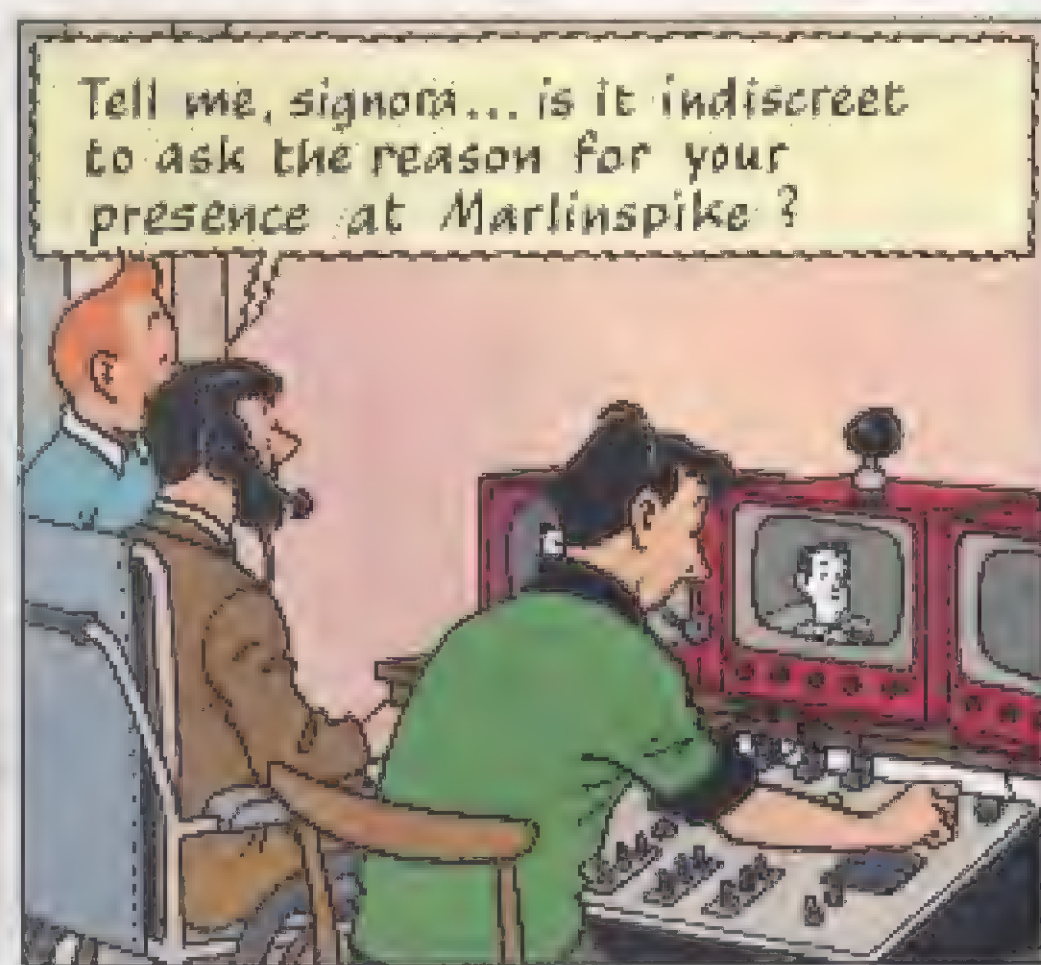
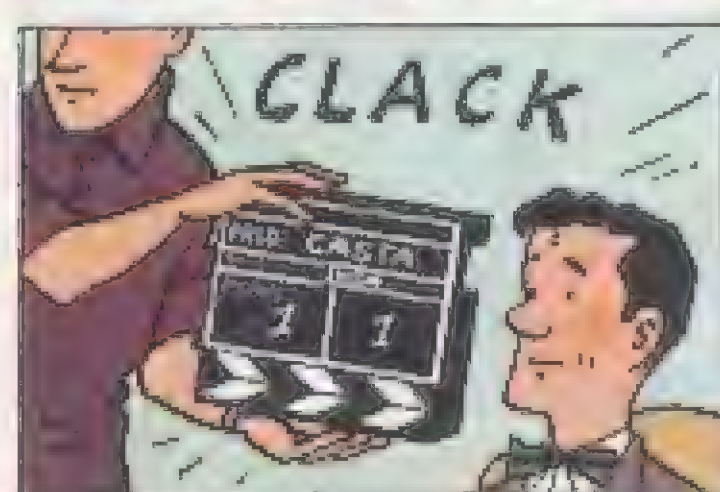
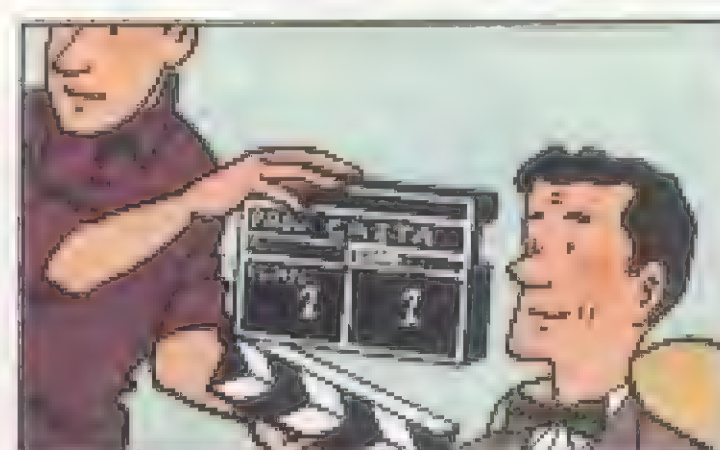
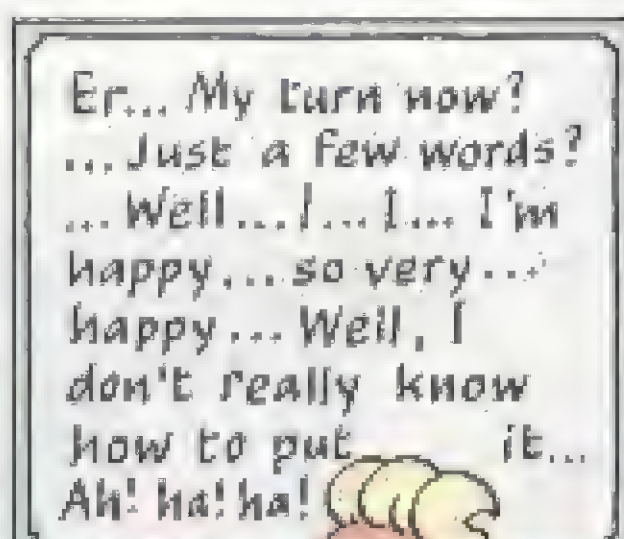






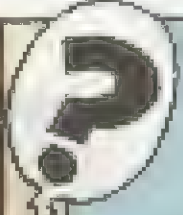




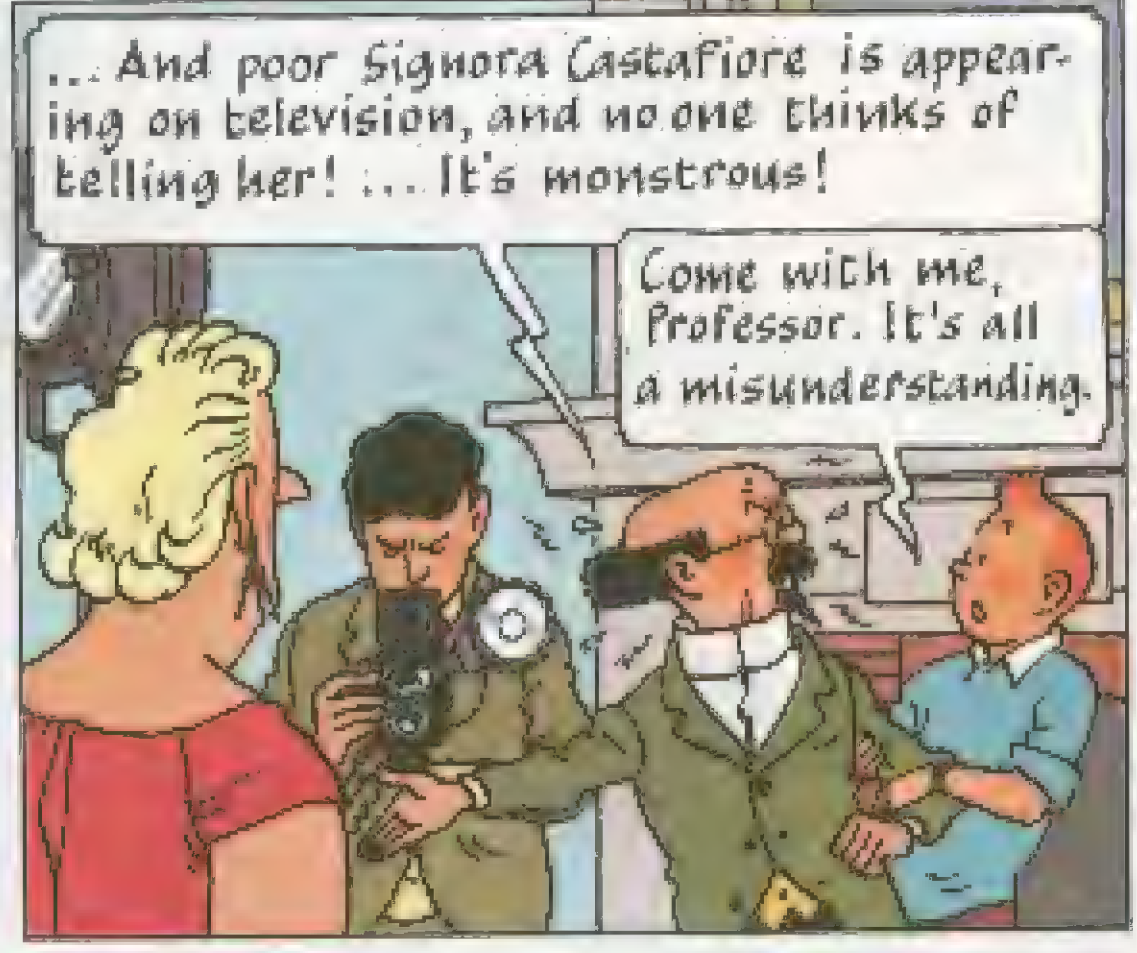




Stars above! What is the meaning of all this masquerade?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to hear about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word! ... It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting to keep me in the dark!



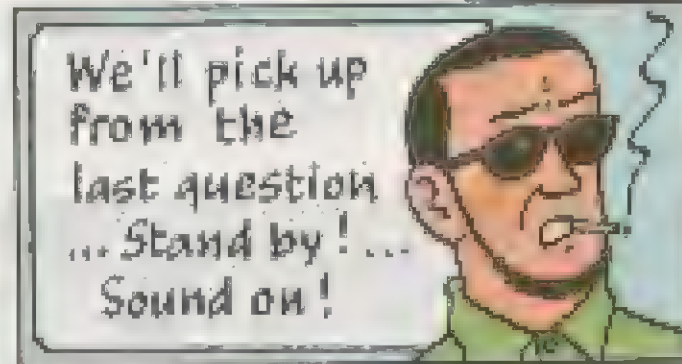
... And poor Signora Castafiore is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!

Come with me, Professor. It's all a misunderstanding.



Come, Professor, let me explain...

Pained?! ... Me? ... Pained?! ... Certainly not, but...



We'll pick up from the last question ... Stand by! ... Sound on!



May I ask, signora, whether you have any plans?



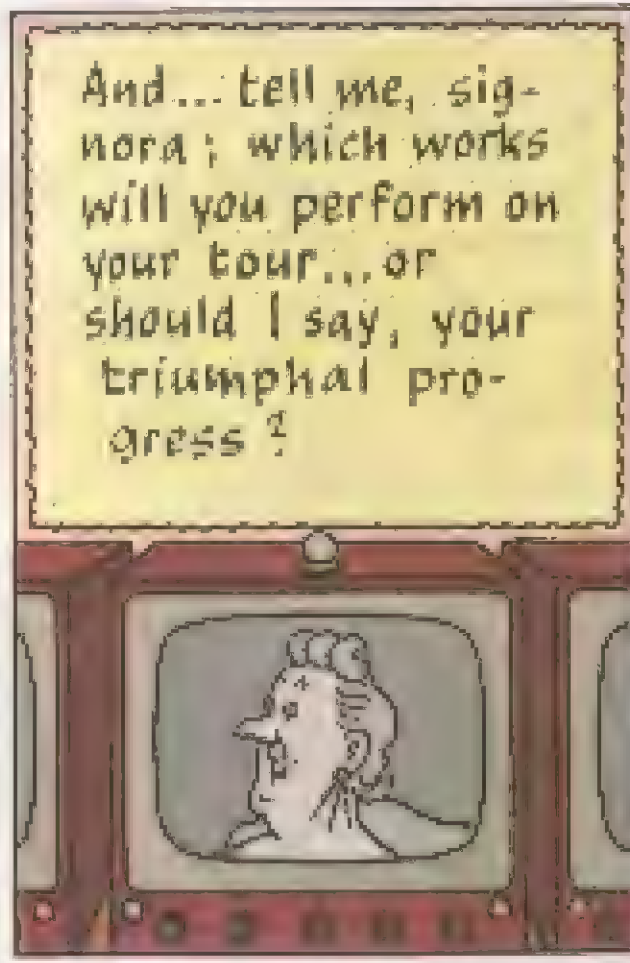
Yes, a series of recitals in the United States, where I shall stay for two months; they are longing to hear me.

Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?



Then to South America to conquer the capitals...

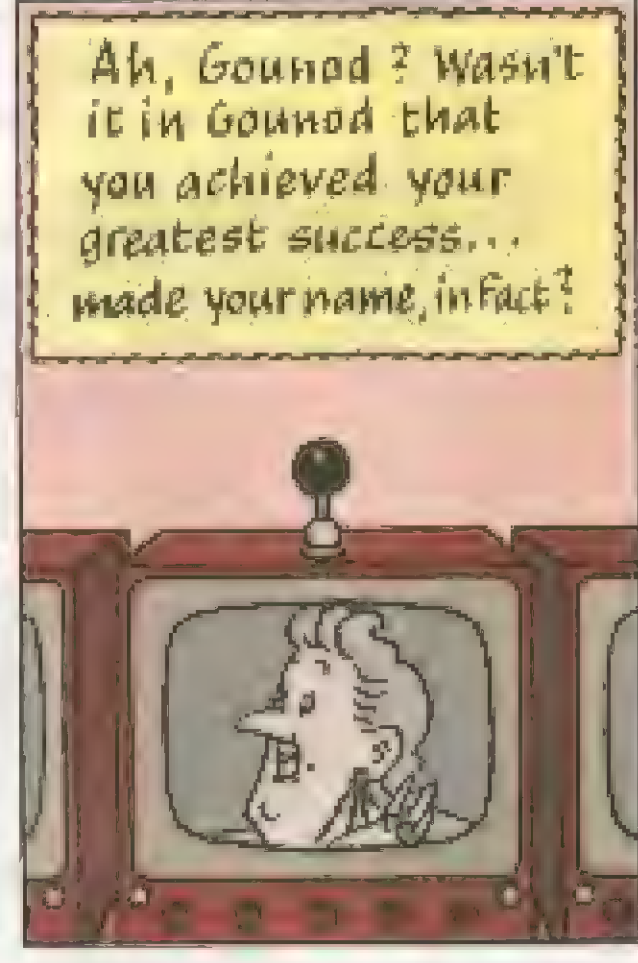
And reduce them to ruins as well!



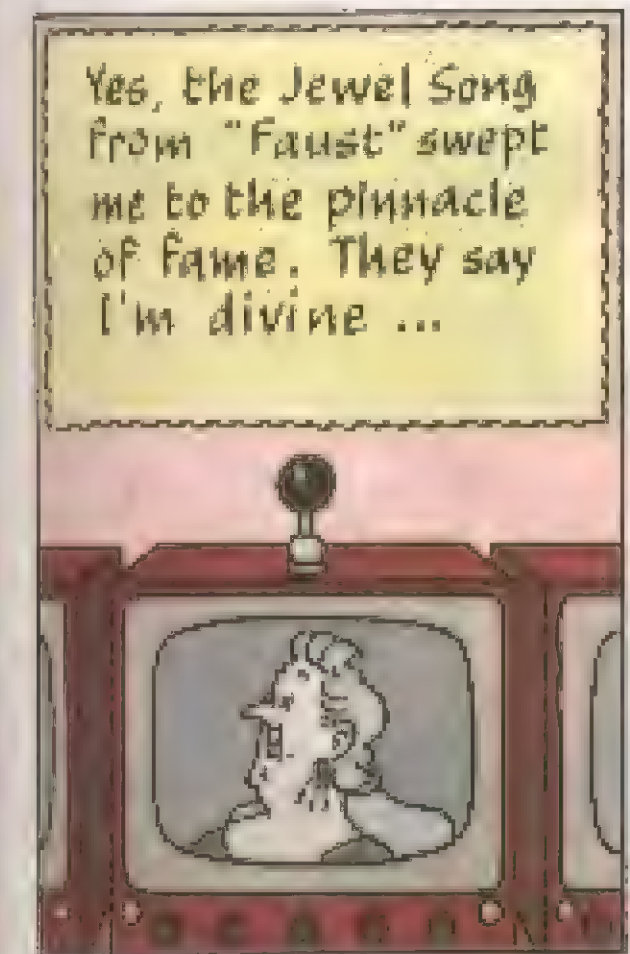
And... tell me, signora; which works will you perform on your tour... or should I say, your triumphal progress?



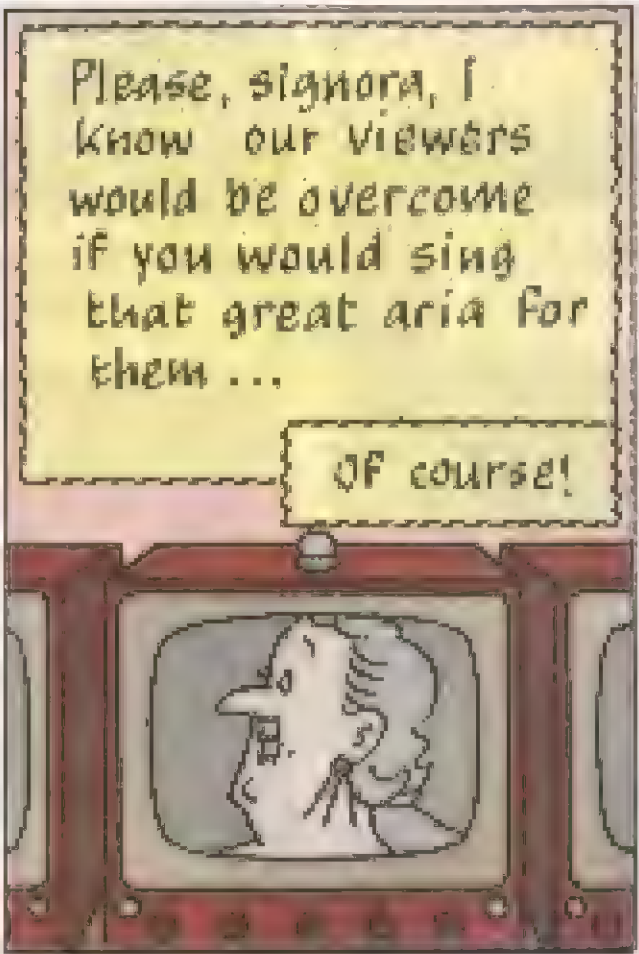
How well you put it! ... Yes, as usual, I shall be singing Rossini, Puccini, Verdi, Gouni... Oh, silly me! Gounod!



Ah, Gounod? Wasn't it in Gounod that you achieved your greatest success... made your name, in fact?



Yes, the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the pinnacle of fame. They say I'm divine ...



Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them ...

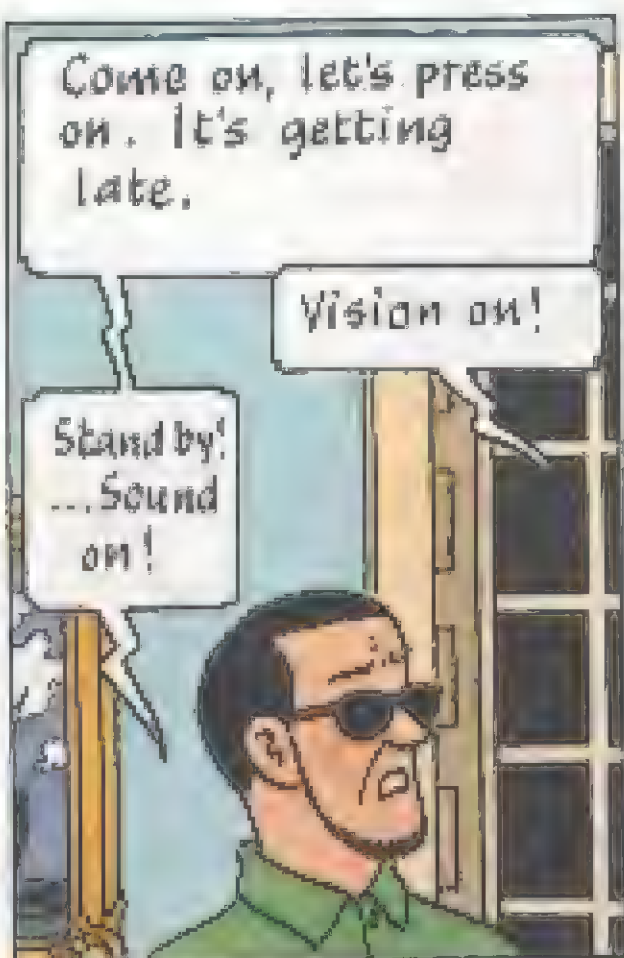
Of course!



Emergency! ... Take cover! She's going to sing!



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!



Come on, let's press on. It's getting late.

Vision on!

Stand by! ... Sound on!



AAAAH! ♪ ♪
My beauty...



...past compare these jewels
♪ ♪ ♪ I bright I wear ♪ ♪



AAAAH! ♪ ♪ ♪
My beauty

In you go!



I CAN HEAR YOU!



Sacrilege! Who dares to interrupt?

Cut!



Madamina! ... It's Iago; he's escaped from his perch!



How clever animals are! And what a true instinct they have for art! Look at darling Iago; obviously he couldn't resist my voice! ... But come, my pet, I must take you back. Excuse me, I won't be a moment.



Oh, there you are, Captain Bed-sock. Just imagine, Iago got free from his perch all by himself, just to come and hear me!

Hmm! ... Amazing!



Meanwhile...

Quick as you can, now... All ready? ... Quiet studio please!



Tell me, ♪ ♪
♪ ♪ was I ever ♪ ♪
♪ ♪ Marga ... ♪ ♪



... RITA ...?!

Damn! A blackout!

This is the last straw!



The fuses, I expect ...

Anyone got a match?

★ HELP!

MERCY! MY JEWELS!

Mind the cables!

IRMAA - A A !
MY JEWELS !
Upstairs! Run!

Yes, madame!

Here, Snowy, stay close to me, otherwise you'll get trodden on.

WOOAH!

OH!

OOH!

YI! YI! YI!

MERCY!
MY JEWELS !

What's the idea, running around in the dark?... Where are you off to?

Plok Plok Plok Plok

SLAM

That's the front door!... Come on, Snowy! Let's see!

WOOAH!

Down the drive!... Someone running away!... Great snakes, it's the photographer!

Too late to catch him now!

WOOAH! WOOAH!

AAAH!

AAAH!

AAAH!

Ah, there are the lights.

What was it, Nestor?

Only the fuses, Mr Tintin.

Meanwhile...

This'll please the boss!

Oh, madame! Madame!

THUMP

That cursed step again!

Your je... je... je... jewels ...

Well, Irrmaaa?

Your je...mdame, your jew-jew... your jewels!

In heaven's name, speak, girl!

Gone, madame!... All gone!... BOO-HOO-OO!

MORTE!!

AAAAAA

AAAAAA

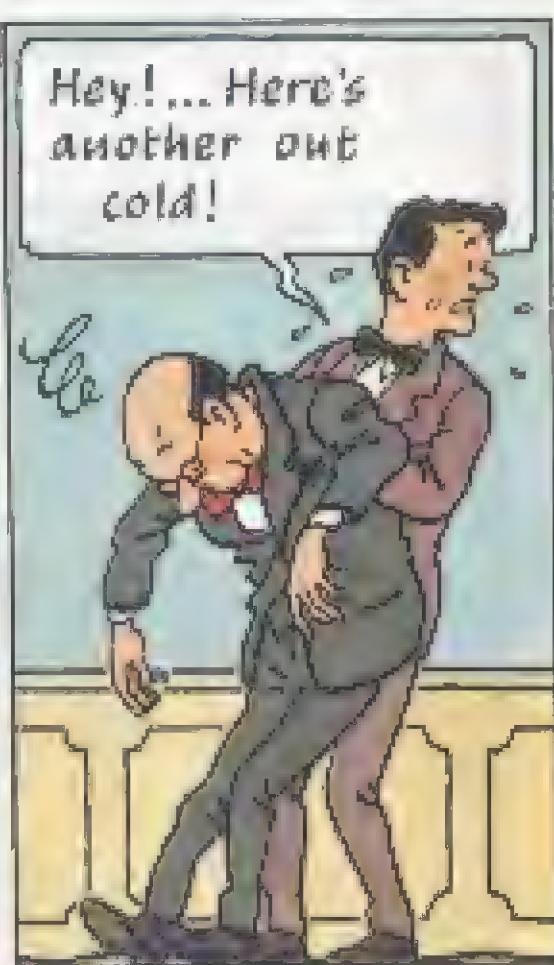
Quick! Quick!



AAAAAA

?

Over there!
on the sofa!



Hey!... Here's
another out
cold!



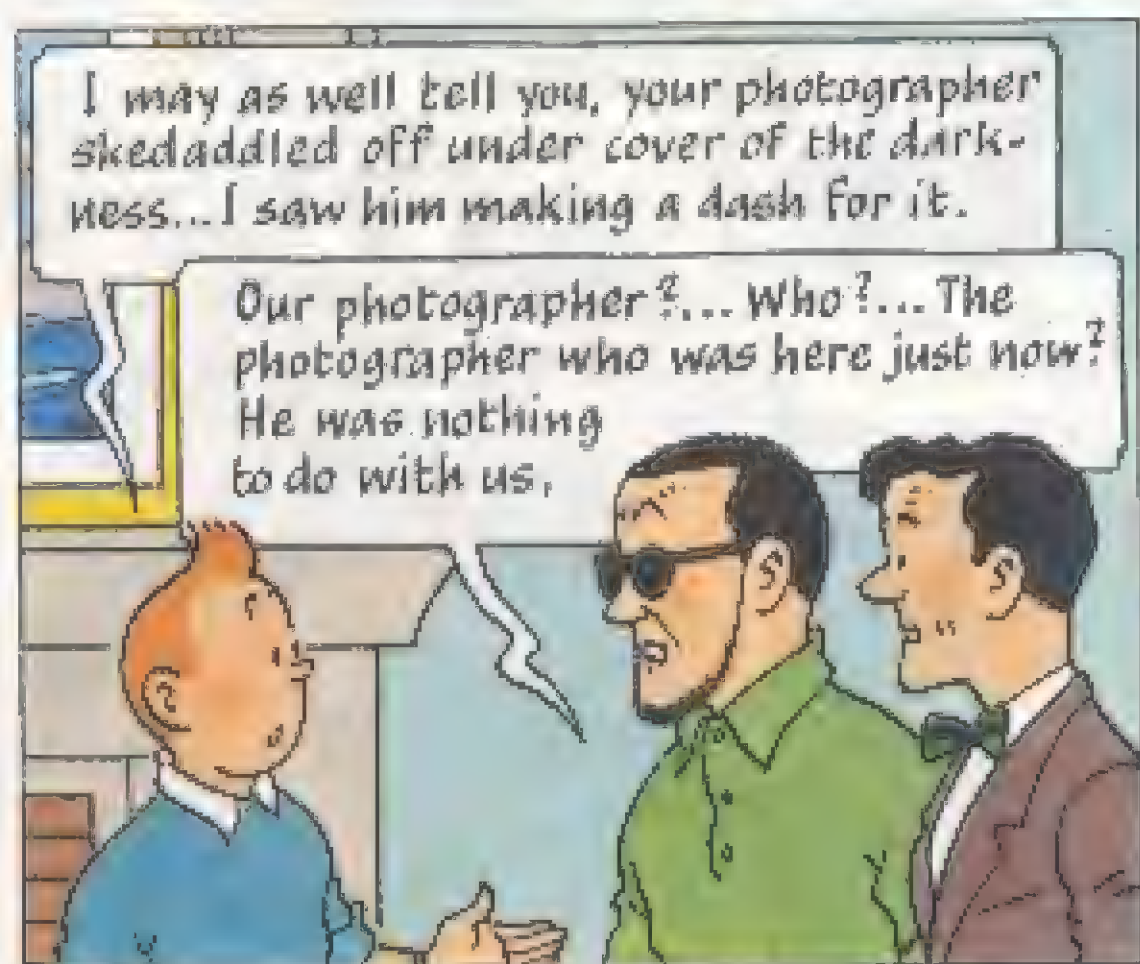
We must ring the police
at once.

Smelling salts...
She needs smell-
ing salts!

A fine
carry-on!

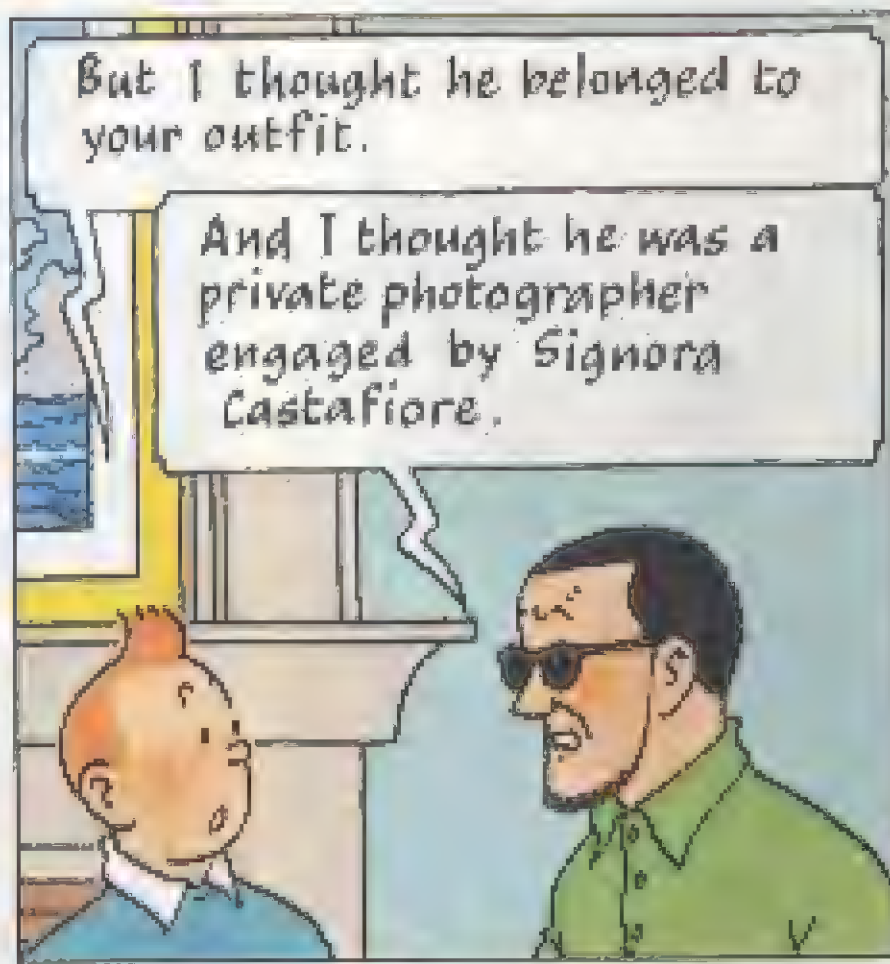


I knew it would
happen!... Boo-hoo-
hoo!... I knew it would!



I may as well tell you, your photographer
skedaddled off under cover of the dark-
ness... I saw him making a dash for it.

Our photographer?... Who?... The
photographer who was here just now?
He was nothing
to do with us.

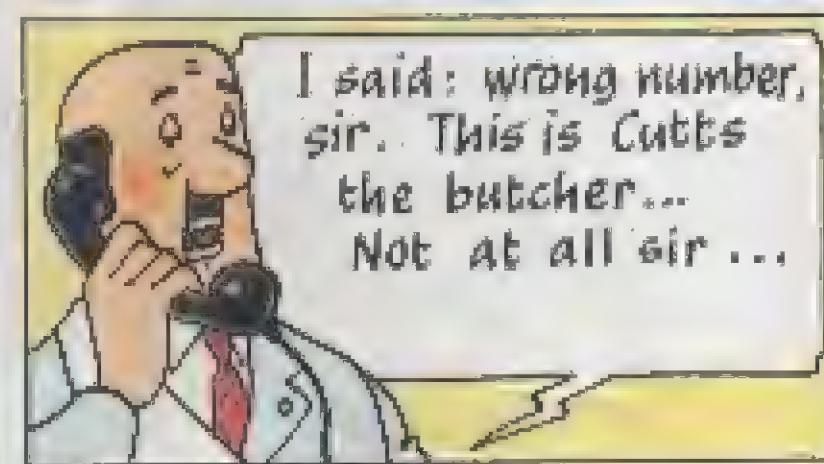


But I thought he belonged to
your outfit.

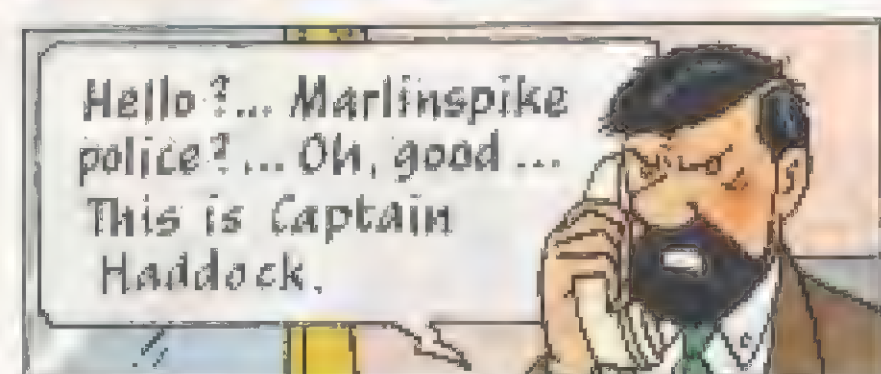
And I thought he was a
private photographer
engaged by Signora
Castafiore.



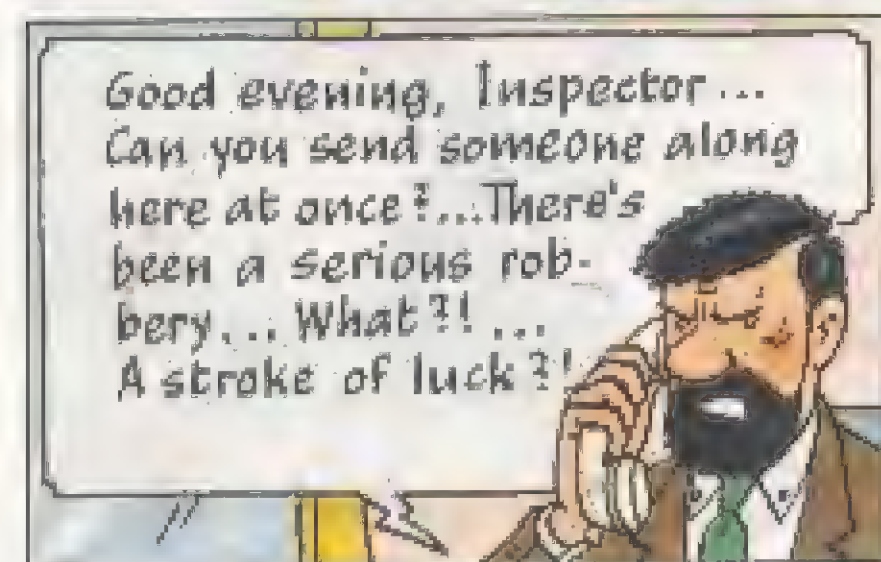
Hello?... Marlin-
spike police?...
This is Captain... what?



I said: wrong number,
sir. This is Cutts
the butcher...
Not at all sir...



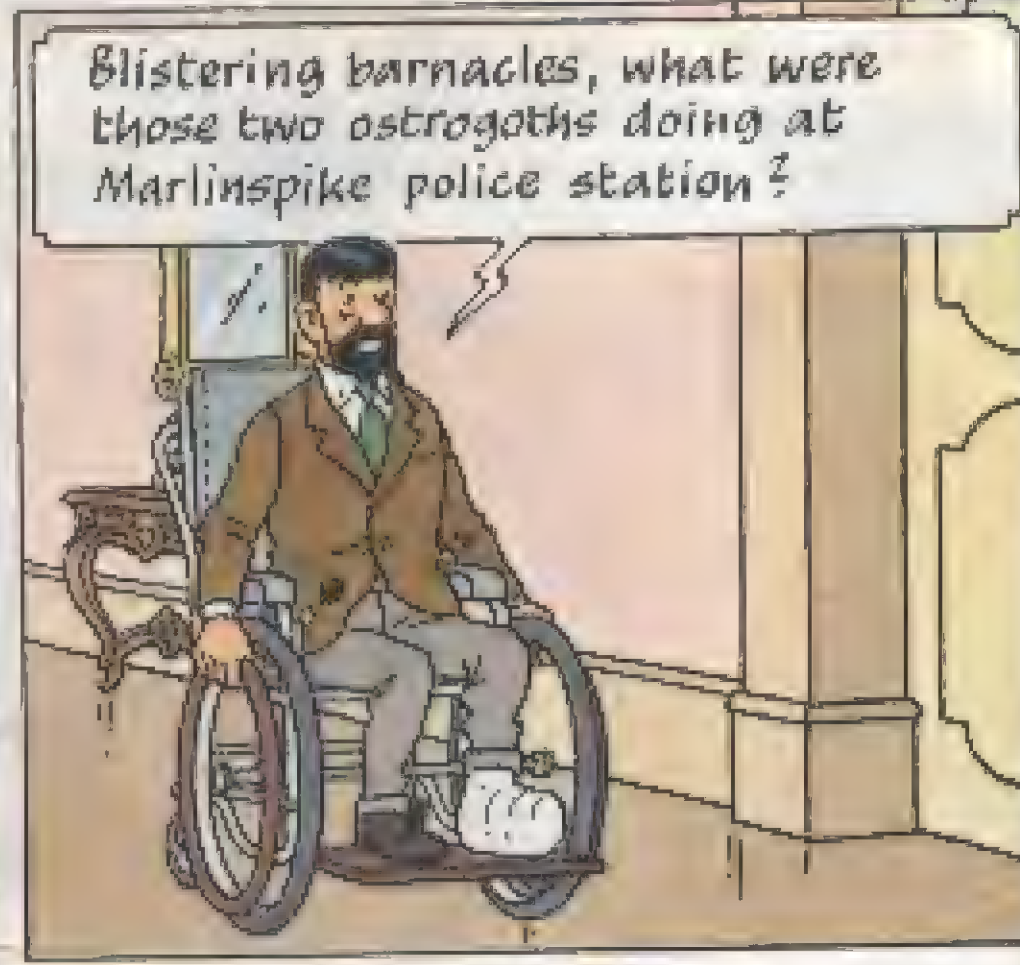
Hello?... Marlin-
spike police?... Oh, good...
This is Captain
Haddock.



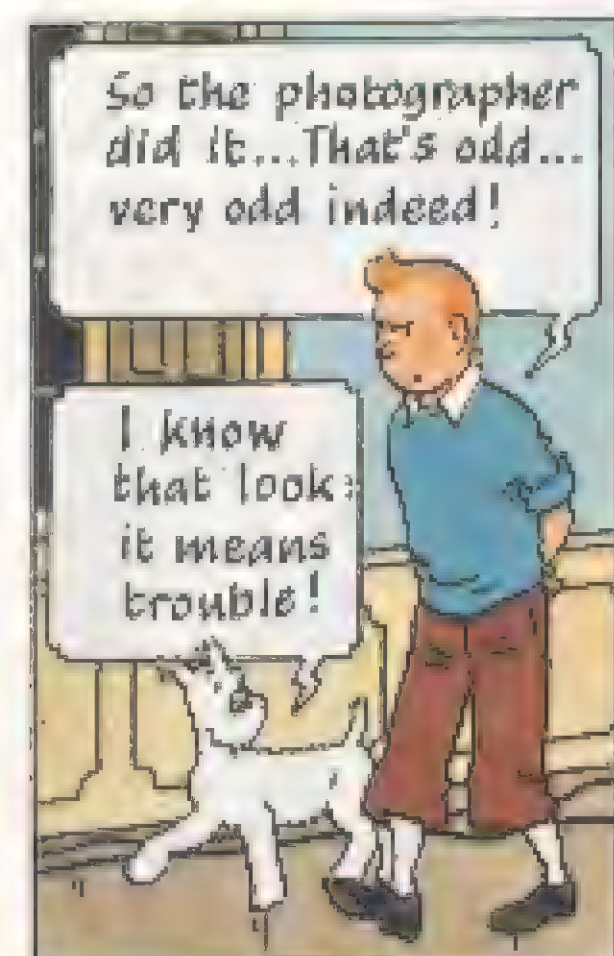
Good evening, Inspector...
Can you send someone along
here at once?... There's
been a serious rob-
bery... What?!...
A stroke of luck?!



What?... Who?... No?!... They
were with you? Good heavens!
... On their way? They'll be here
any minute now?... But what
were they doing... Yes... I see...
All right, I'll wait till they arrive
... Goodbye, Inspector.



Blistering barnacles, what were
those two ostrogoths doing at
Marlin-spike police station?



So the photographer
did it... That's odd...
very odd indeed!

I know
that look:
it means
trouble!



Oh, there you are, Tintin... We have
visitors coming; you'll never
guess who!

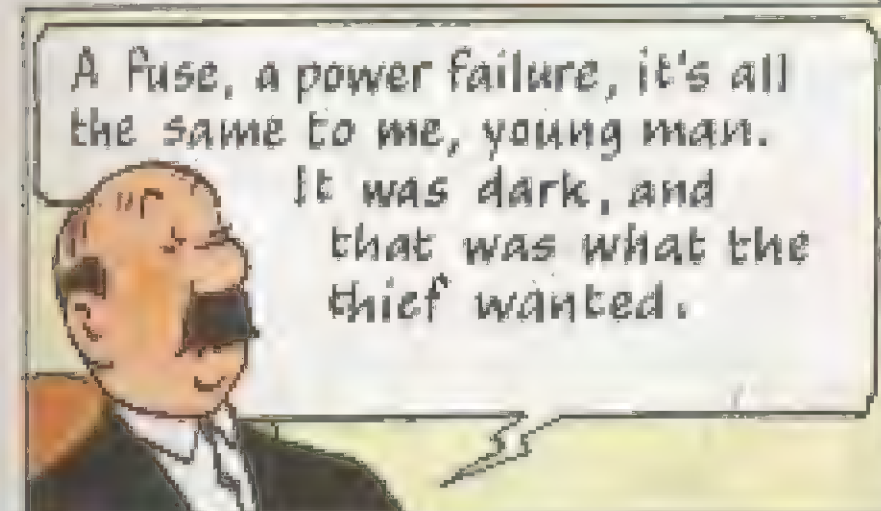
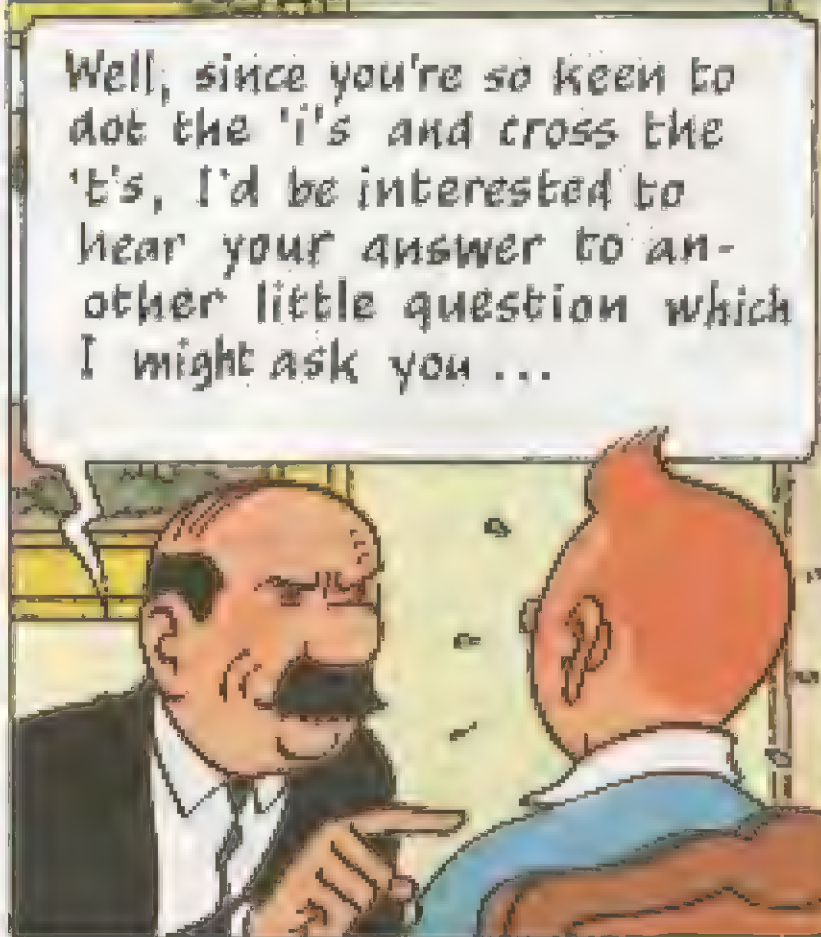
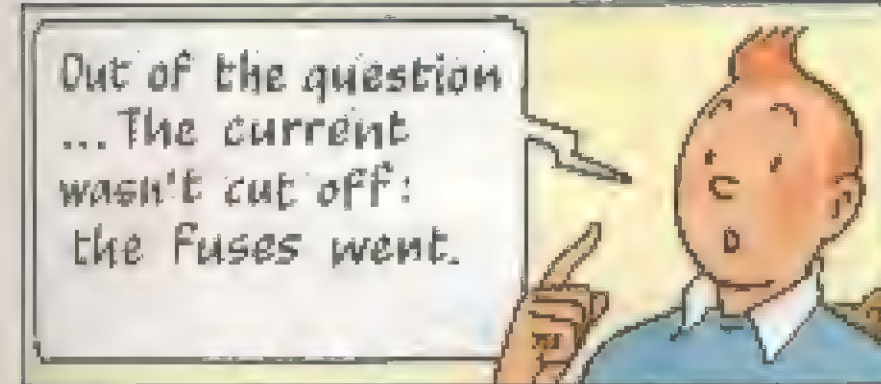
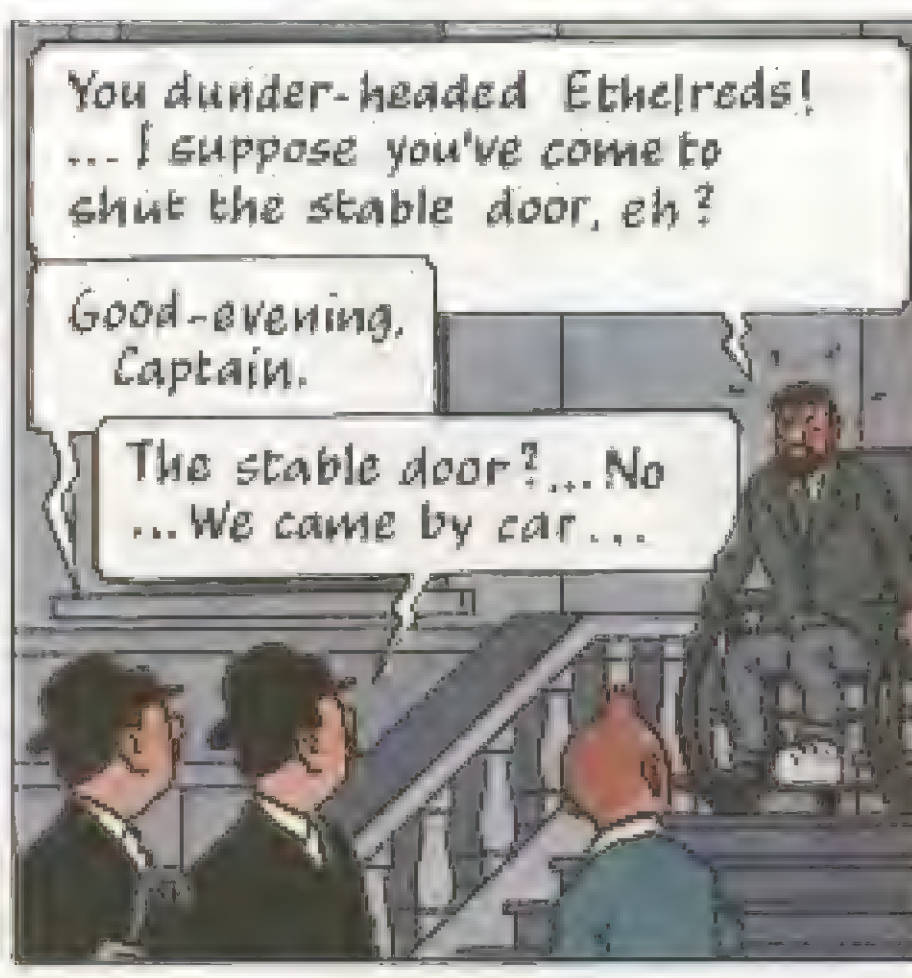
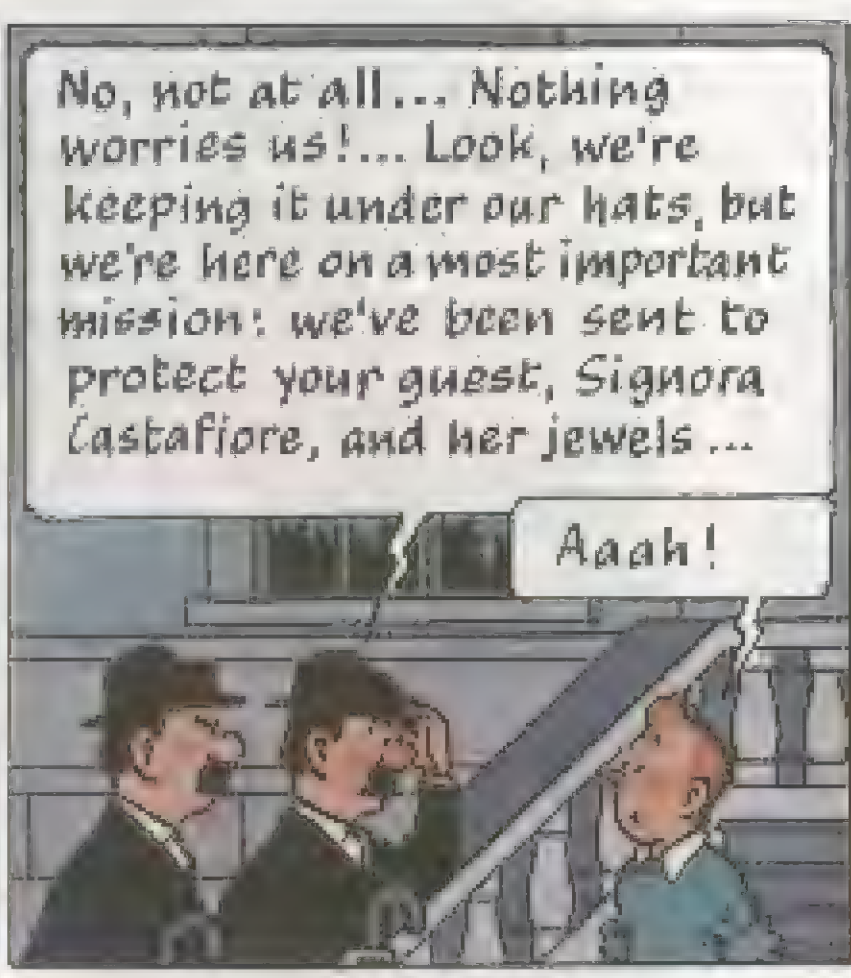
Oh?...



BOANG CLING
ZZING BING-GLING
CLING

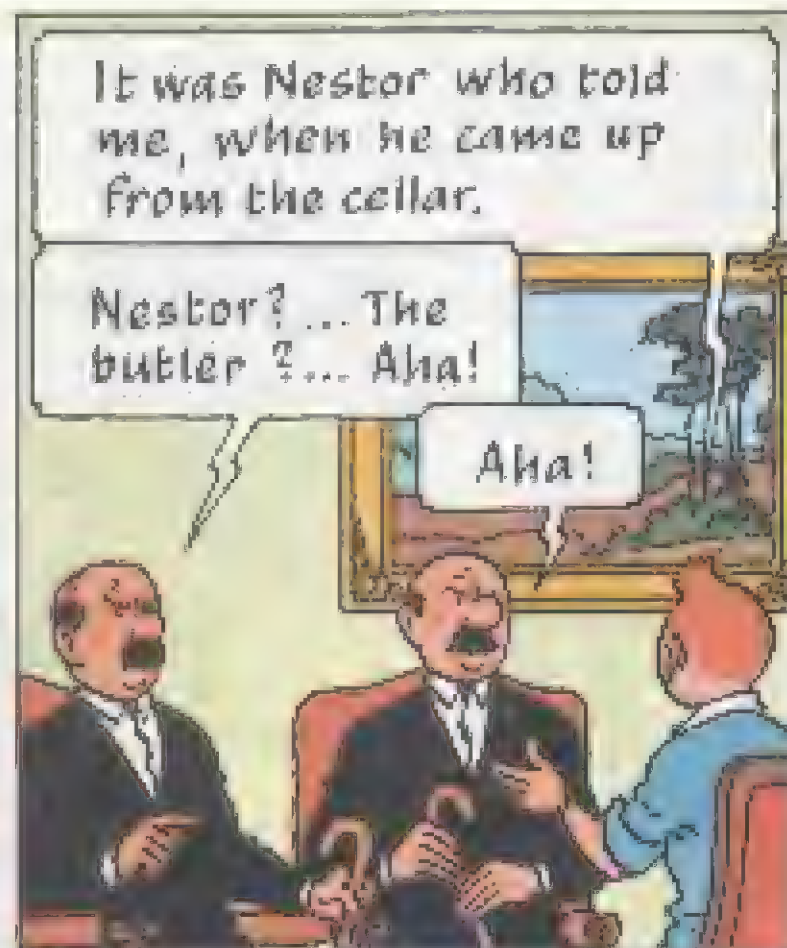
Hello-o-o! I
can hear you!

!?





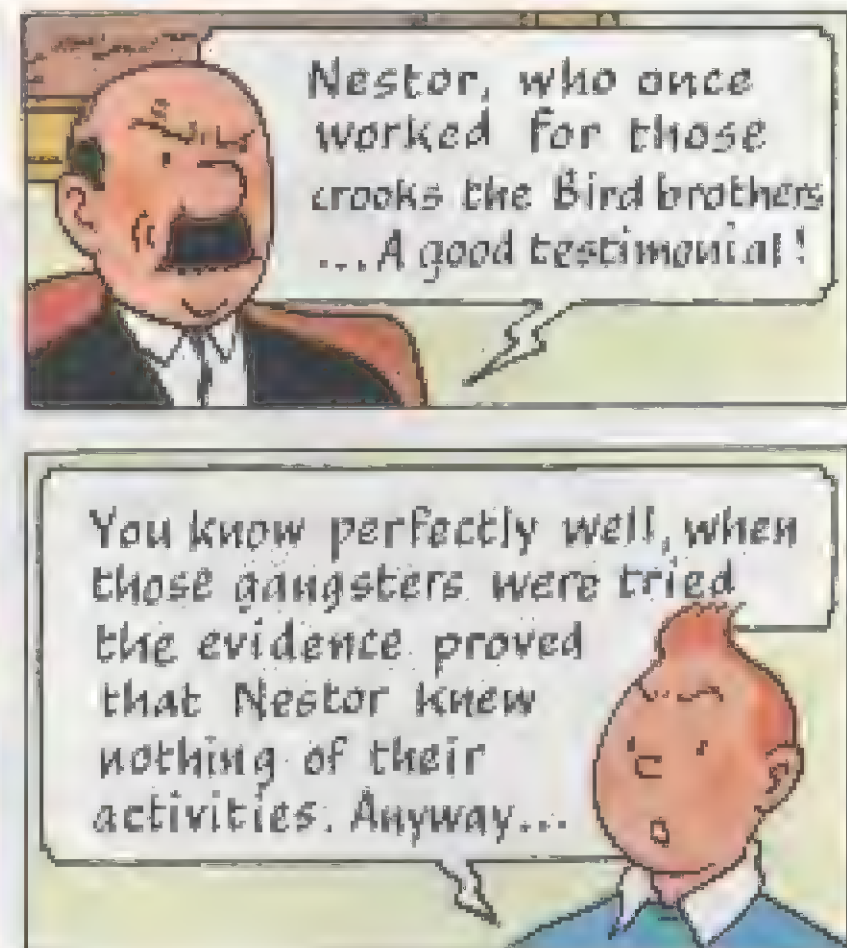
You say the Fuses blew... All right... But did you discover that for yourself? ...



It was Nestor who told me, when he came up from the cellar.

Nestor? ... The butler? ... Aha!

Aha!



Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bird brothers ... A good testimonial!

You know perfectly well, when those gangsters were tried the evidence proved that Nestor knew nothing of their activities. Anyway...

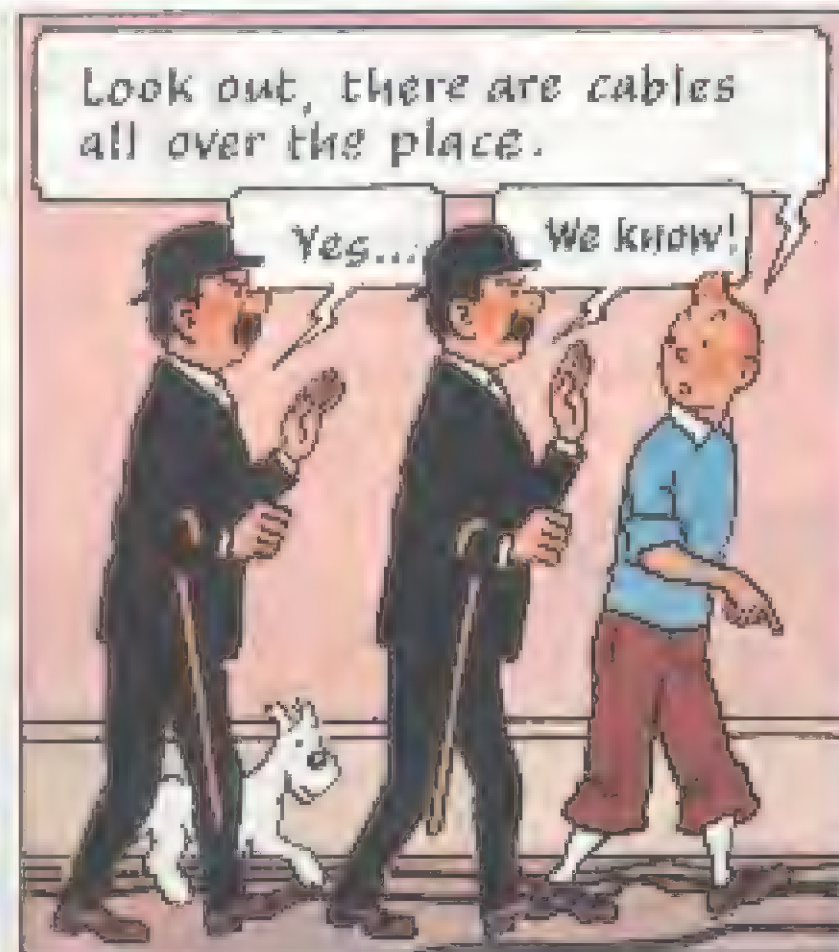


Anyway, blistering barnacles, Nestor is absolutely honest, and I forbid you to suspect him!



We shall see, we shall see! ... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning.

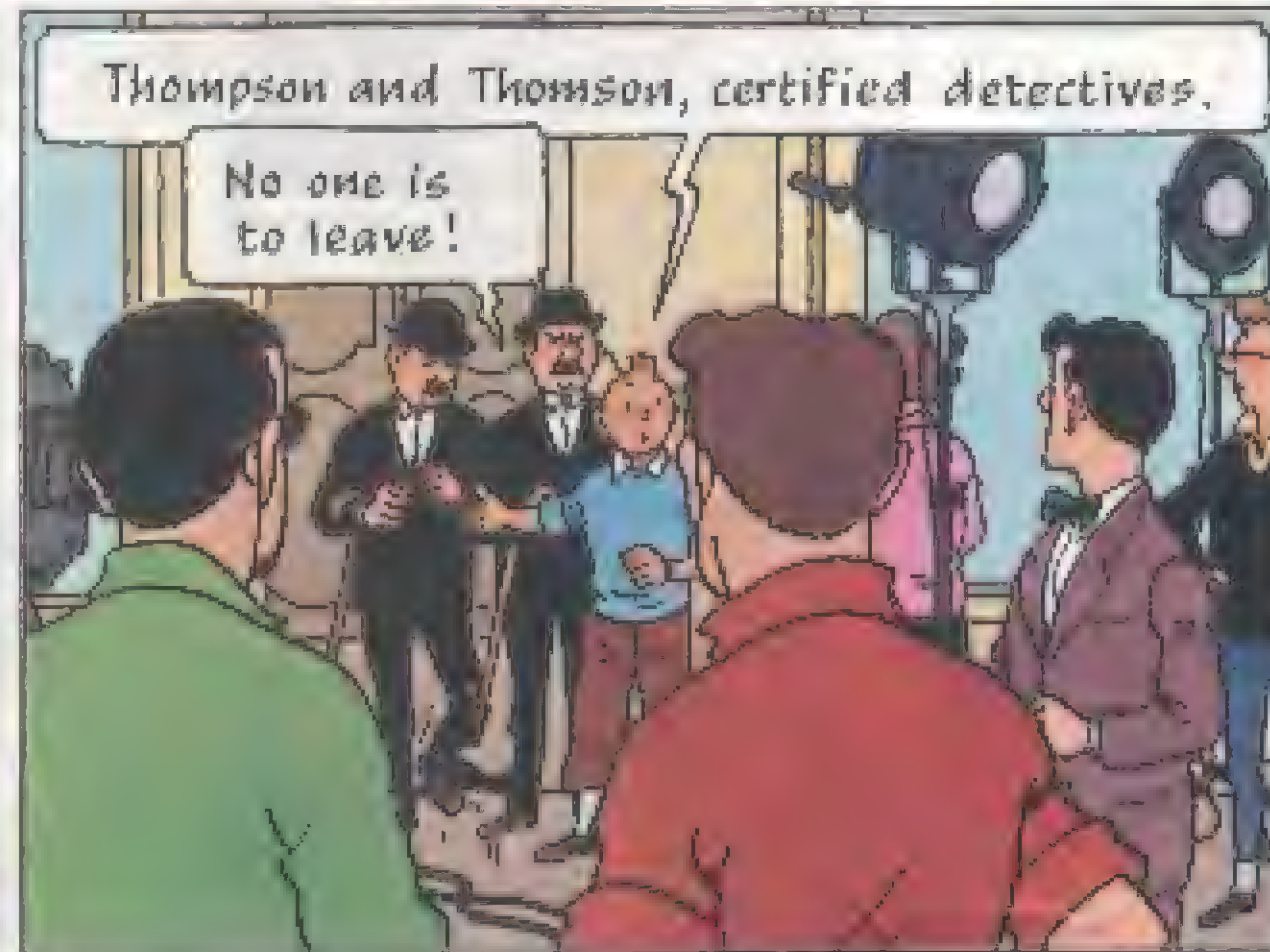
Very well, follow me.



Look out, there are cables all over the place.

Yes...

We know!



Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is to leave!



And here's Signora Castafiore. I see she's come round.



Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milanese Castafiore...

Signora!

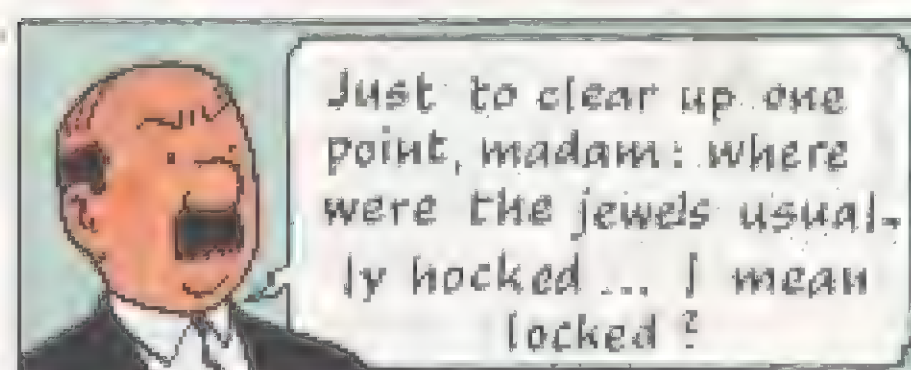
Charmed!



Madam, we are here to set light to... er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss...

To be precise ... er ...

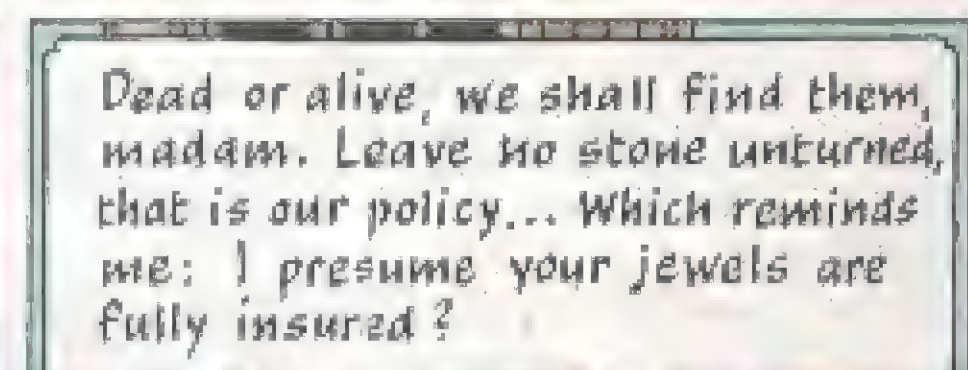
Go on, gentlemen.



Just to clear up one point, madam: where were the jewels usually hocked ... I mean locked?

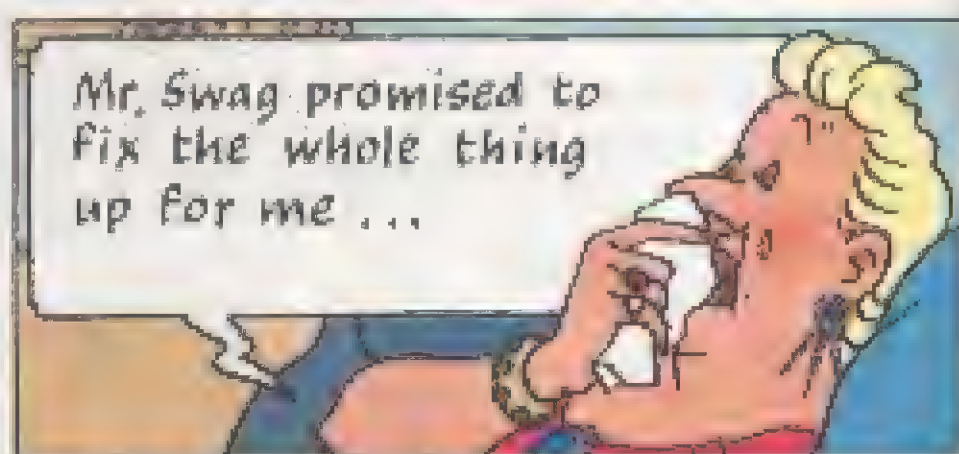


In a drawer in my room, upstairs... Oh my jewels! ... My beautiful jewels! ...

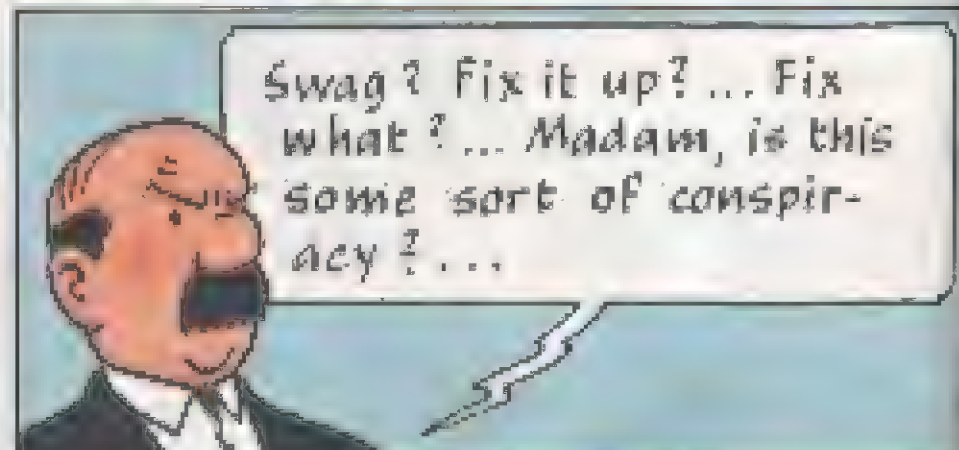


Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

Alas, no, gentlemen...



Mr. Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me ...



Swag? Fix it up? ... Fix what? ... Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy? ...



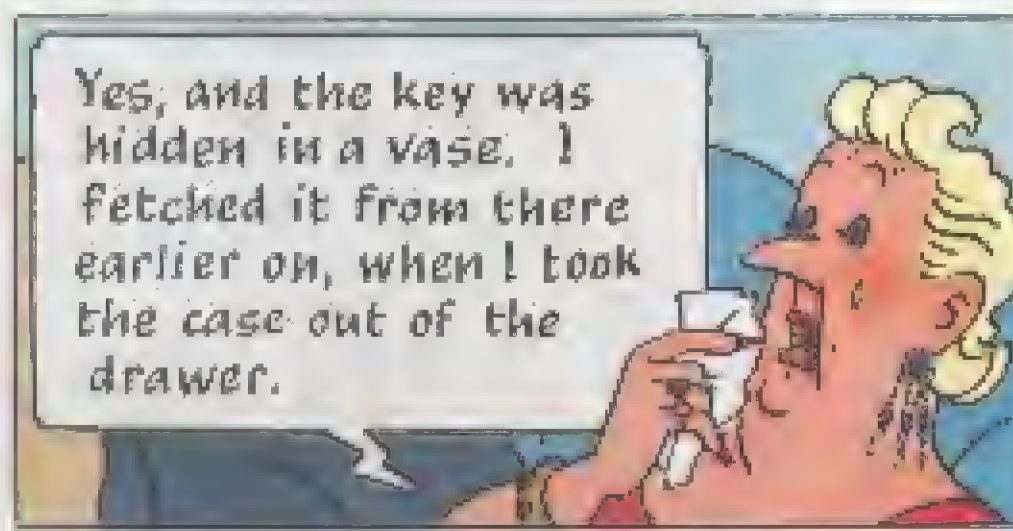
No, no gentlemen. Mr. Swag represents an insurance company.

Ah, that's all right... Otherwise...

Yes, otherwise...



Now, your jewels were in a drawer upstairs... Good... Was the drawer locked?



Yes, and the key was hidden in a vase. I fetched it from there earlier on, when I took the case out of the drawer.



The case? ... What case was that, madam?

Why, my jewel case of course, the one I...



I... Mamma mia! ... I remember now!



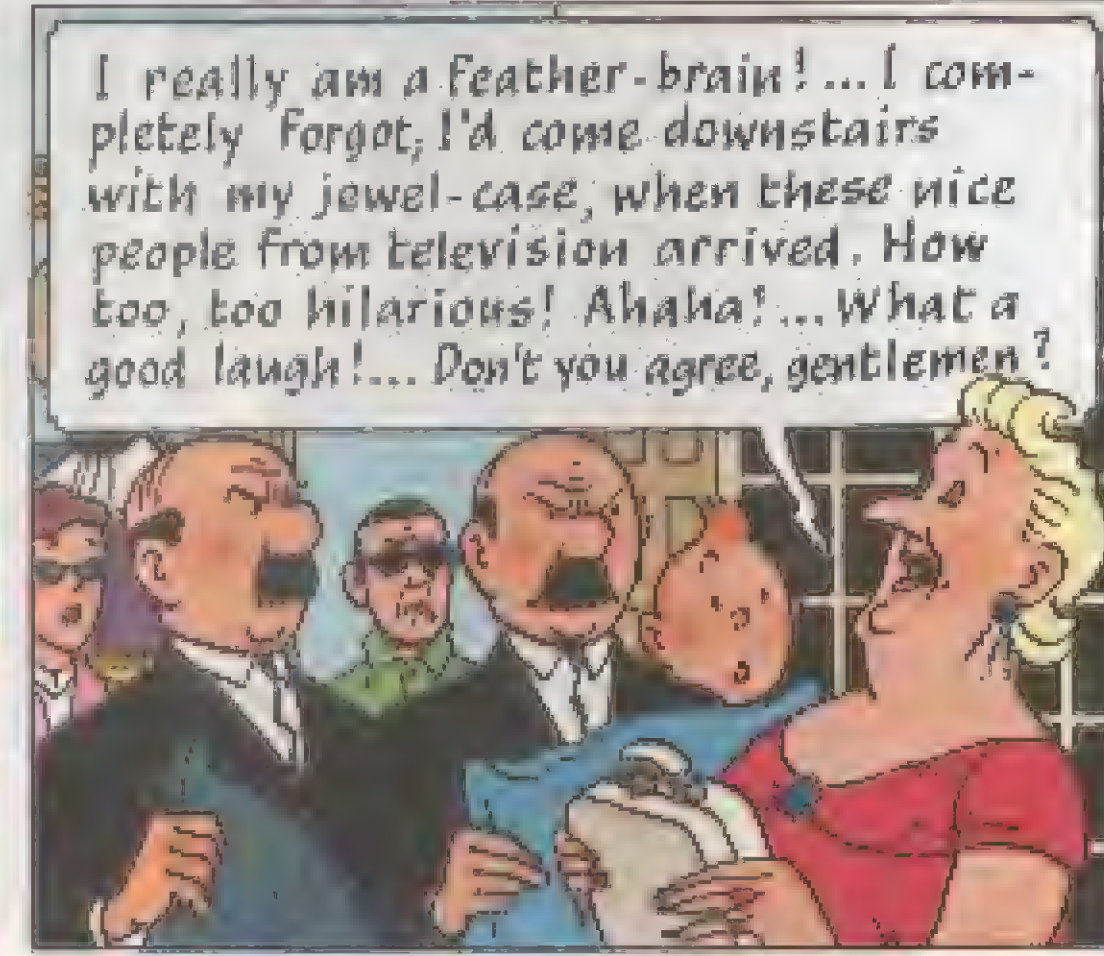
I was sitting here...



There!... There!... What did I tell you?



My jewels! Look! The little darlings!... All here?... Yes!... Oh, I could weep for joy, I'm so pleased to see them!



I really am a feather-brain! ... I completely forgot, I'd come downstairs with my jewel-case, when these nice people from television arrived. How too, too hilarious! Ahaha!... What a good laugh!... Don't you agree, gentlemen?

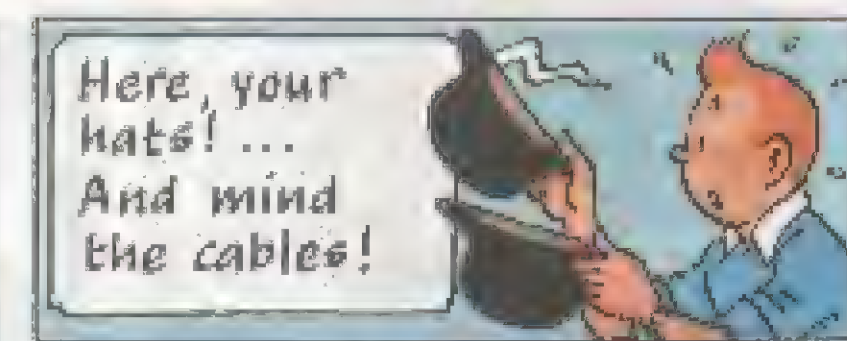


Laugh, madam?... Us, madam?... We are not amused, madam! ... Good night!

Quite so; we are not amusing!



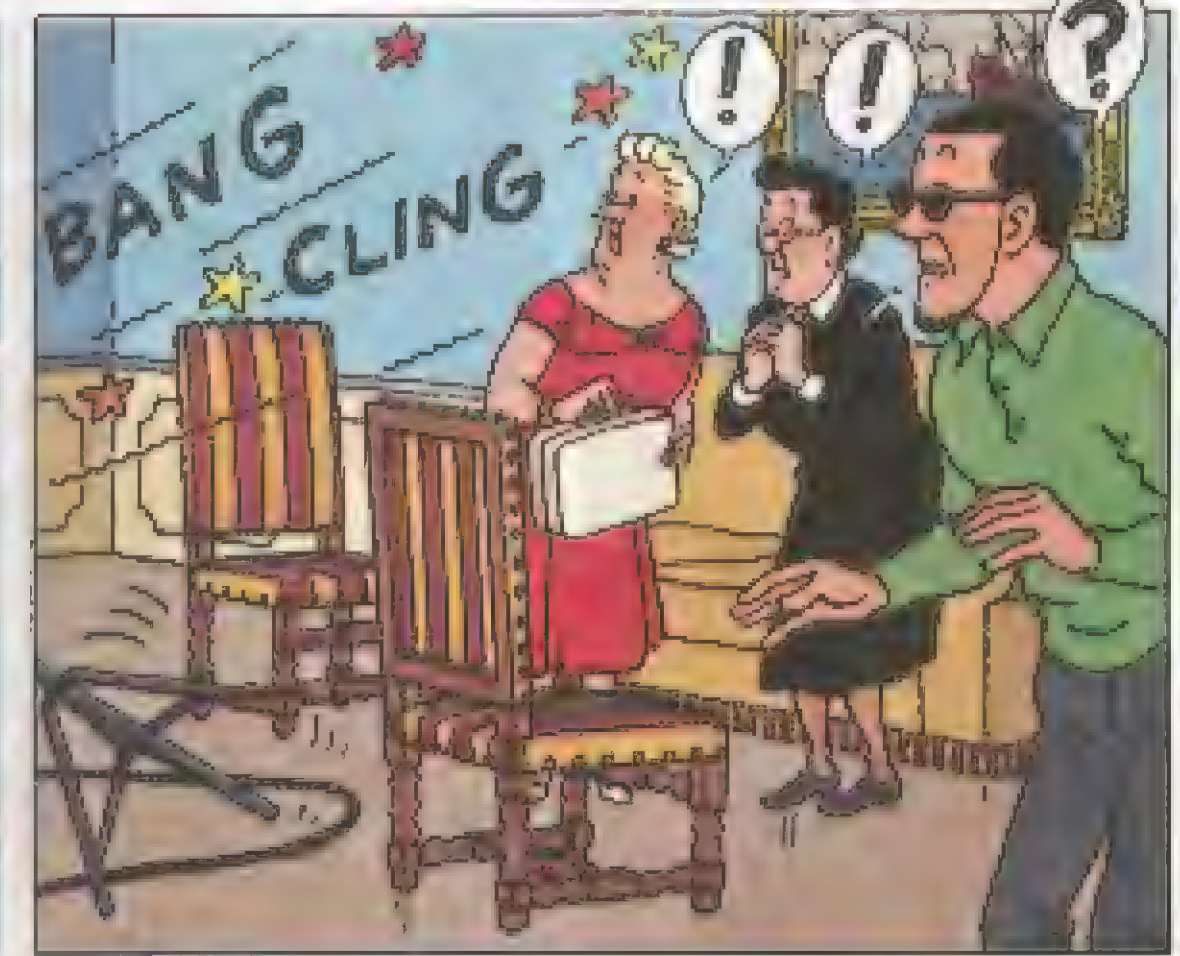
What is wrong?... Oh dear, what have I done?... Why are they so cross?



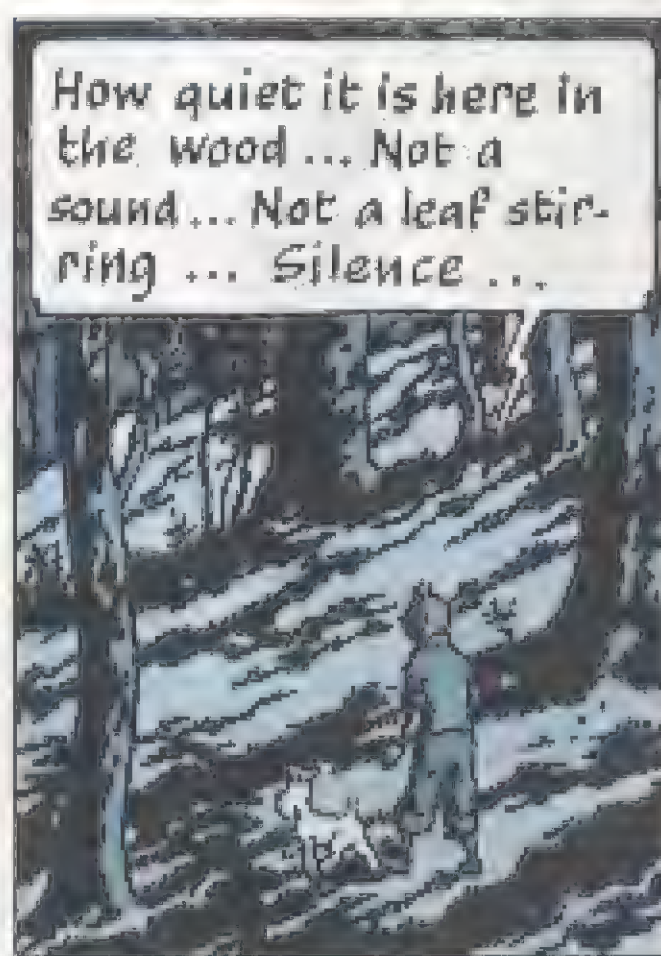
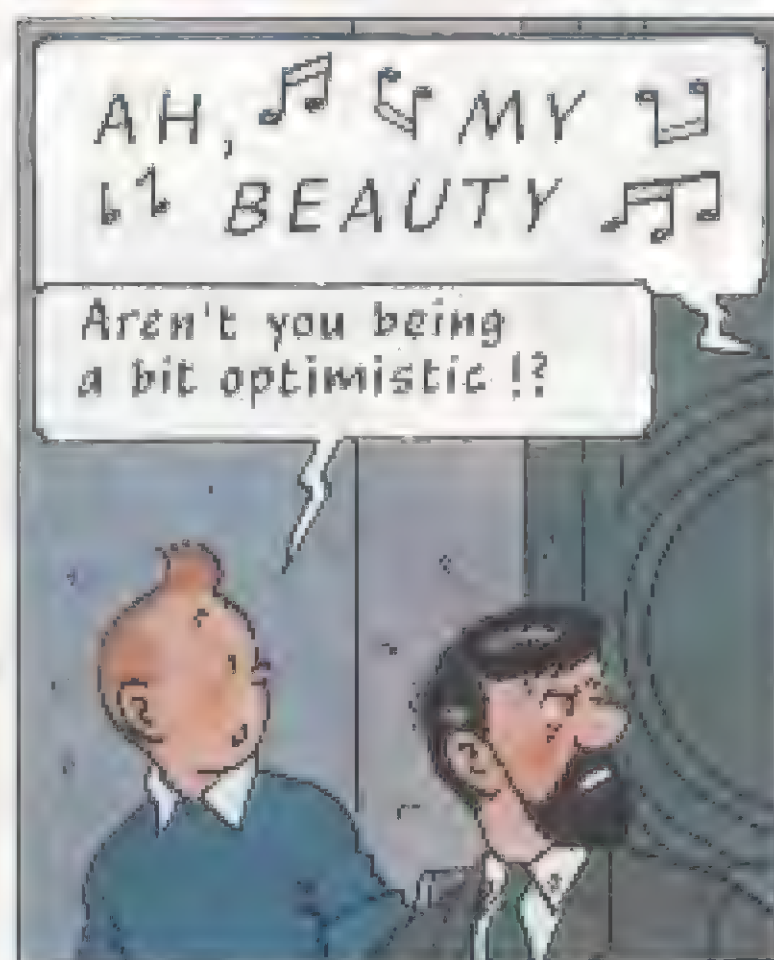
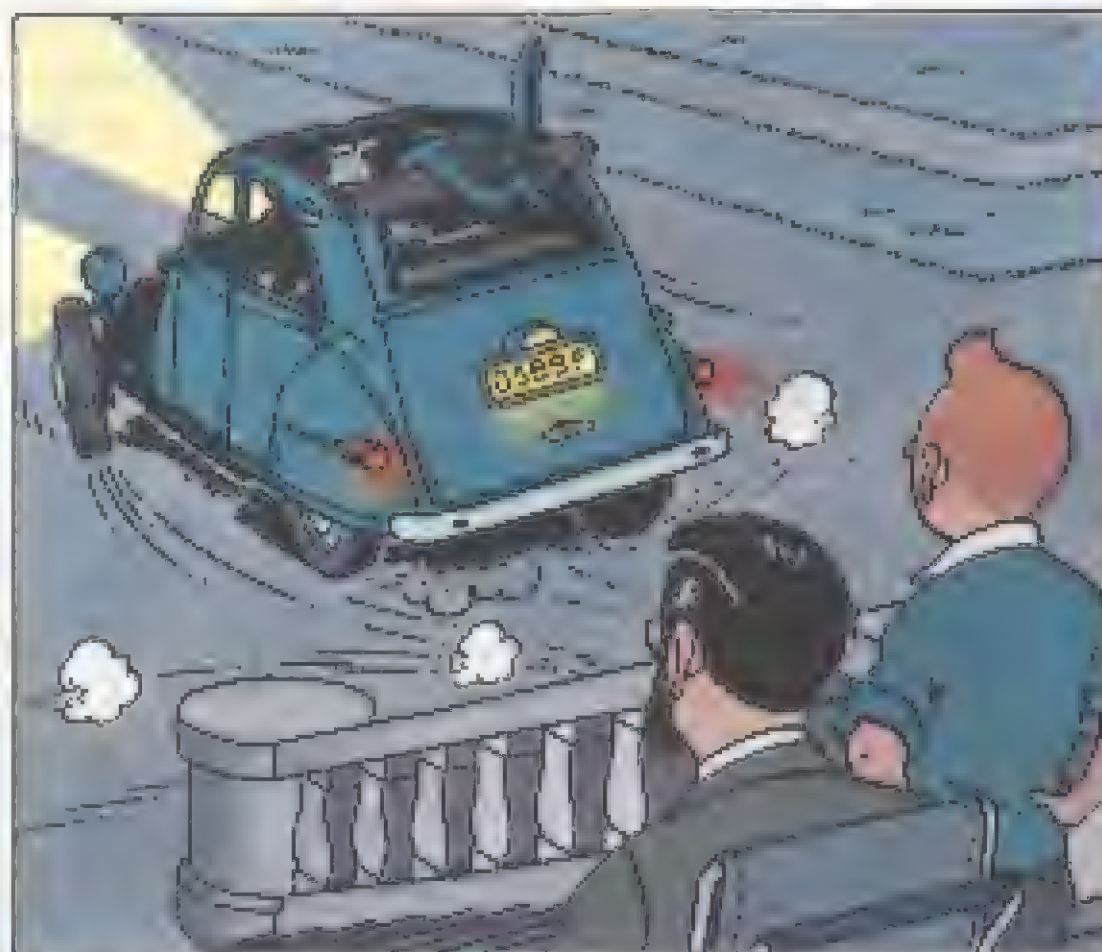
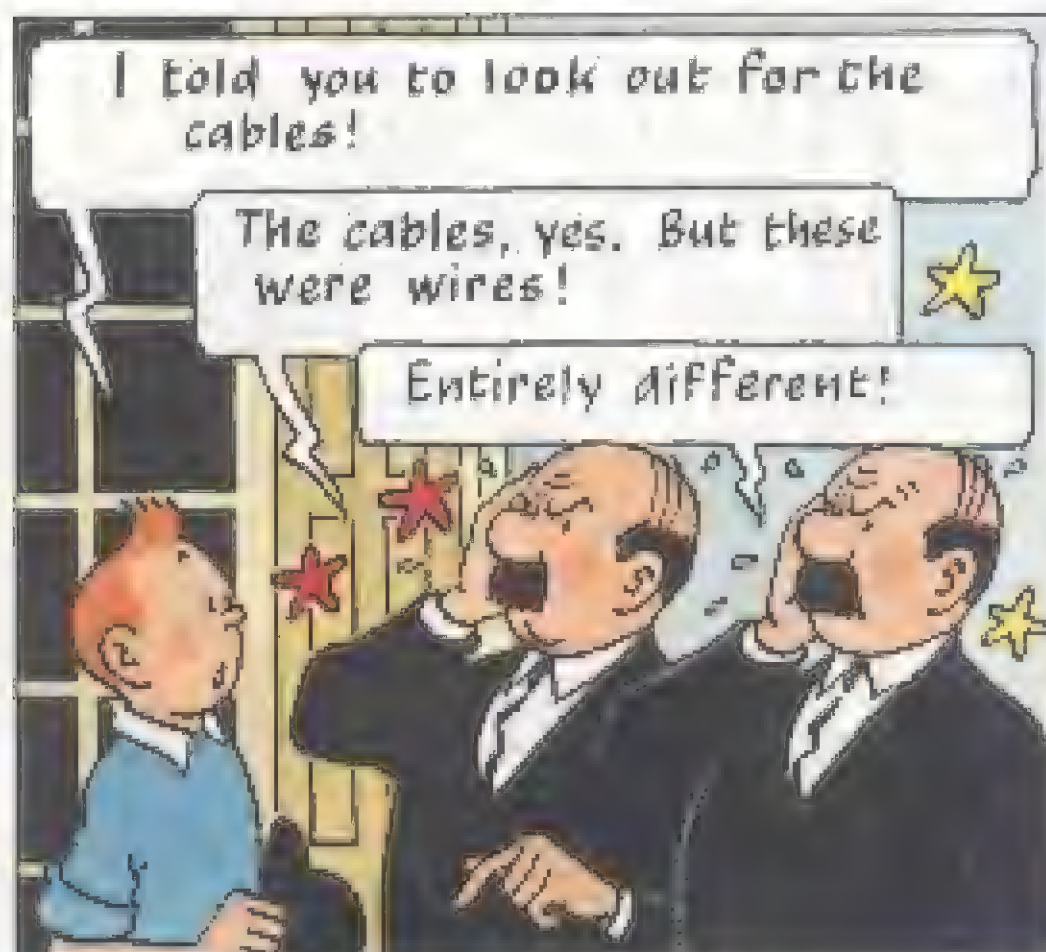
Here, your hats! ... And mind the cables!



Thank you, we can manage. ... We've told you before: we're not children!



BANG CLING



TU-WOOD

An owl! ... Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy. Home!

Three days later...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean... Yes, it was a wedding... er... my step-sister's cousin... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my Fine Friend, I'll... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do... but I won't stand for it!



No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court!... I'll have them locked up!... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know!... Look at that!... It's shameful!... It's a disgrace!... It's monstrous!... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you!... Look at it!



But what's the matter?... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

Not bad!... Not bad!... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

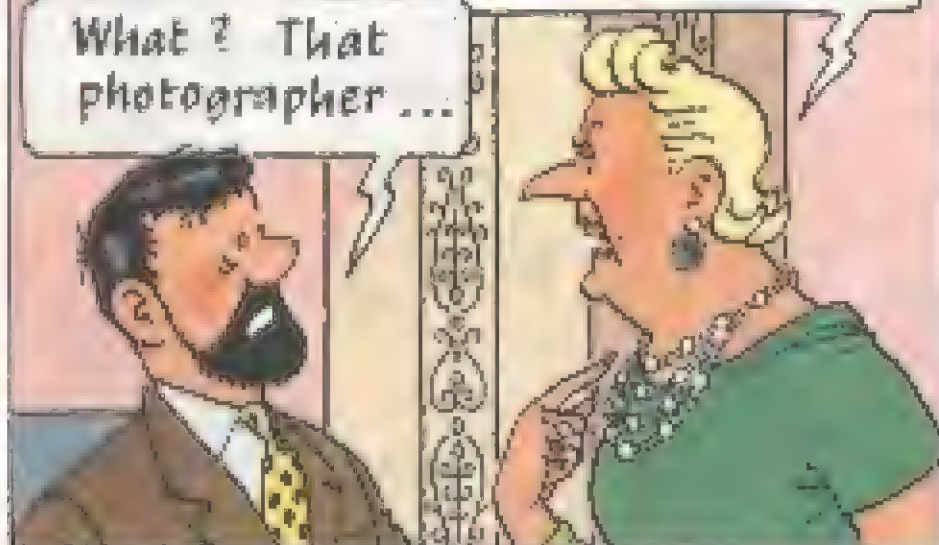
Horrible? I wouldn't say so... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.

That's right!... Defend the cads!... the bores!... the bumpkins!... Mannerless yokels!... This is the limit!... And it's not just a question of the likeness!... It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?

I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo"; and he got in without a soul knowing!... You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer...



Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" ruff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"



And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!...



Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner! I want a word with you!



So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been? ... And who gave you permission to go out?... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; scales, Mr. Wagner!

But...



Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes, signora...
No, signora...
Yes, signora.



And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?

Me, madame?

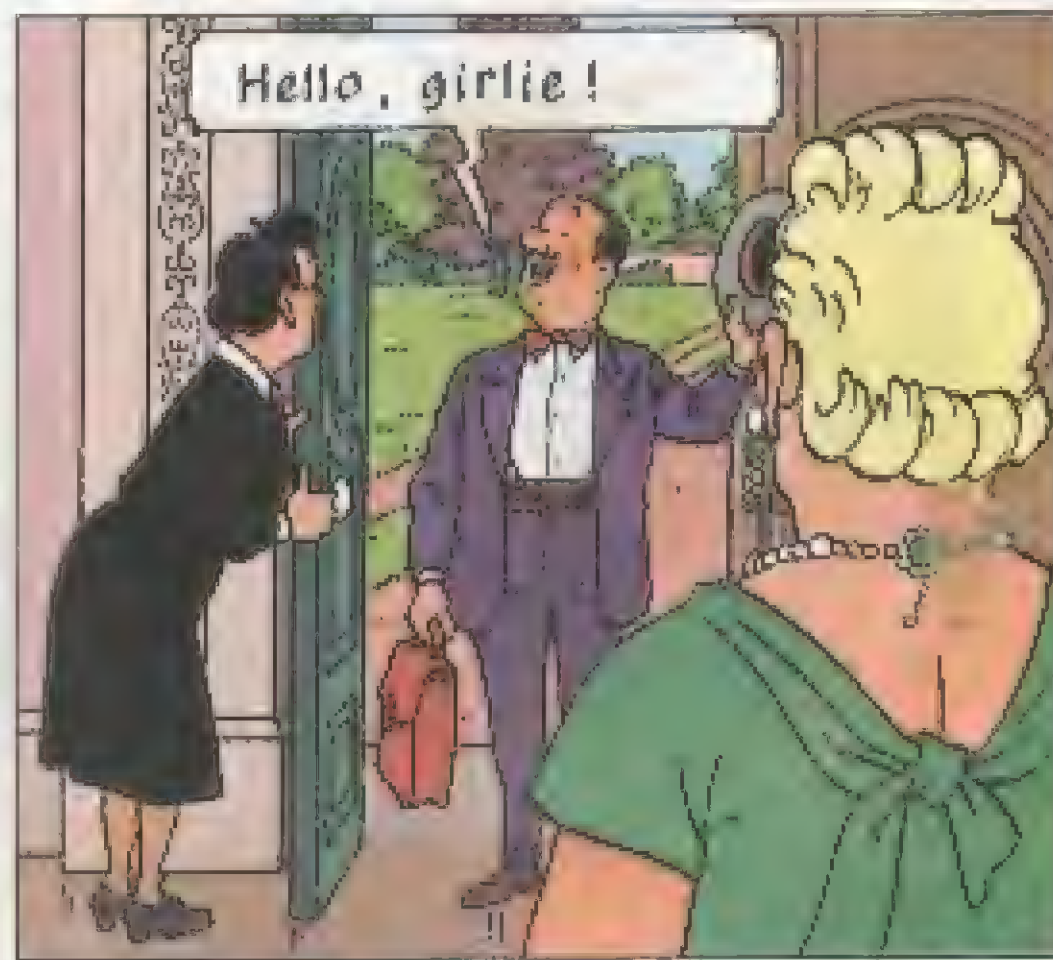


D O N G

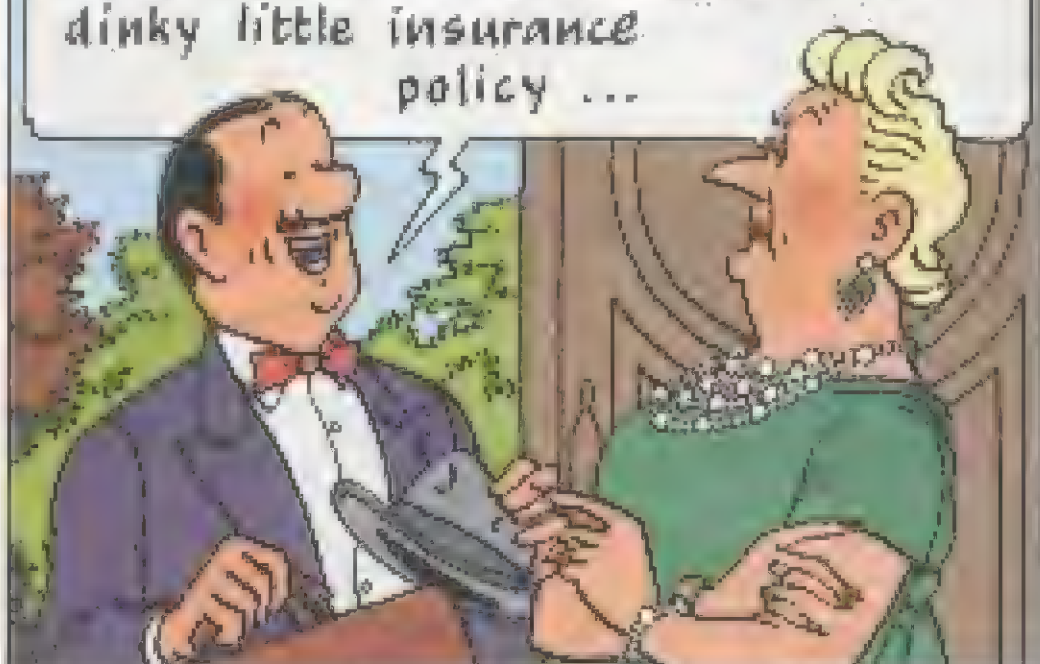
Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!



Hello, girlie!



'Morning, Duchess!... How goes it?... All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy...



I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

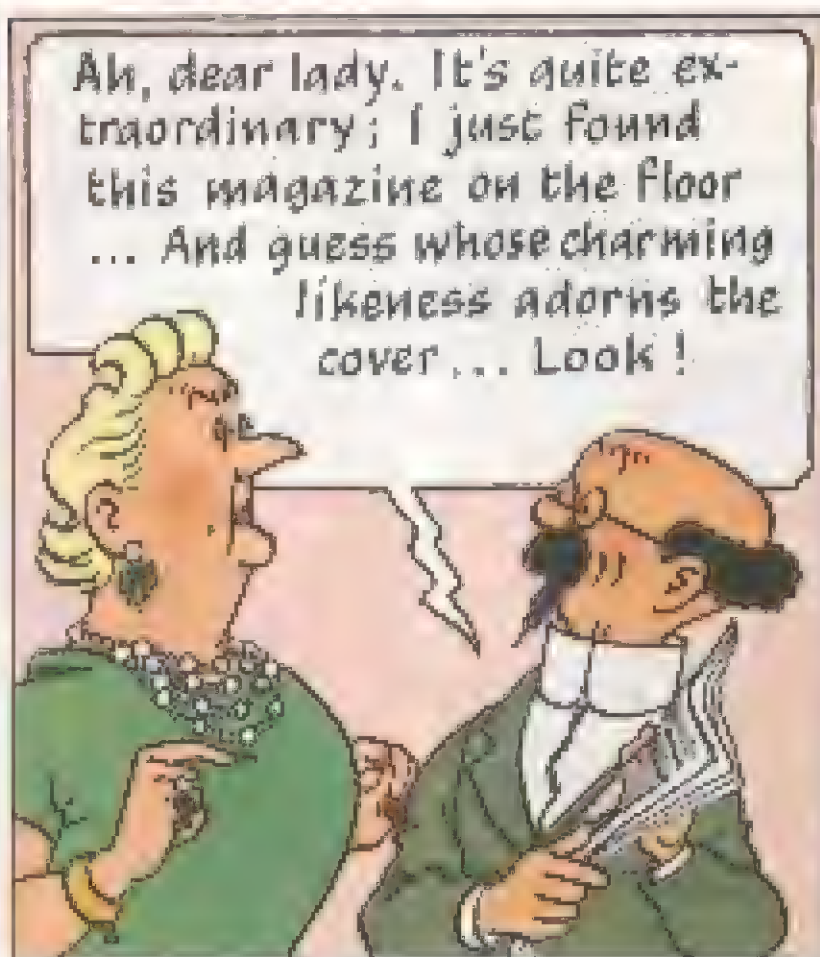
Come off it! You're joking!

Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag!... Good morning, Mr. Sag.





This is the end!



Ah, dear lady. It's quite extraordinary; I just found this magazine on the floor ... And guess whose charming likeness adorns the cover ... Look!

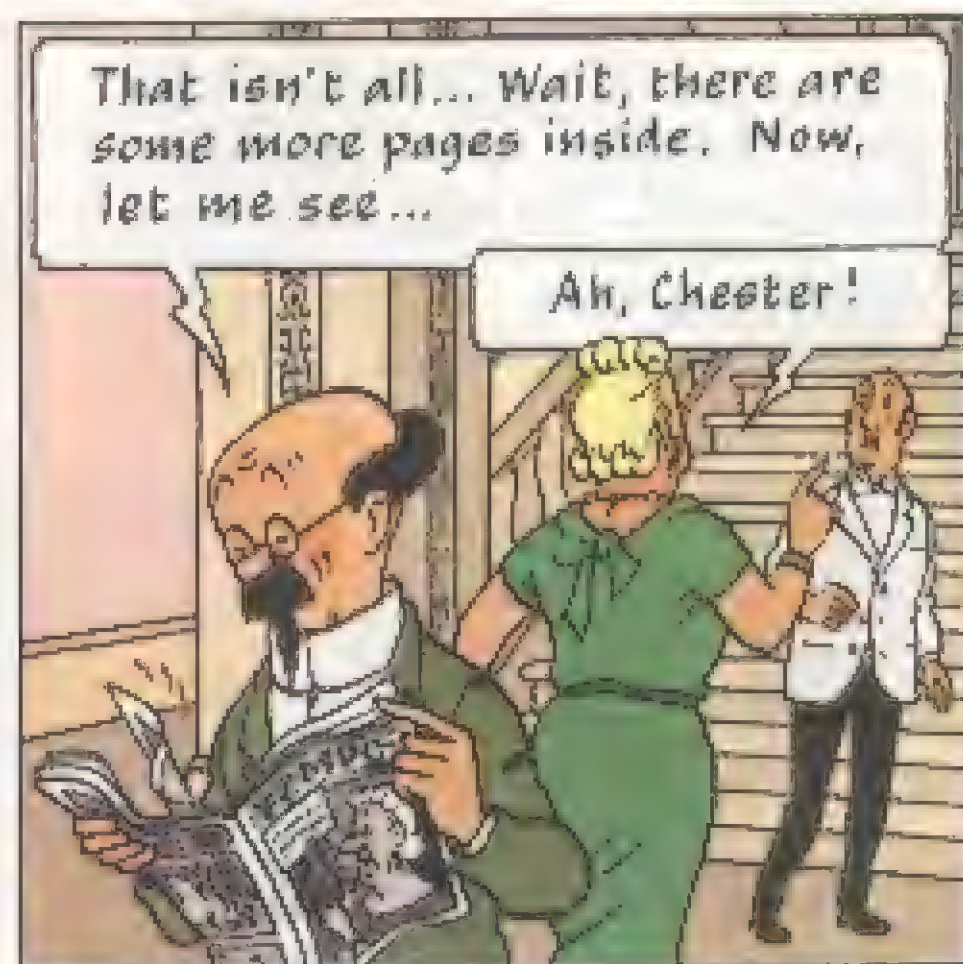


I know, Professor Candyfloss! I know! ... And kindly refrain from calling it a likeness!

Isn't it?... A most striking resemblance. ... As for the parrot ...



... he looks as if he's enjoying the joke ... But wait ...



That isn't all... Wait, there are some more pages inside. Now, let me see...

Ah, Chester!



So you deign to come? It's ten minutes since the bell rang! I suppose you think I'm here to answer the door for you!

Let's see now...

But ...



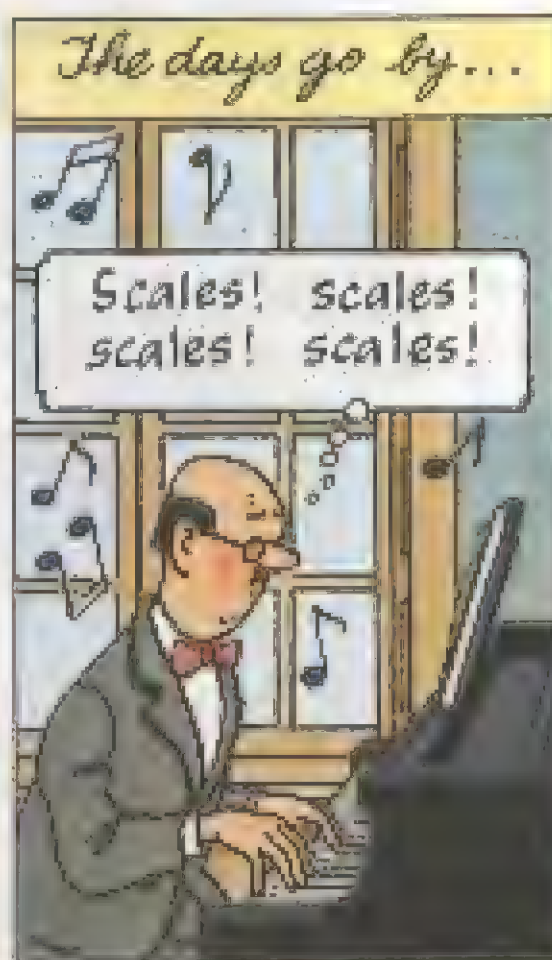
One moment, dear lady... I think I've got it ... Yes, here we are...



Look... ?!



But I could have sworn ...



The days go by...

Scales! scales! scales! scales!



... until one morning ...

Scales! scales!



MERCY! MY JEWELS!

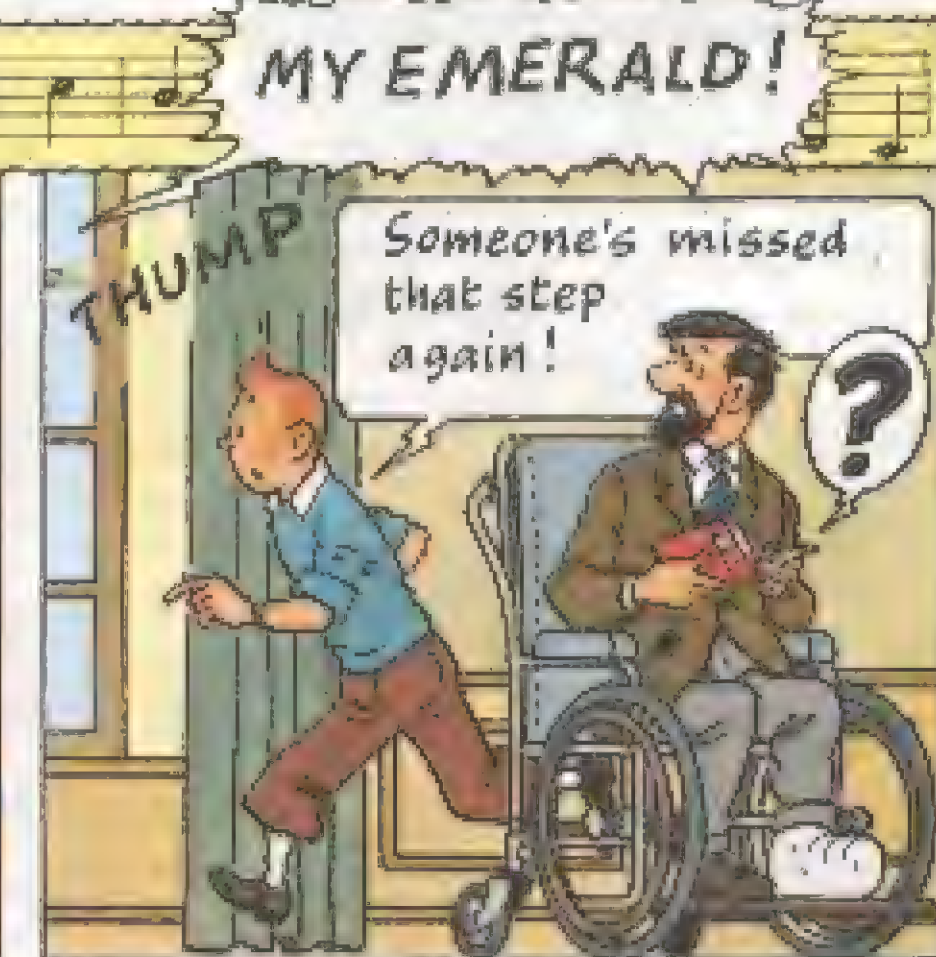
There she goes!... She's lost her geegaws again.



MURDER!

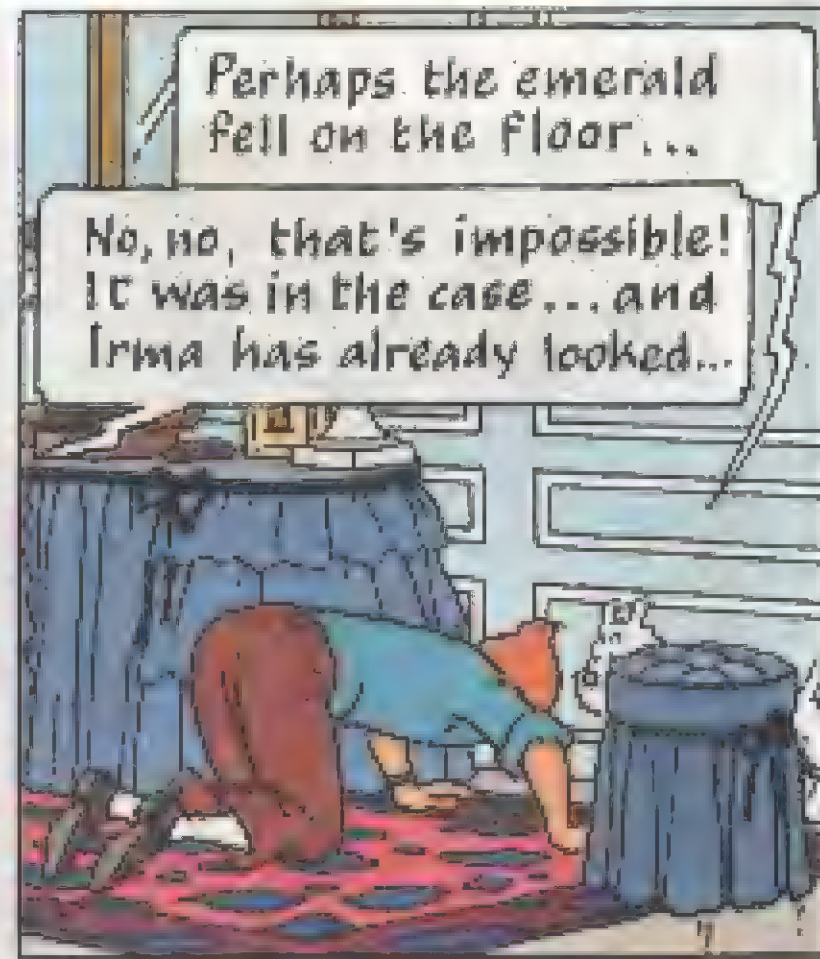
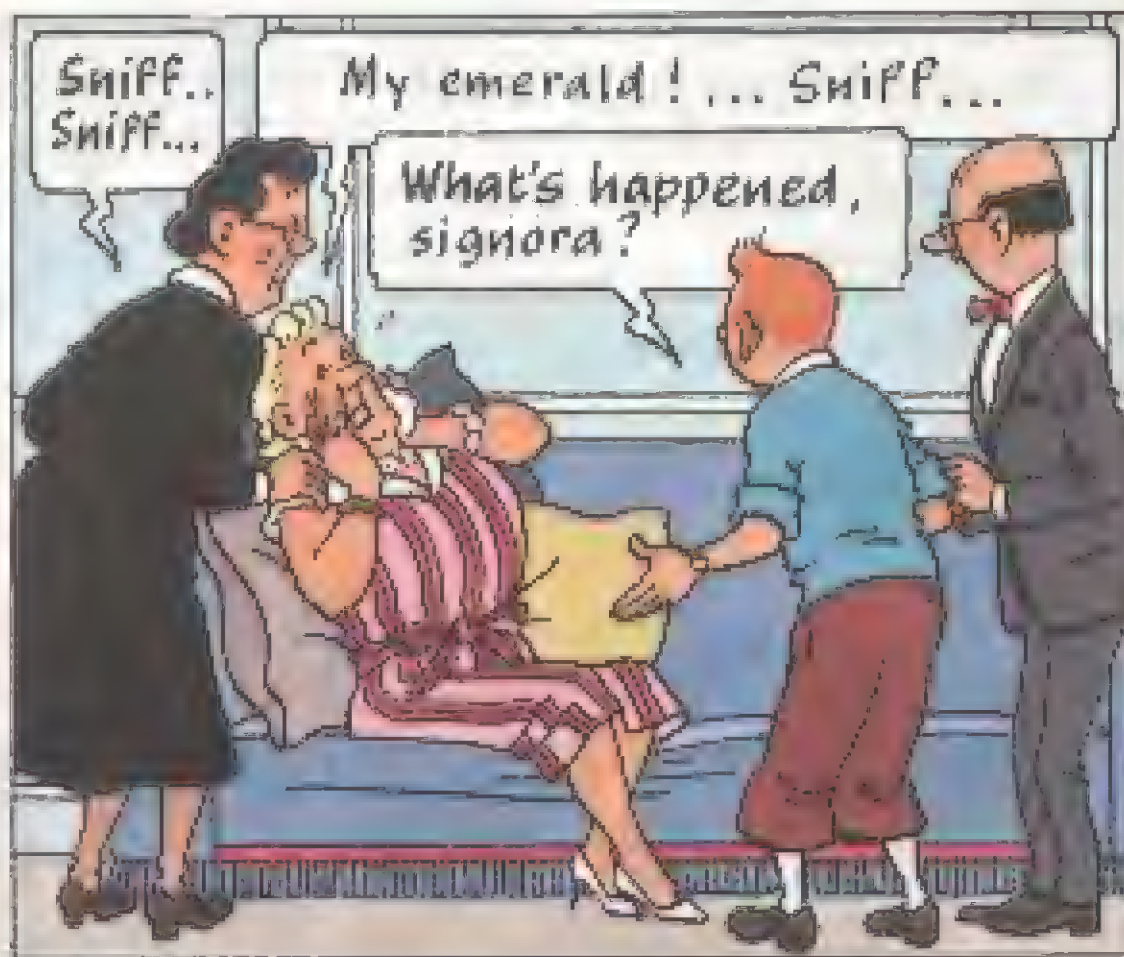
You hear?

Yes, yes... don't worry: she'll find them in a minute or two.



MY EMERALD!

Someone's missed that step again!



Unless I'm very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.

Hello? Yes this is me... Yes, with a 'p', as in Philadelphia ... Good mor... What... A robbery?! ... An emerald?! But ... I ... Look ... Signora Castafiore ... She's quite sure, isn't she; it really has been stolen this time?

A good question.

Yes, I'm afraid it has.

Good... That's lucky for her. I don't mind telling you, if she'd got us up to Marlinspike on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.

Definitely not!

Half an hour later ...

In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting ... !?

Wait! ... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the maritime gallery.

If you can call it playing ...

That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal?... You must be crazy!

And so, with your permission, we will question each of them separately, in private.

All right. I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting your time.

Where was I?... In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses... I was watering the begonias when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting... I looked up at the windows ...

Oho! You admit you could see the windows from where you were?

Certainly, sir... Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house...

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh?... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.

Sniff... I was busy sewing in my room ... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame calling out ... sniff... I ran to her room ... sniff... just in time ... sniff... to catch her in my arms ... sniff... as she fainted ... sniff...

Aha!

Your mistress has told us she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald ... or drop it from the window to an accomplice ... To Nestor, for instance! ... Come on! Confess!

EEEEEEEEEEK!

Help!

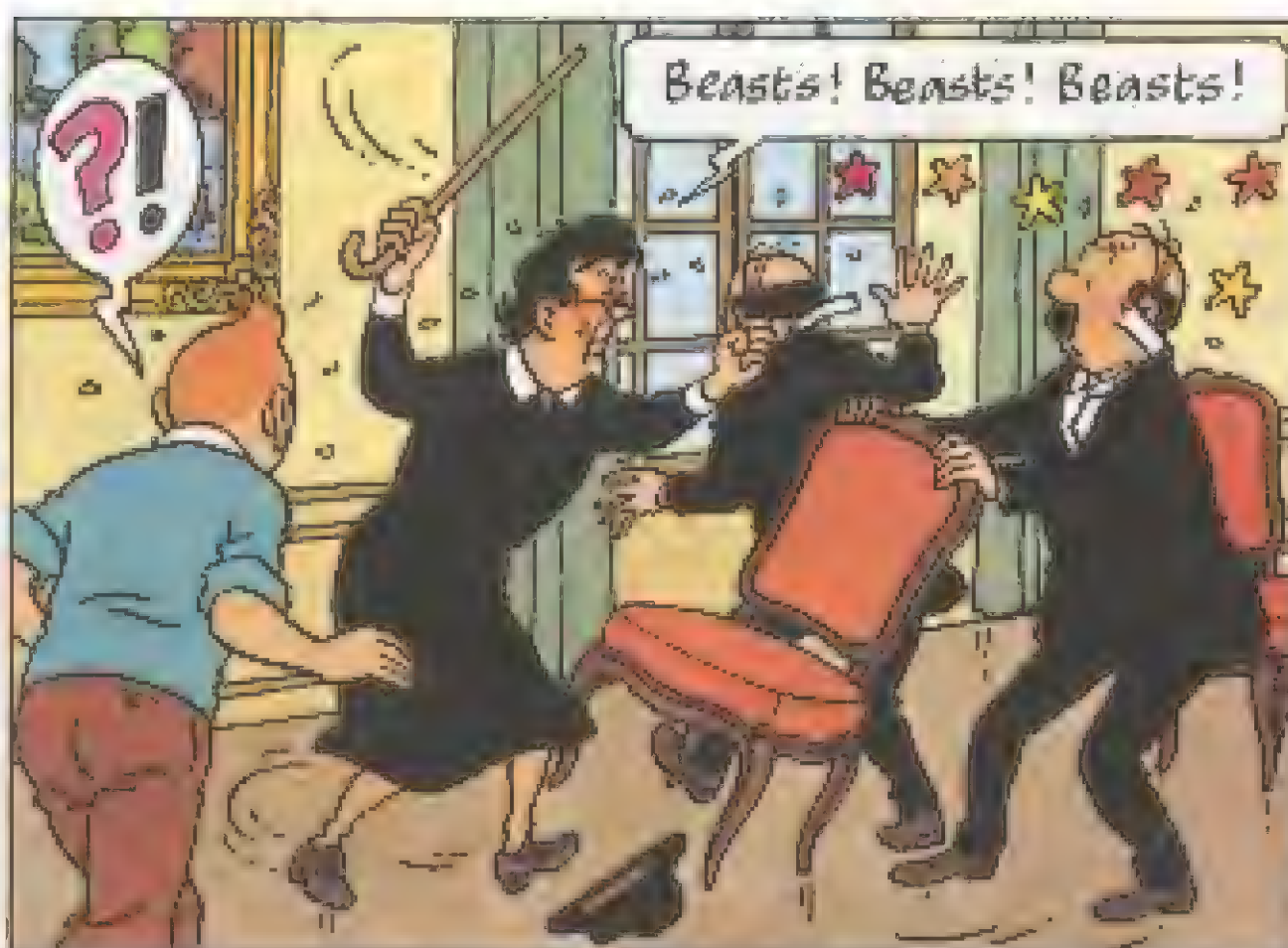
Tintin! Save me!



Beasts!

YEOW!

OW!



Beasts! Beasts! Beasts!



Irma! Irma! What's the matter?...Stop!



They... sniff... they accused me... sniff... of stealing ... sniff... madame's emerald... I... sniff... who have never... sniff... taken a pin... sniff... which didn't belong to me... sniff... In fact... sniff... It was I... sniff... who had my little scissors stolen... sniff... and my beautiful silver thimble... And they dare accuse me... sniff... those wicked men!

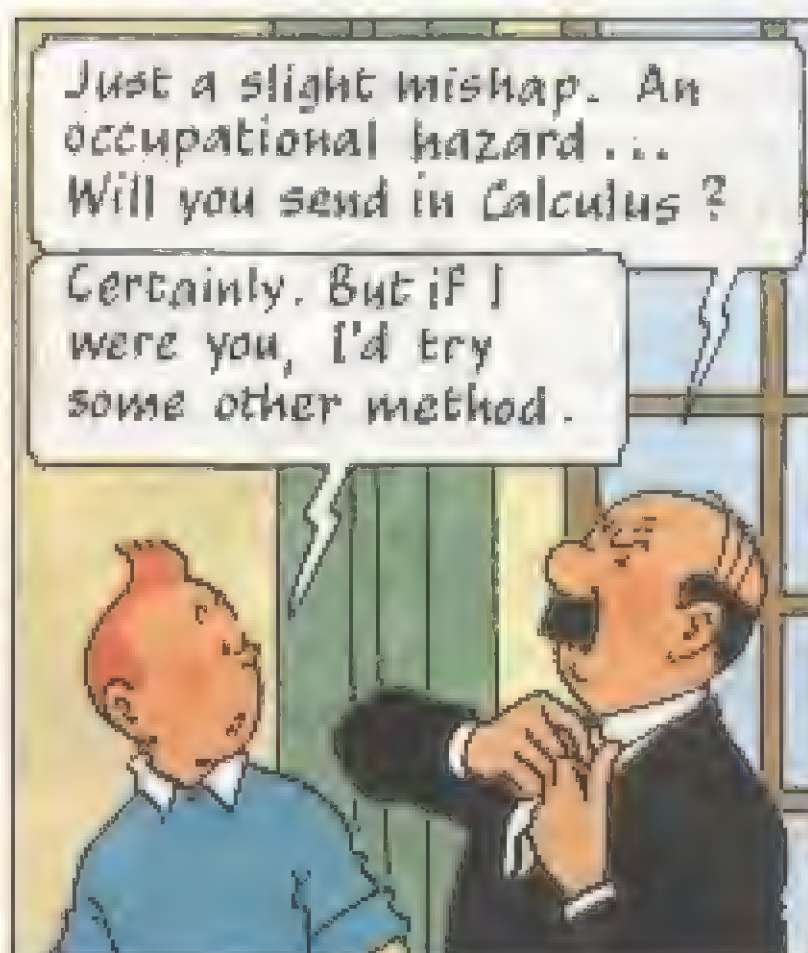


BOO-HOO-HOOO!



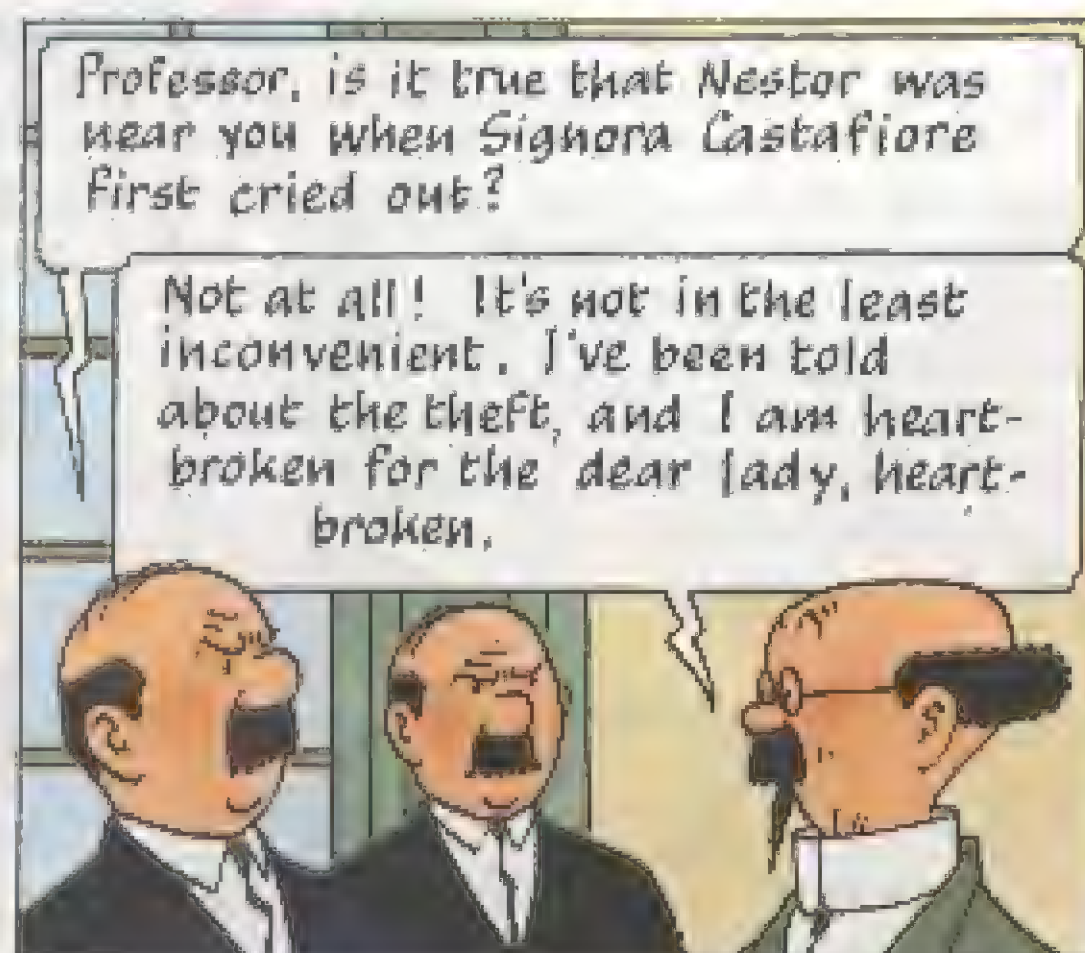
Is that true? Did you really accuse her?

Er... well... I... sort of... You see, it's a trick that comes off sometimes.



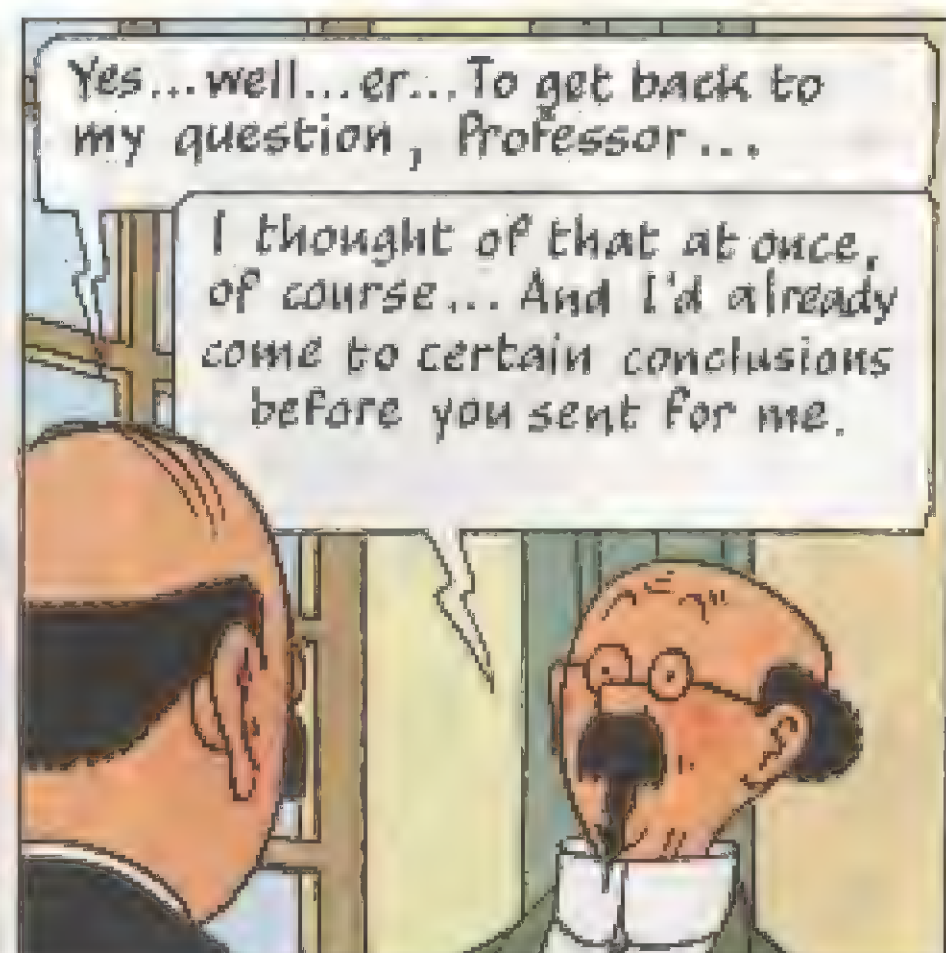
Just a slight mishap. An occupational hazard... Will you send in Calculus?

Certainly. But if I were you, I'd try some other method.



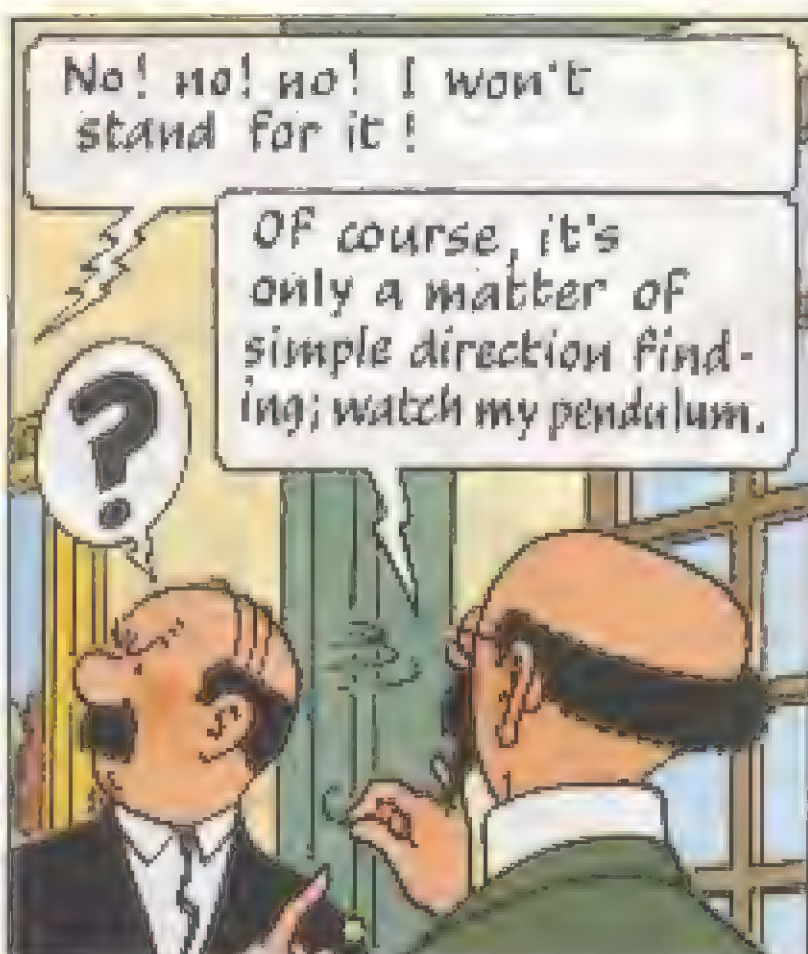
Professor, is it true that Nestor was near you when Signora Castafiore first cried out?

Not at all! It's not in the least inconvenient. I've been told about the theft, and I am heart-broken for the dear lady, heart-broken.



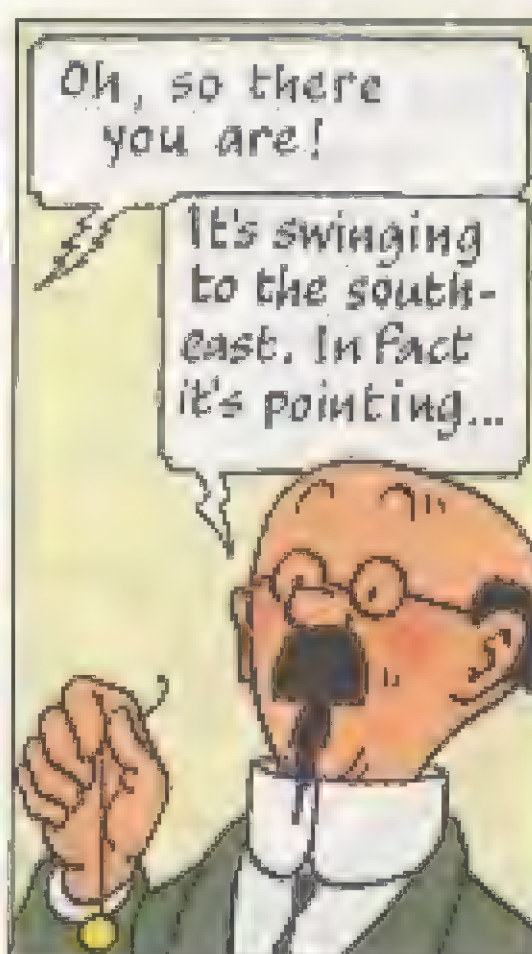
Yes... well... er... To get back to my question, Professor...

I thought of that at once, of course... And I'd already come to certain conclusions before you sent for me.



No! no! no! I won't stand for it!

Of course, it's only a matter of simple direction finding; watch my pendulum.



Oh, so there you are!

It's swinging to the south-east. In fact it's pointing...



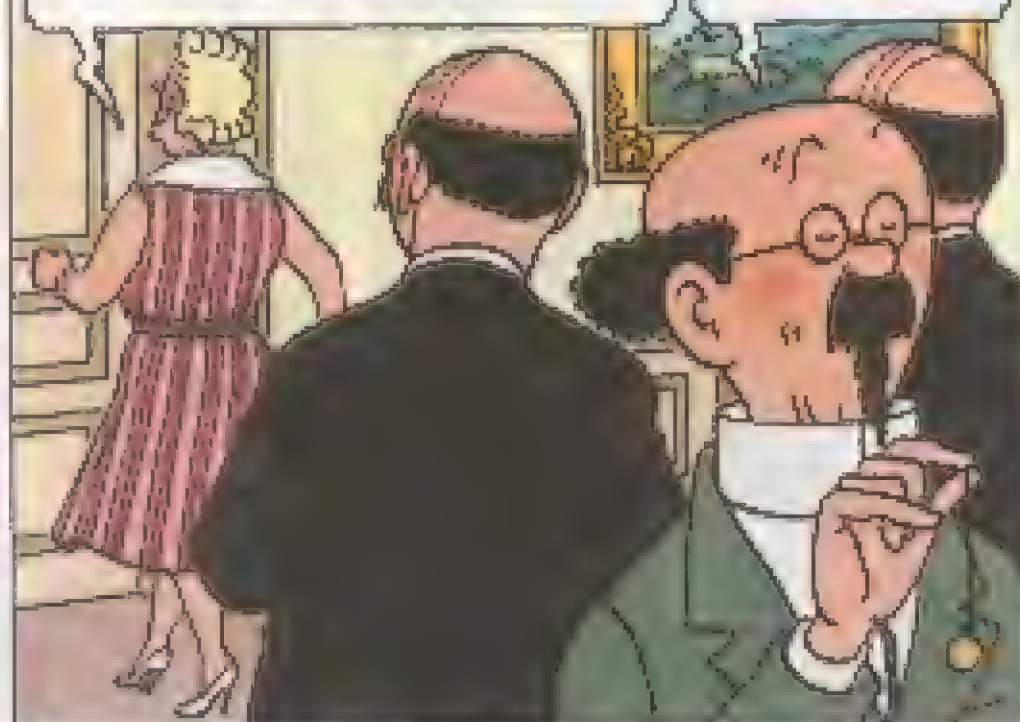
What is this I hear?... You had the effrontery to accuse Irma?... My honest Irma!... I won't stand for it! To attack a poor, weak woman! I shall complain to the United Nations!

... in the direction of the gipsy camp.

And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma...



... I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain!



You see? It points south-east.

Now... where were we?...

You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.



A camp? What are you talking about?

Excuse me! I must stop you there!... They are real gipsies. I've seen them as clearly as I see you!



I say, your friend Calculus, is he a bit...er, you know? He keeps on talking about a gipsy encampment.

Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close.



Is that true?... Why didn't you say so before?... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!

But look here, what proof have you?



Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always thieving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp.

All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gipsies.



I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted.

I don't think so!



Where's the camp?

OH!

Well?



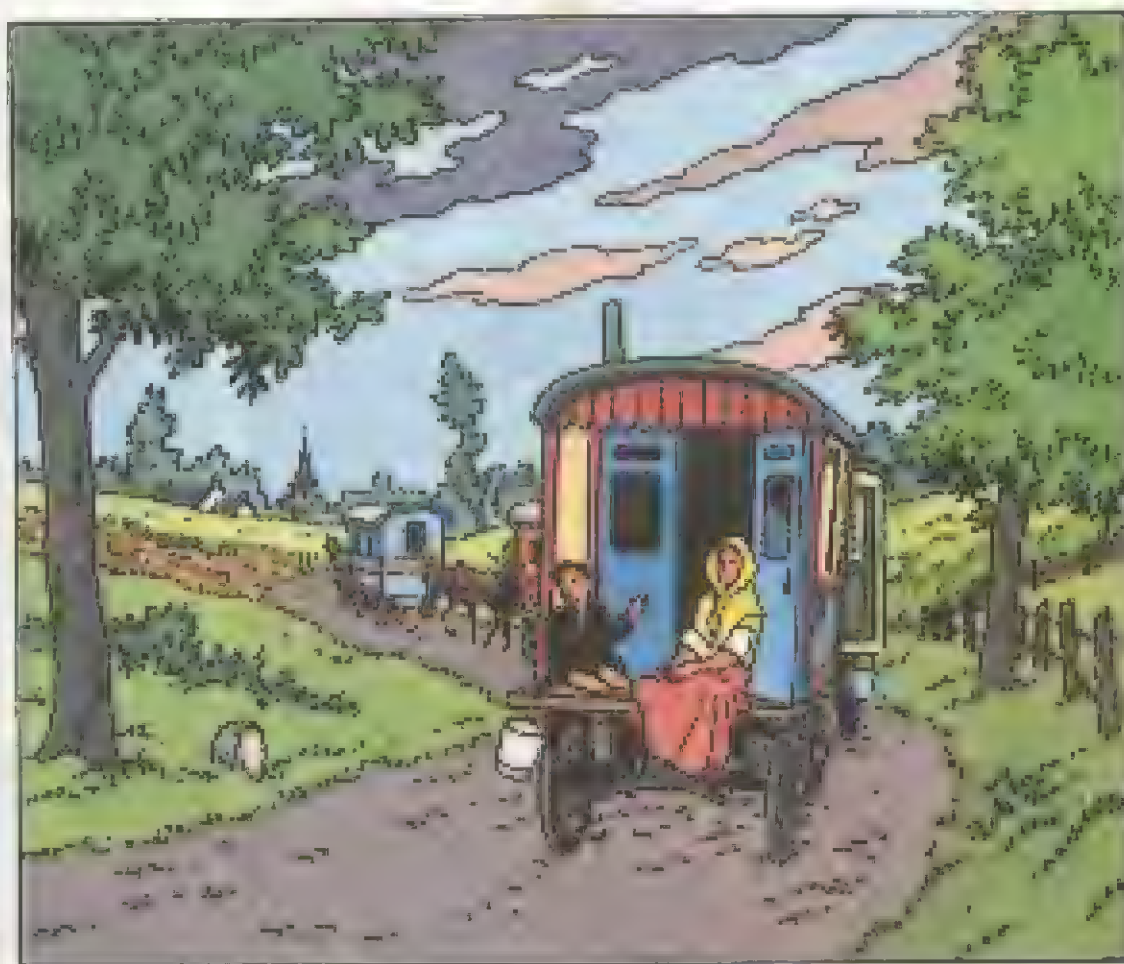
They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night...

What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far.

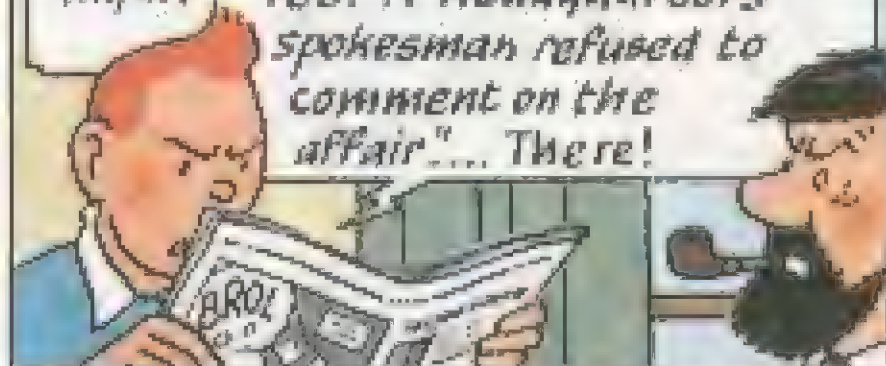


... calling all patrols... Intercept band of gipsies. Believed to have left Marlinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ...



Two days later ...

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues" ... etc. etc... Ah! "The gipsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair" ... There!



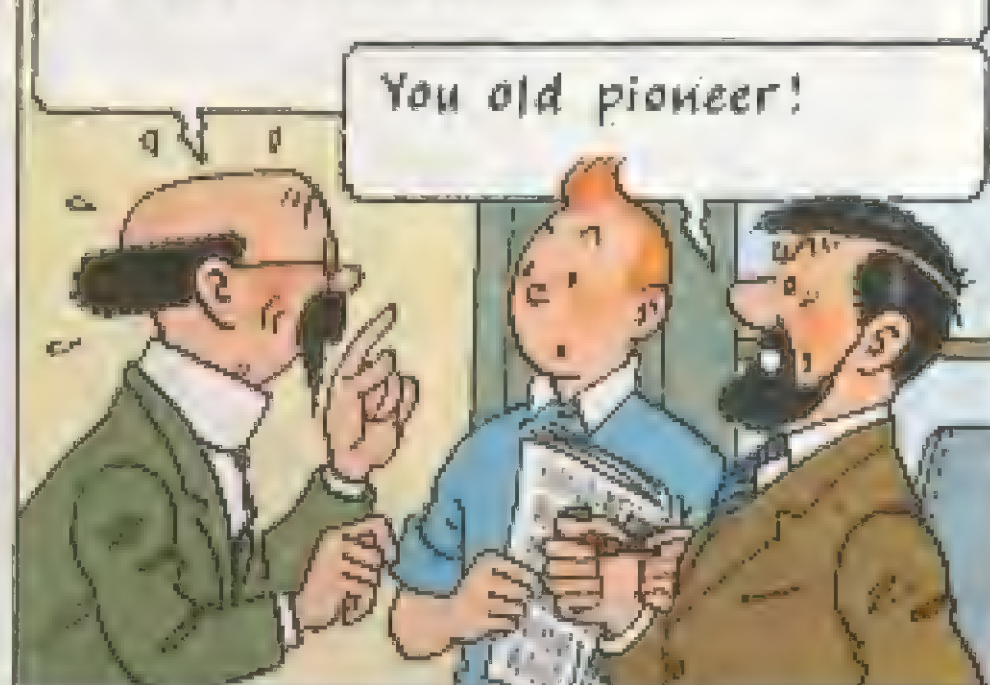
Those poor things ... And I'm absolutely certain they are innocent.

Me too. I'd stake my life on it ... but...



Tintin! Captain! My dear Friends! ... A sensational discovery! ... Sen-sa-tion-al! ... I've just invented a television set!

You old pioneer!



Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already ...



Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio? ... What about that?

The studio?

Er...

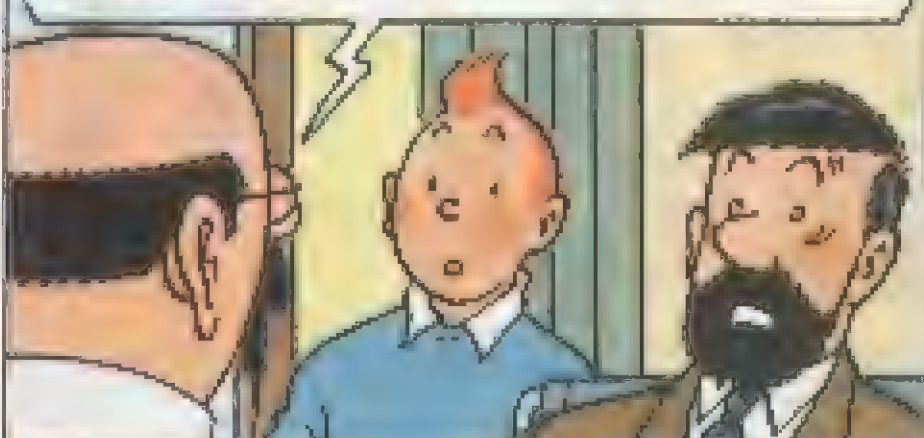


I don't need to tell you... In the studio the subjects are all in colour... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours! ... How?... How?... Well, roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcolor".

But that's brilliant!



You think so?... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scanorama" ... Will you join me?



That evening ...

Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!



♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
Tonight... BING ... Scanorama...
BONG... your look at life... DONG



... brings the big news of three continents to your Fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up of...

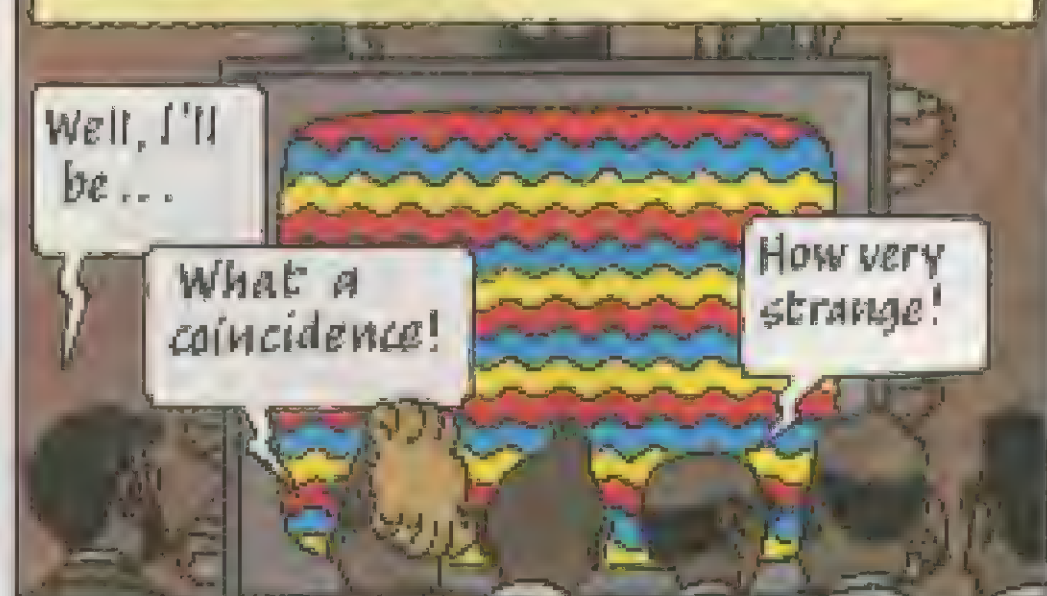


... the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohöd, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike ...

Well, I'll be ...

What a coincidence!

How very strange!



At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szolnód, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it...



DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG
DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG

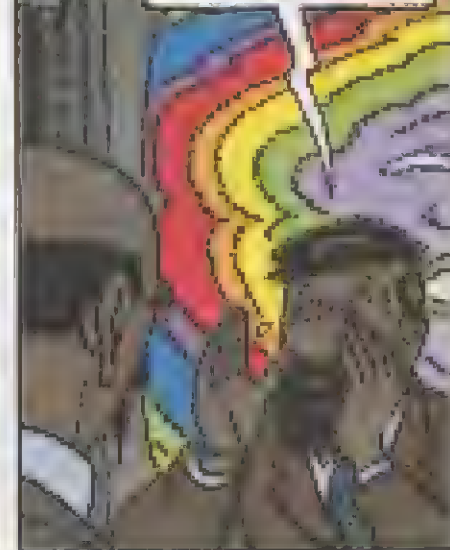
That's better, isn't it?



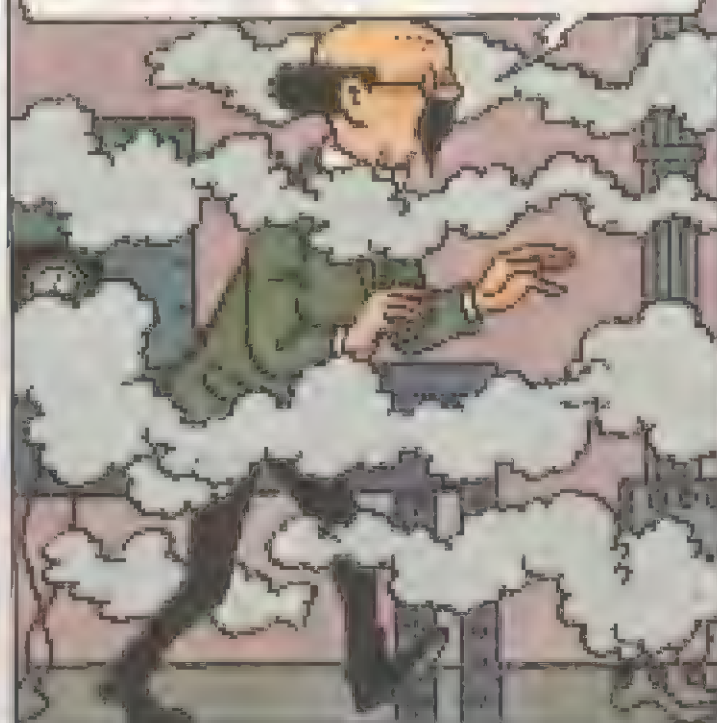
It's the sound, now!

All right, eh?

The sound! ...Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



Oh dear!... A valve has gone!... It won't take long to replace...

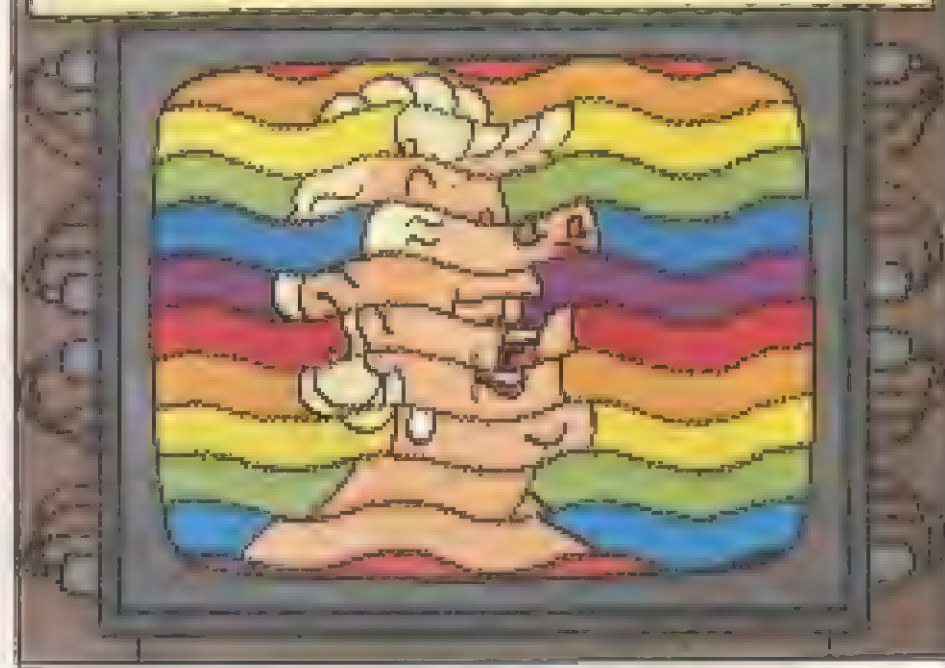


Ten minutes later...

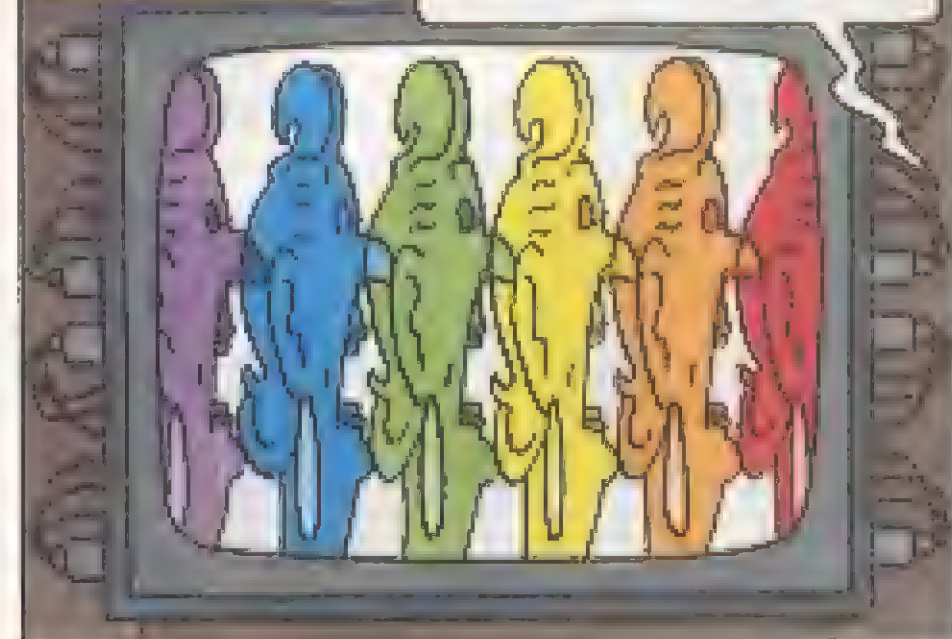
There! That's done it!



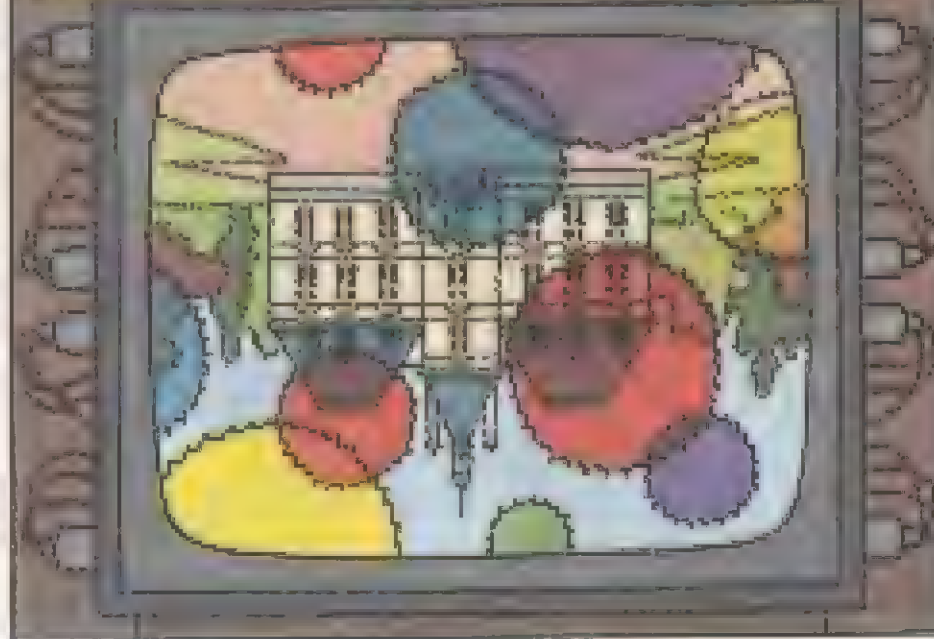
... summary of the facts. As you know, the famous Italian singer Bianca Castafiore is staying in this country...



Ah, my beauty past compare
Is that me? Oh, how horrible!



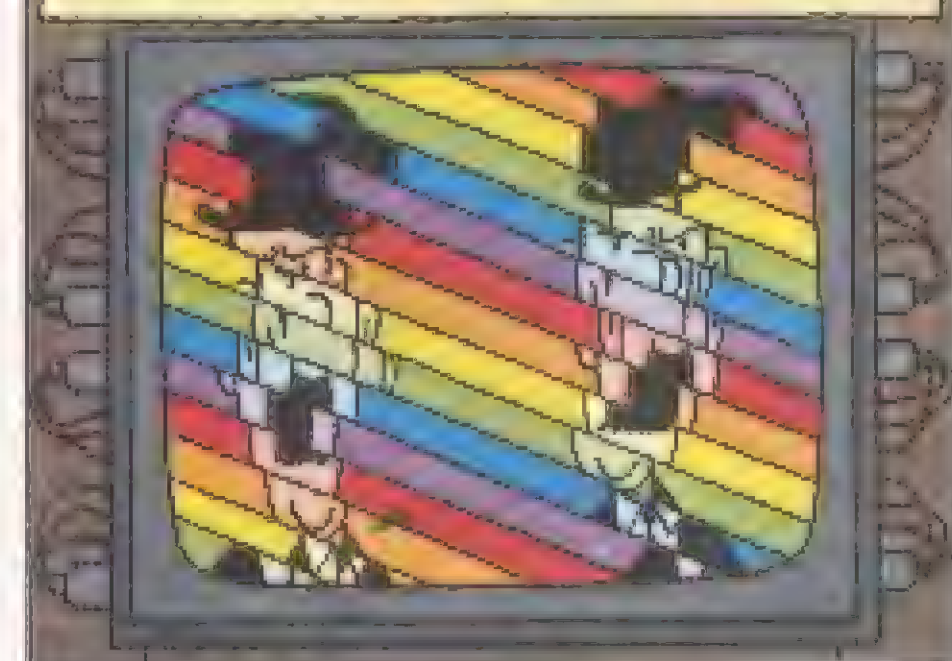
At historic Marlinspike Hall, the prima donna was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent emerald vanished... mysteriously!



Today a Scanorama reporter went down to Marlinspike and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Over to Thompson and Thomson...



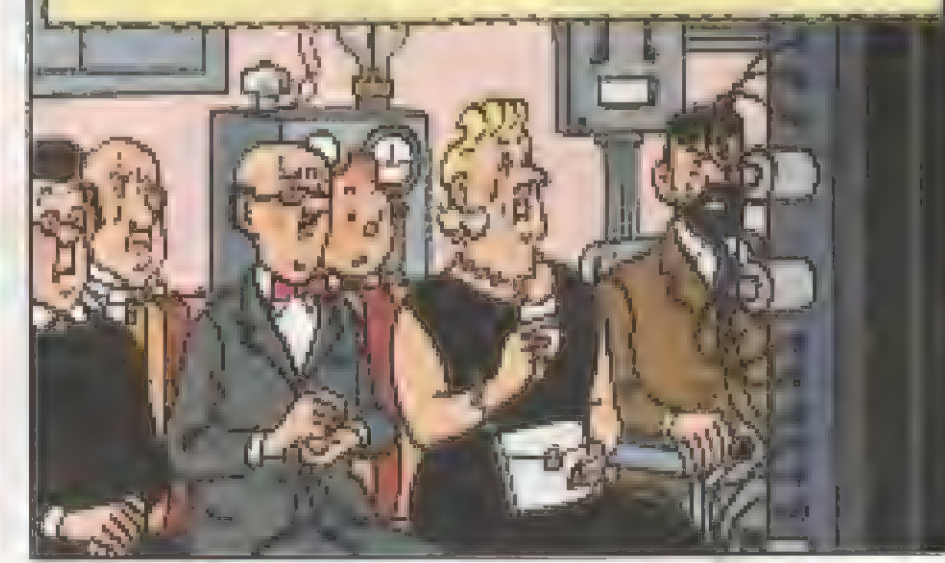
No, our lips are sealed. We can't tell you whom we suspect, but it isn't anyone in the house. Mum's the word, you know.



Yes, dumb's the word, that's our motto. So we're not allowed to tell you about the gipsies, though we suspected them from the start...



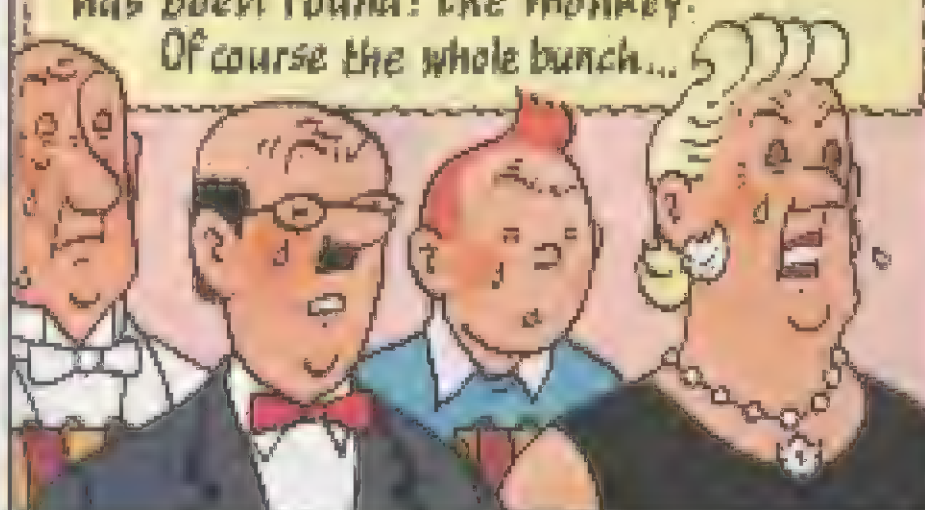
Especially after they cleft their lamp...er...left their camp, the morning after the robbery. But we soon ran them to earth, and then when we searched their caravans we made a startling discovery!



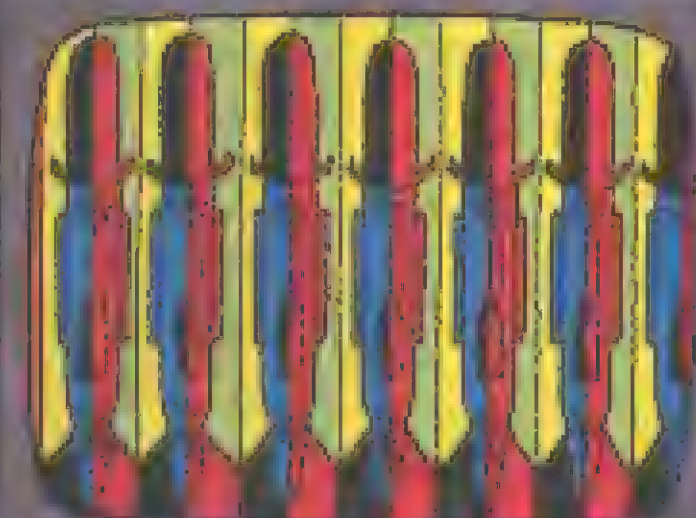
Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...



... we found a messed-up Flunkey ...er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility... And that man has been found: the monkey! Of course the whole bunch...



... denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



So that's how things stand... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but ...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!



The next morning...

Poor gipsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.

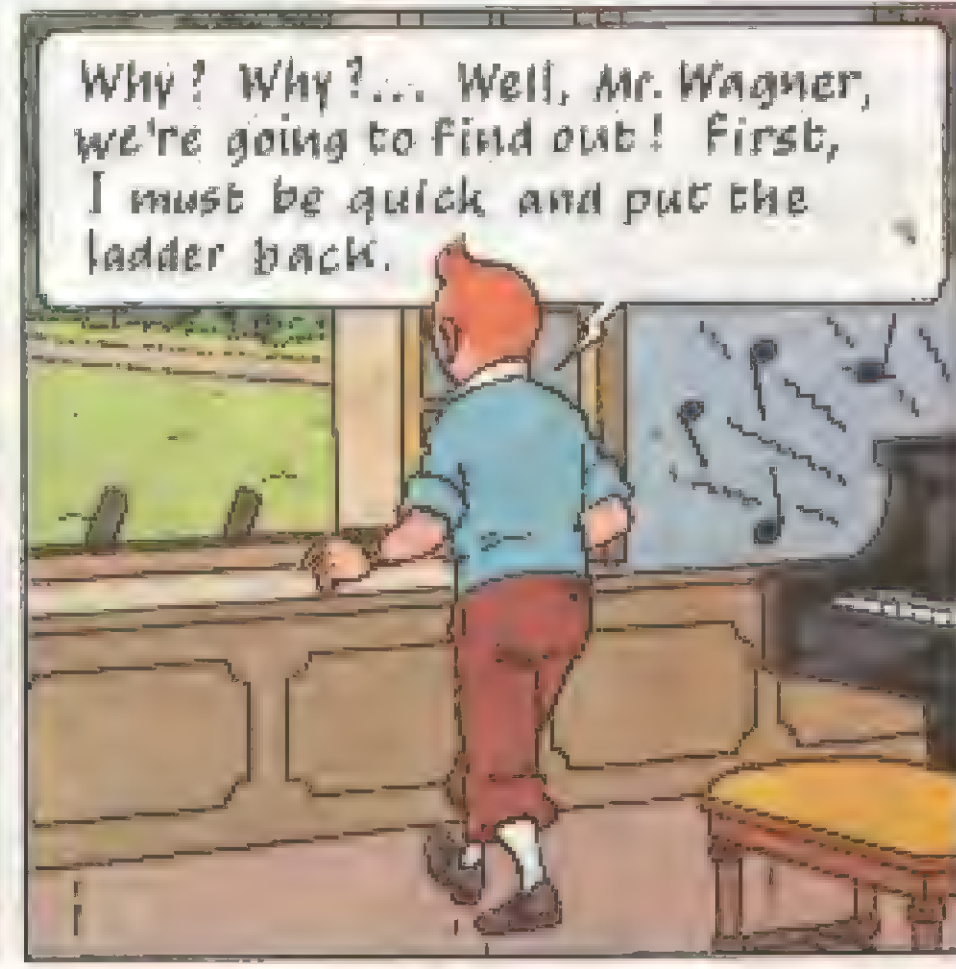
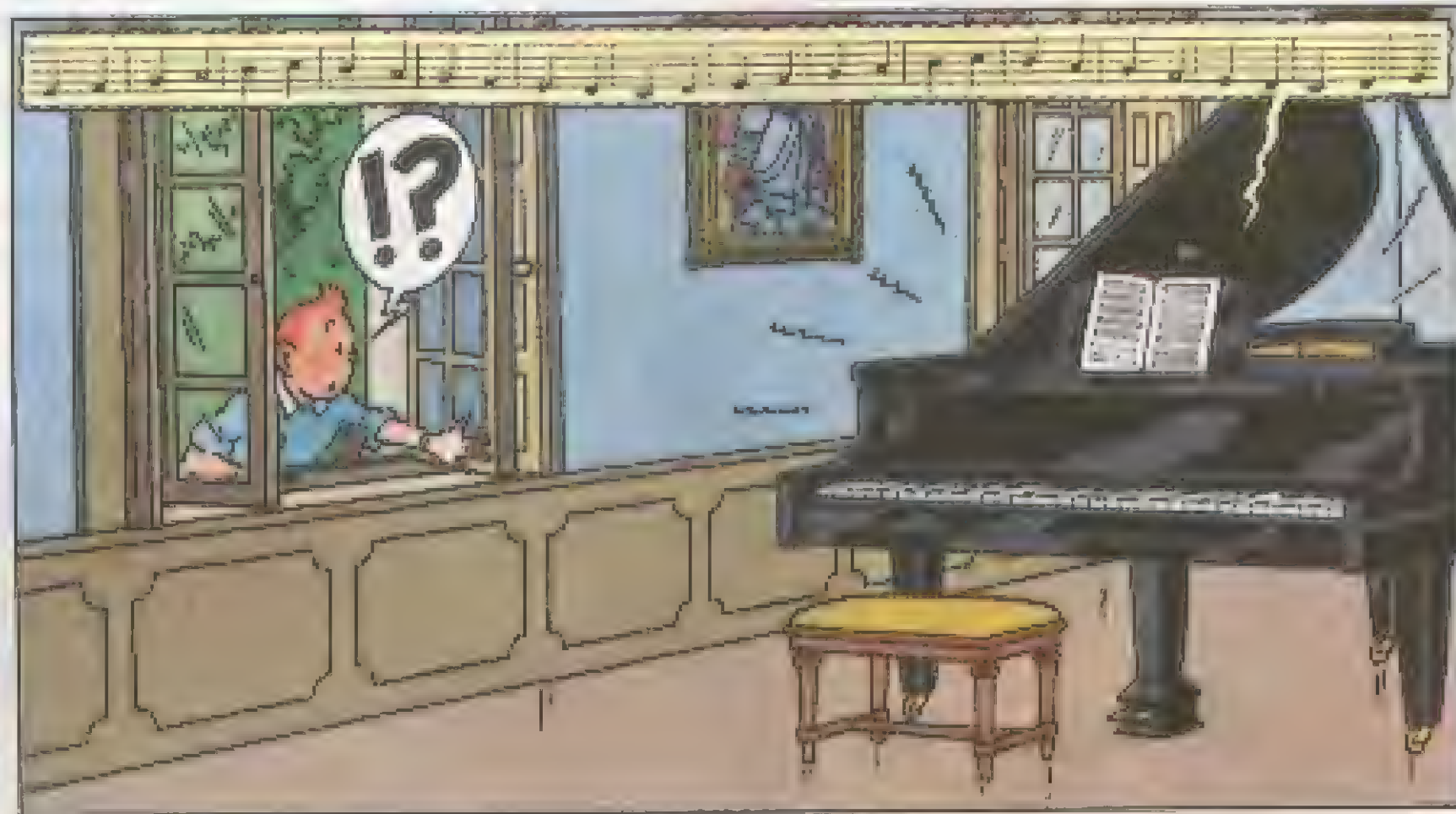
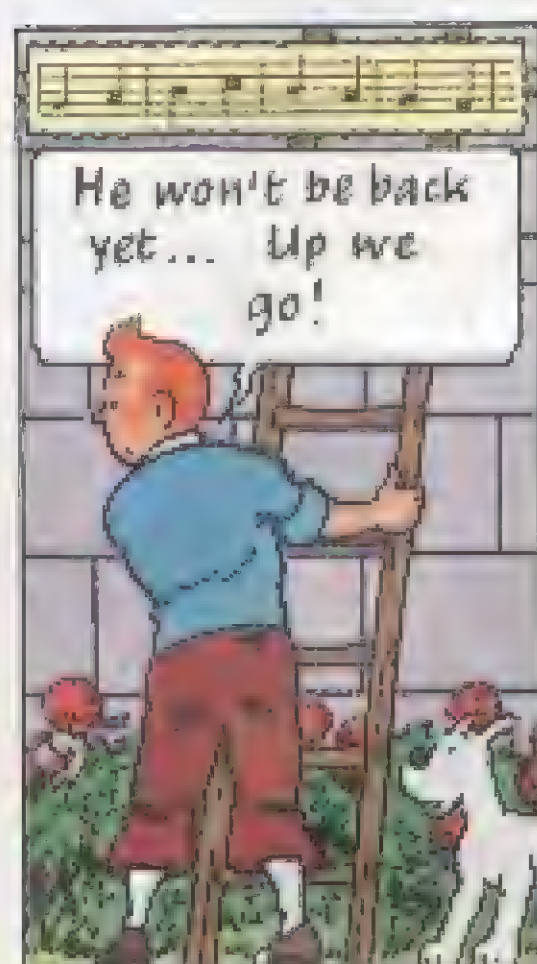
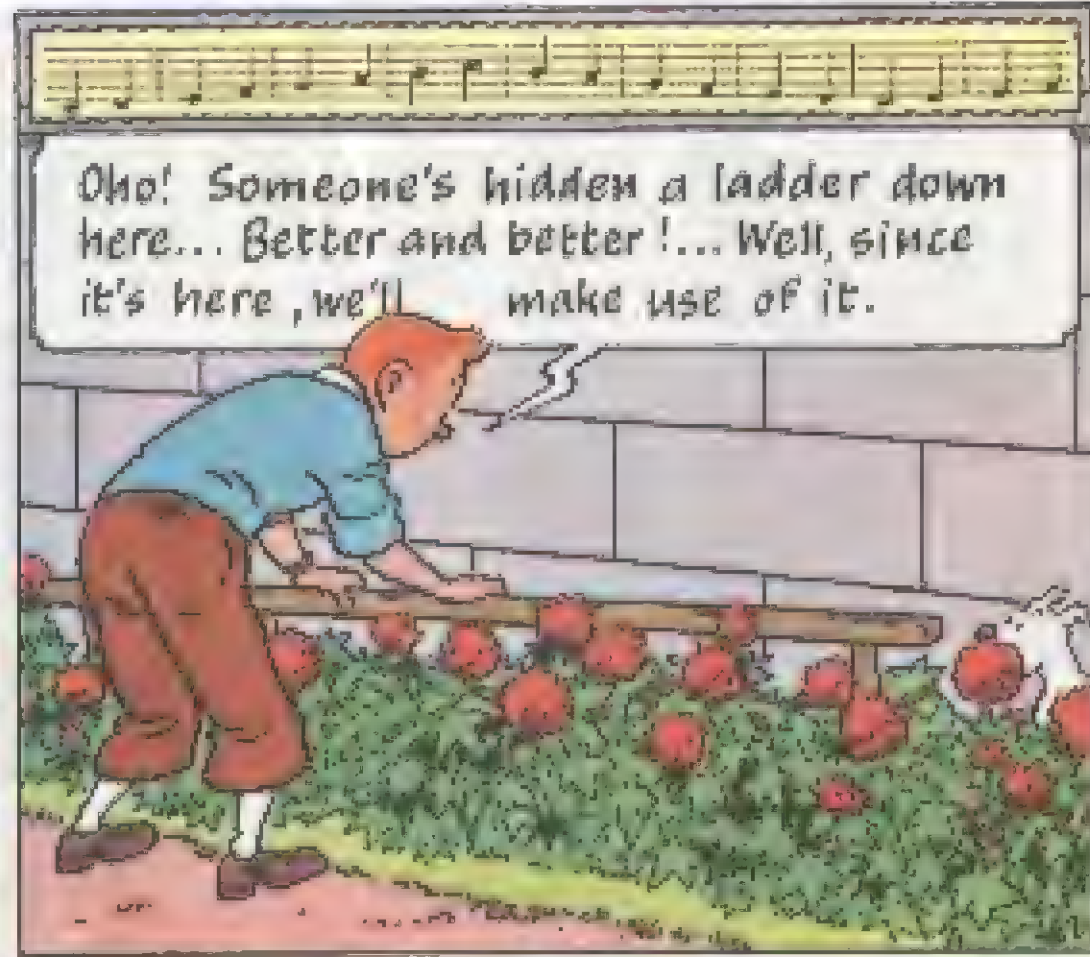
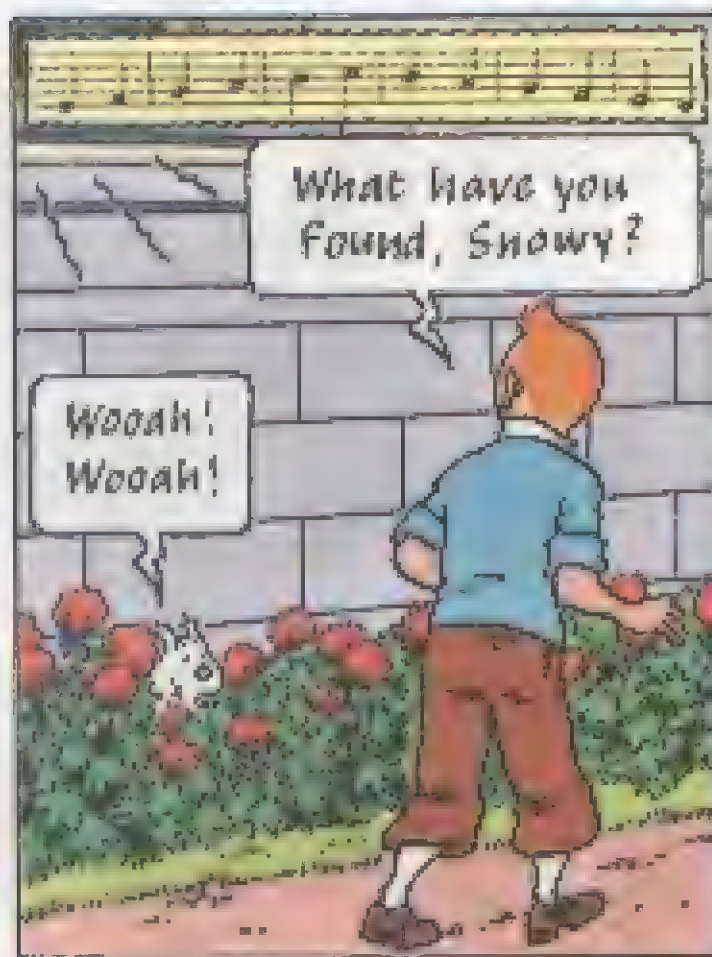
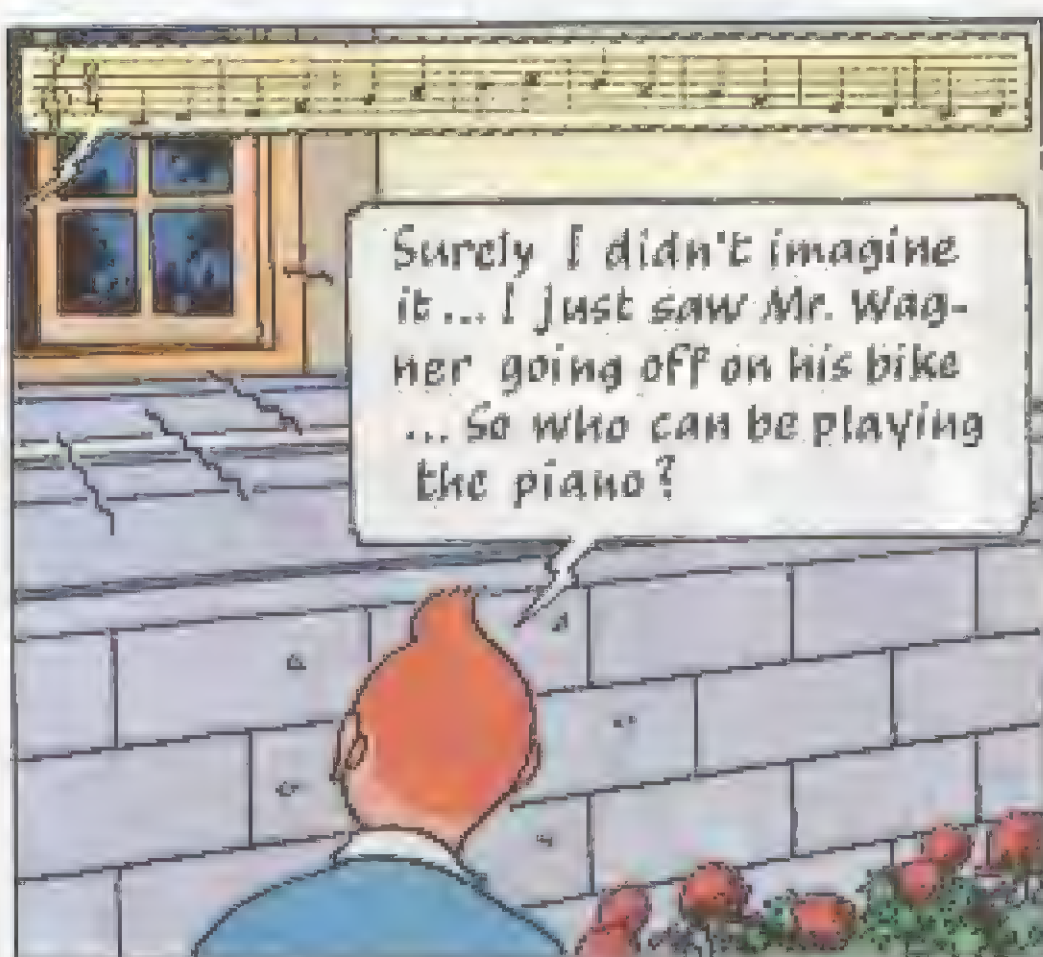


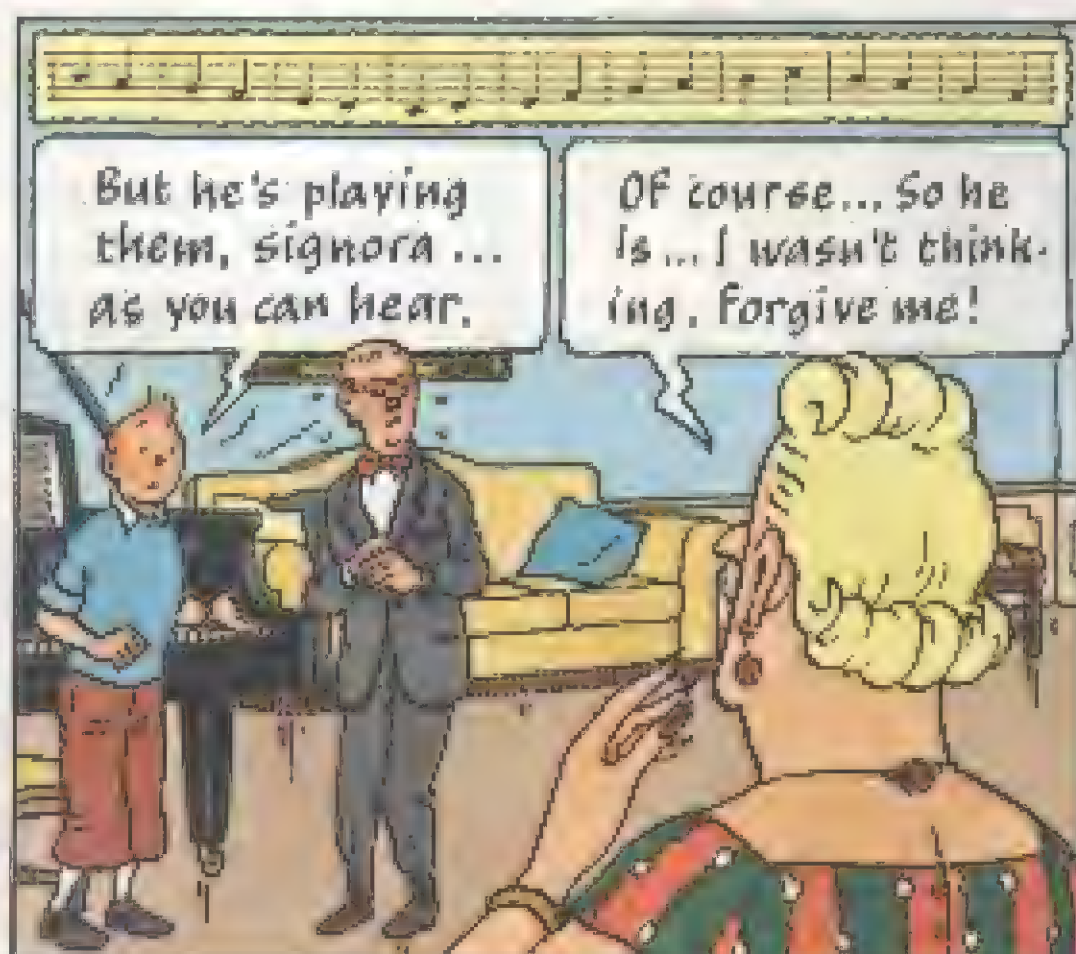
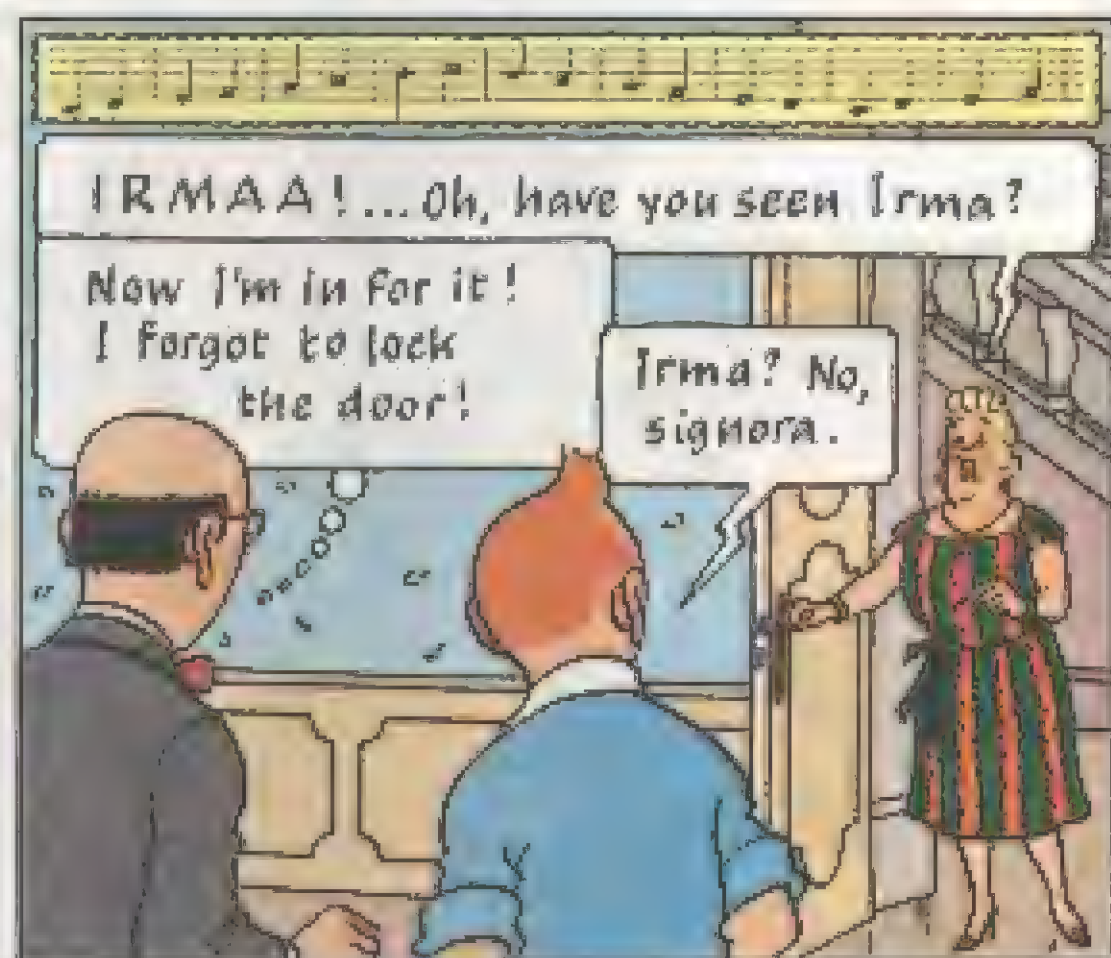
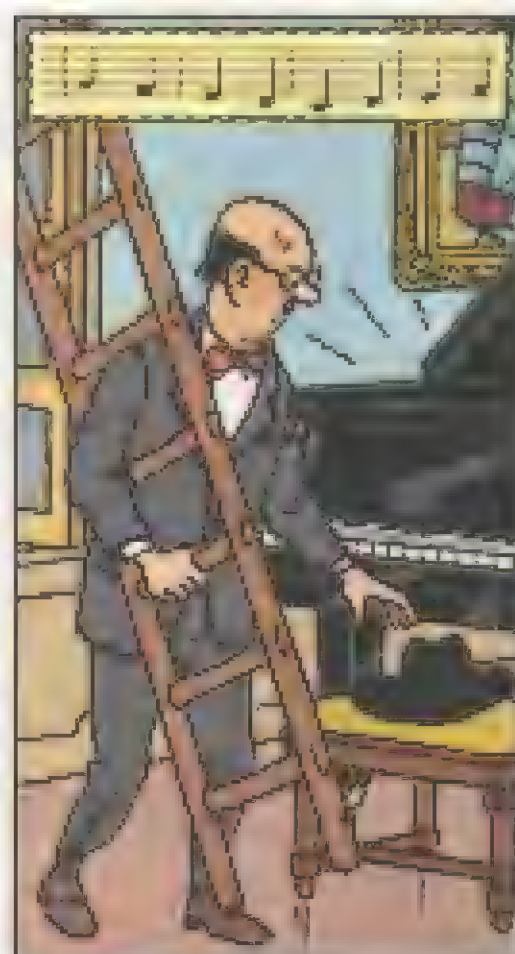
He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...



We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!

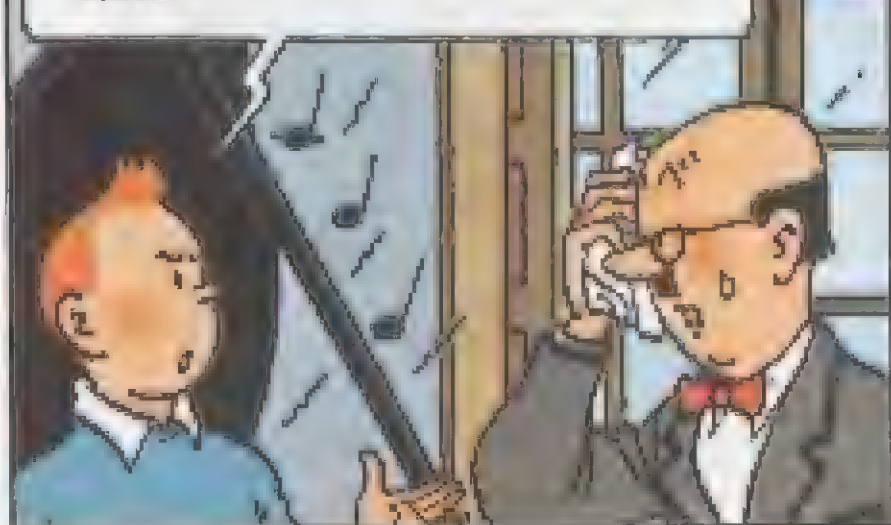






Thanks... But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to get you alone... Now, sit down at the piano; it's safer... Then talk!



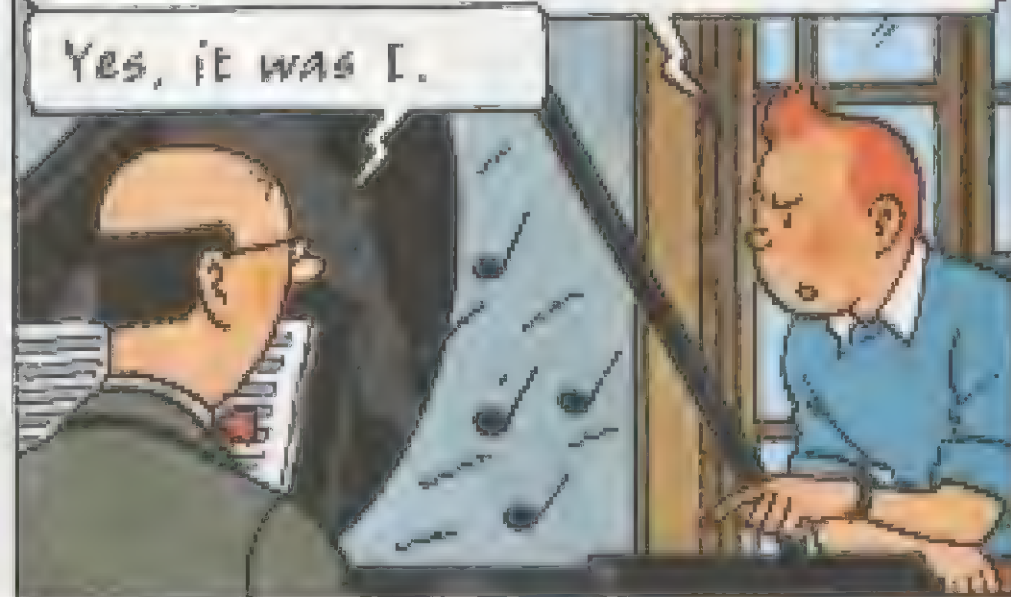
All right!... I'll tell you everything. It's the horses... I'm a gambler, you see. I go to the village every day to telephone my bets...

Hmm!



Is that so? ... Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen... when some unknown person fell down the stairs... It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.

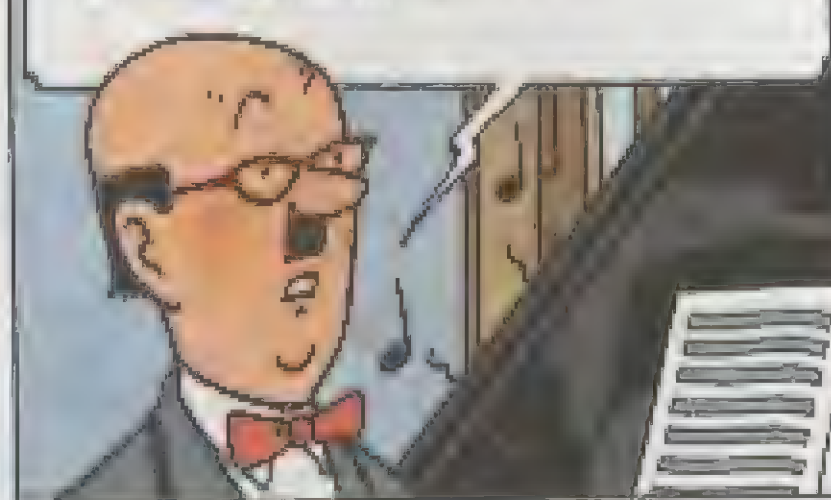


I'd been up to the attic... and on my way down I heard Signora Castafiore cry out... I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?



Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there... at dusk... like the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end I decided to get to the bottom of it...



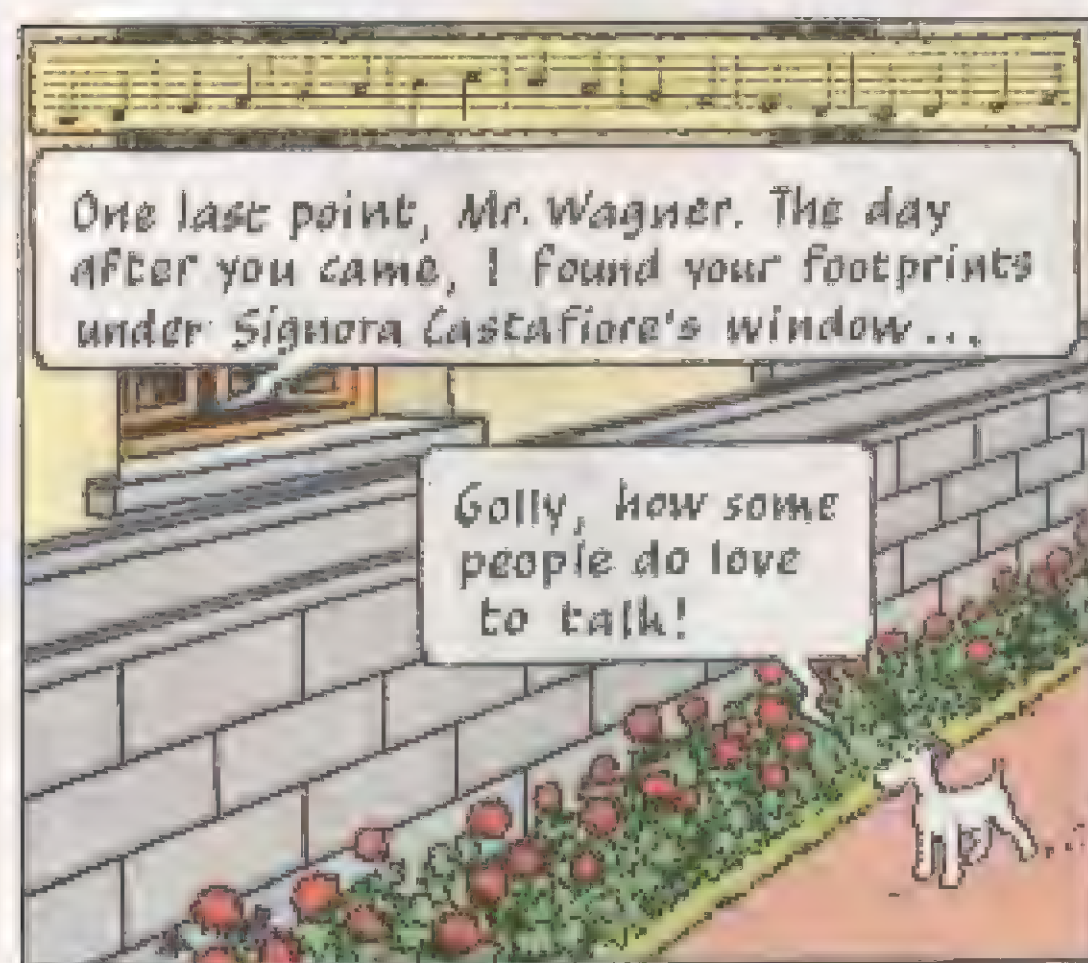
Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself, if it was only a false alarm... Anyway, I didn't find anything.



One last point, Mr. Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castafiore's window...

Golly, how some people do love to talk!



Yes... it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there, to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good... That's all the explanation I need.



No, I don't think Wagner stole the emerald: he seems to be telling the truth... Well, now I've got to find the real culprit!



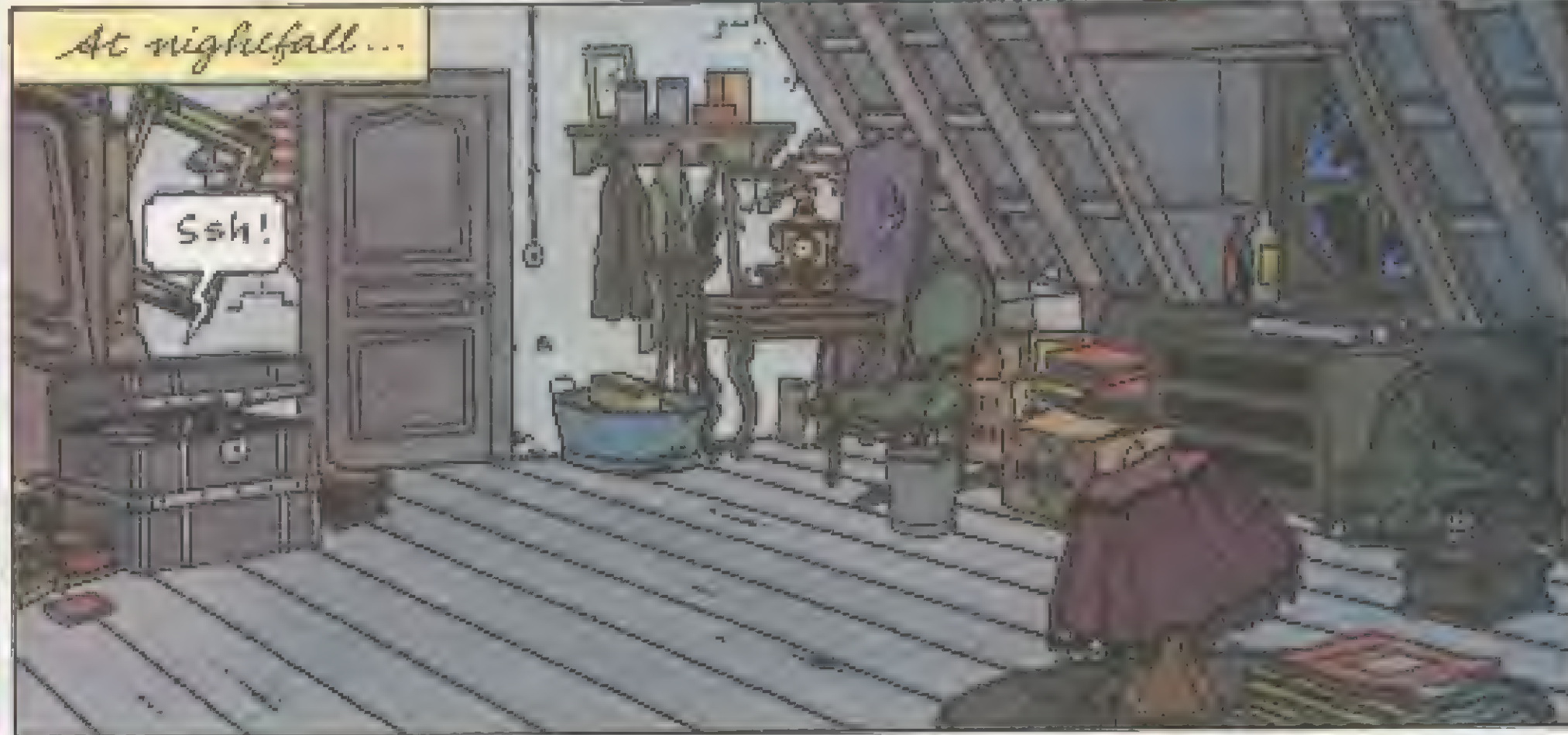
In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead... Coming, Snowy?

Ah... at last!



At nightfall...

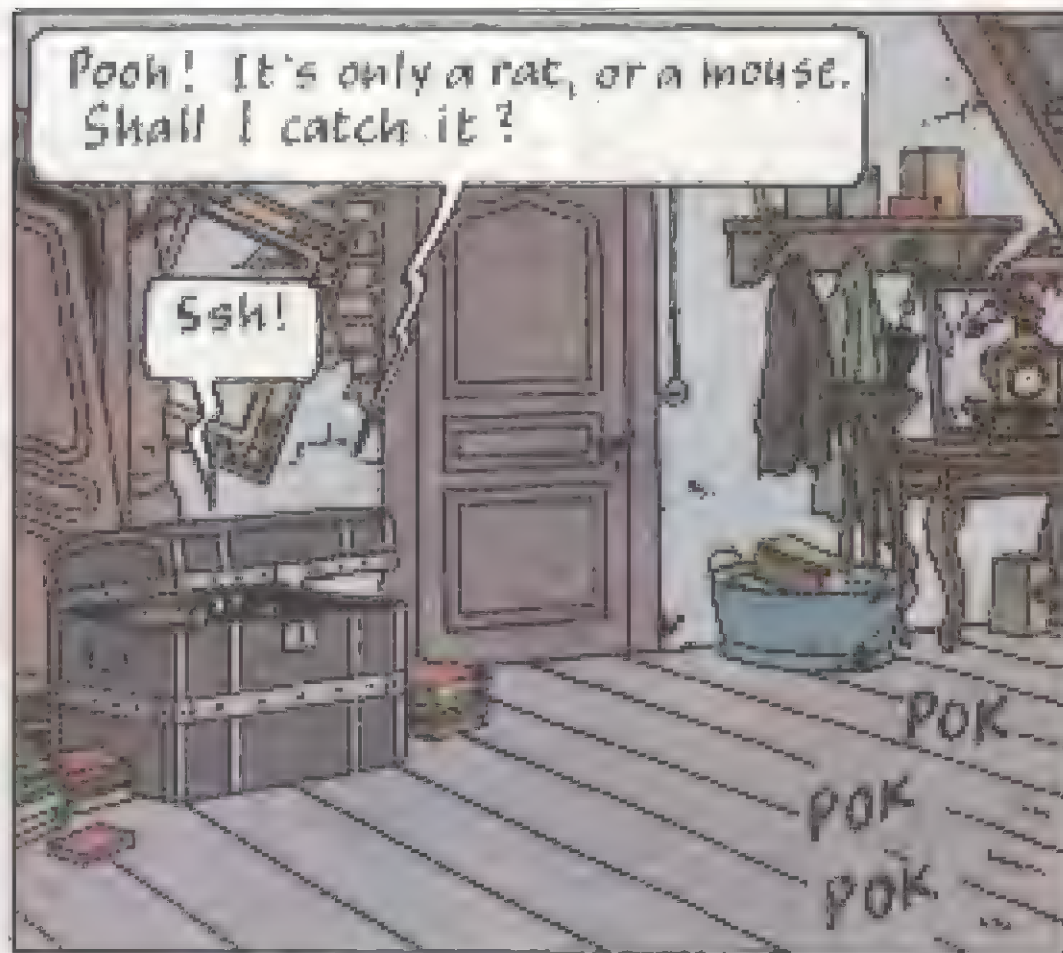
Ssh!





I say, Tintin, how long must we stay here?

Ssh, Snowy! Listen...



Pooh! It's only a rat, or a mouse. Shall I catch it?

Ssh!



Oh!... Look over there!... An old owl; he must roost up here!



There's the "monster" who paces the attic, and frightened Signora Castafiore when he looked in her window!



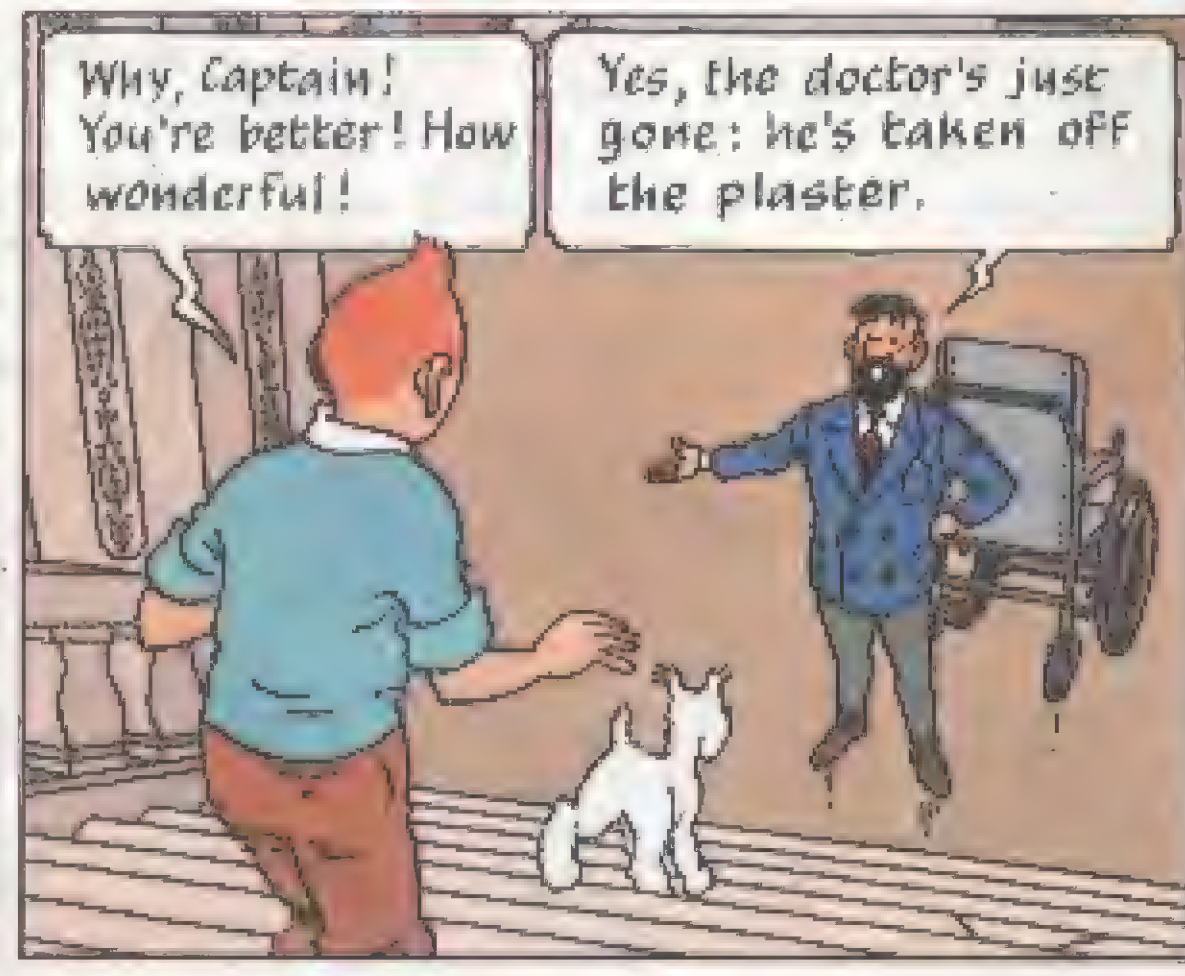
TU-WHOOO



We can go down now, Snowy. There's nothing more up here.



Just another false trail.



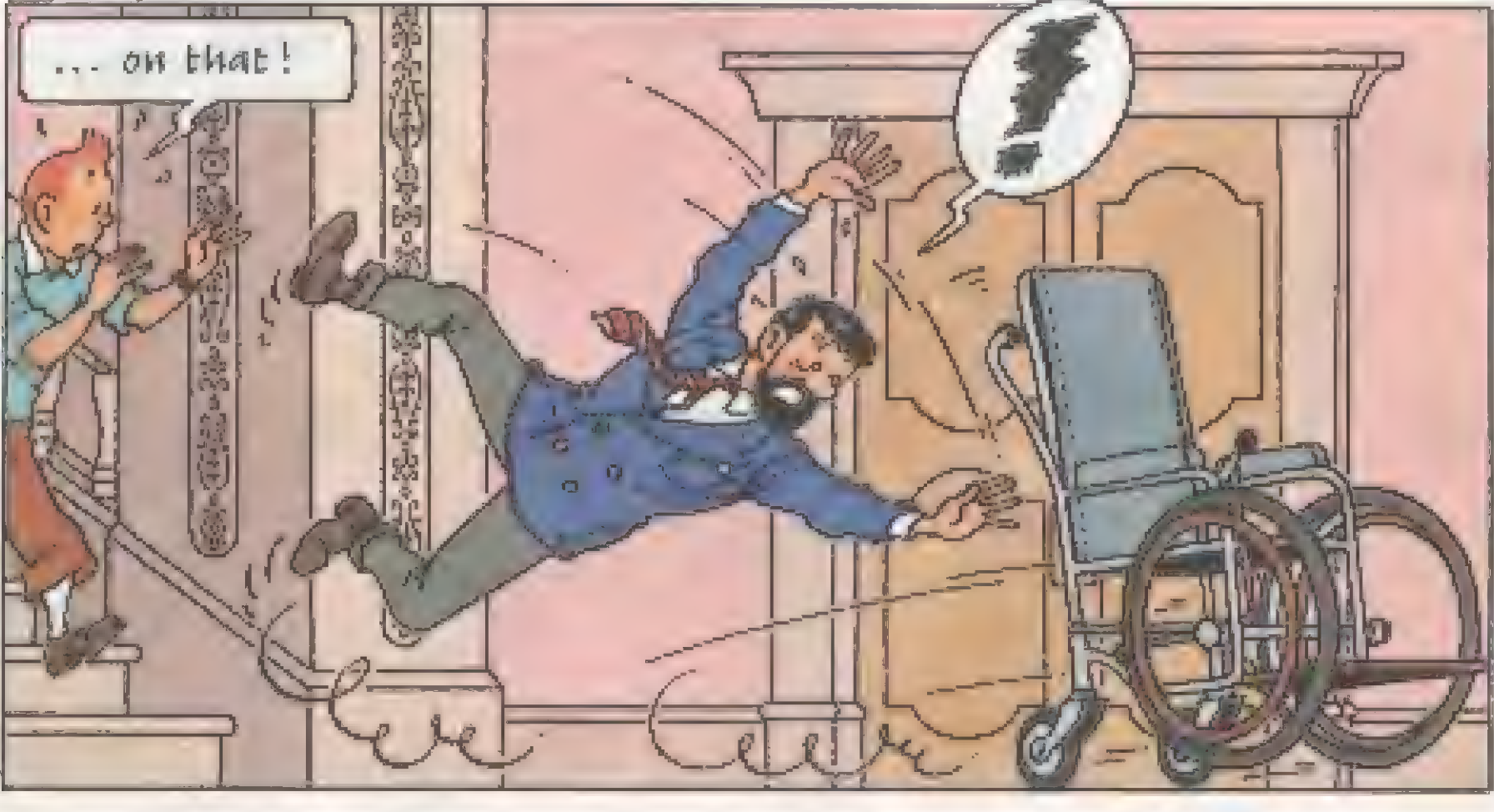
Why, Captain! You're better! How wonderful!

Yes, the doctor's just gone: he's taken off the plaster.

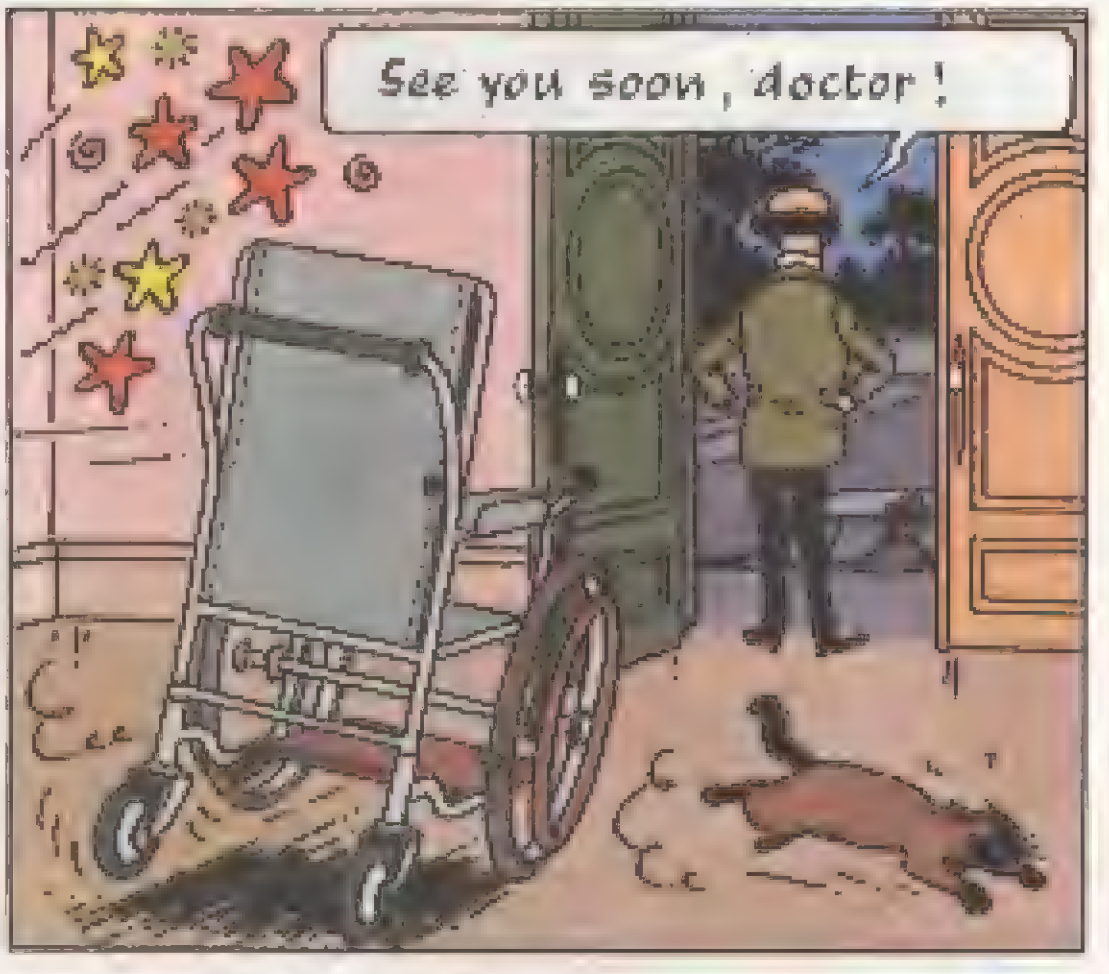


You've no idea how good it feels to be standing on my own two feet again!

Careful! Don't lean...



... on that!



See you soon, doctor!



Great snakes!
What's going to
happen?



One day I really must
turn out the clutter in
this car!



What was it? ... What
happened?

What happened?
What was it?
...



My dear Captain Padlock ...
Why, you're up! ... I'm so
glad.

Thanks!



It grieves me to cloud your
happiness, but I have sad
news for you: I must leave
you tomorrow.

No! ... Not really?
It can't be true!



Alas, dear friend! They are clamour-
ing for me at La Scala in Milan: a
farewell performance in Rossini before
I leave for the States.

I'm terribly upset
... I'm shattered... You
won't change your mind?



You're an angel, trying
to keep me here, but I
already have my tickets.

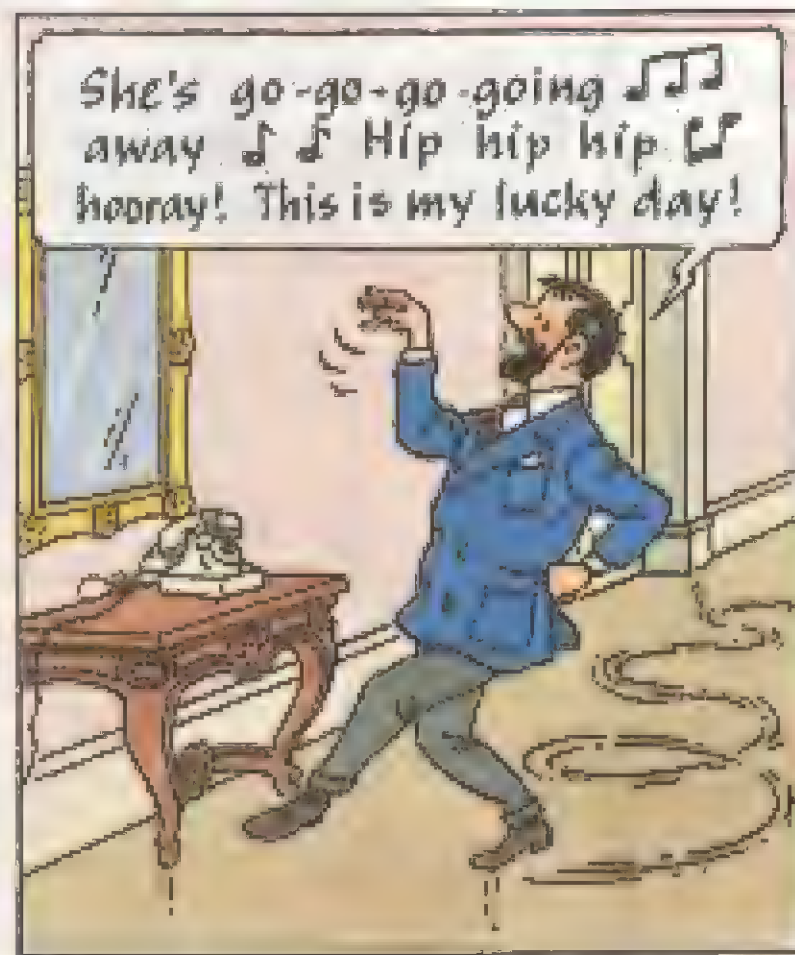
Ah!



She's going!
She's going!

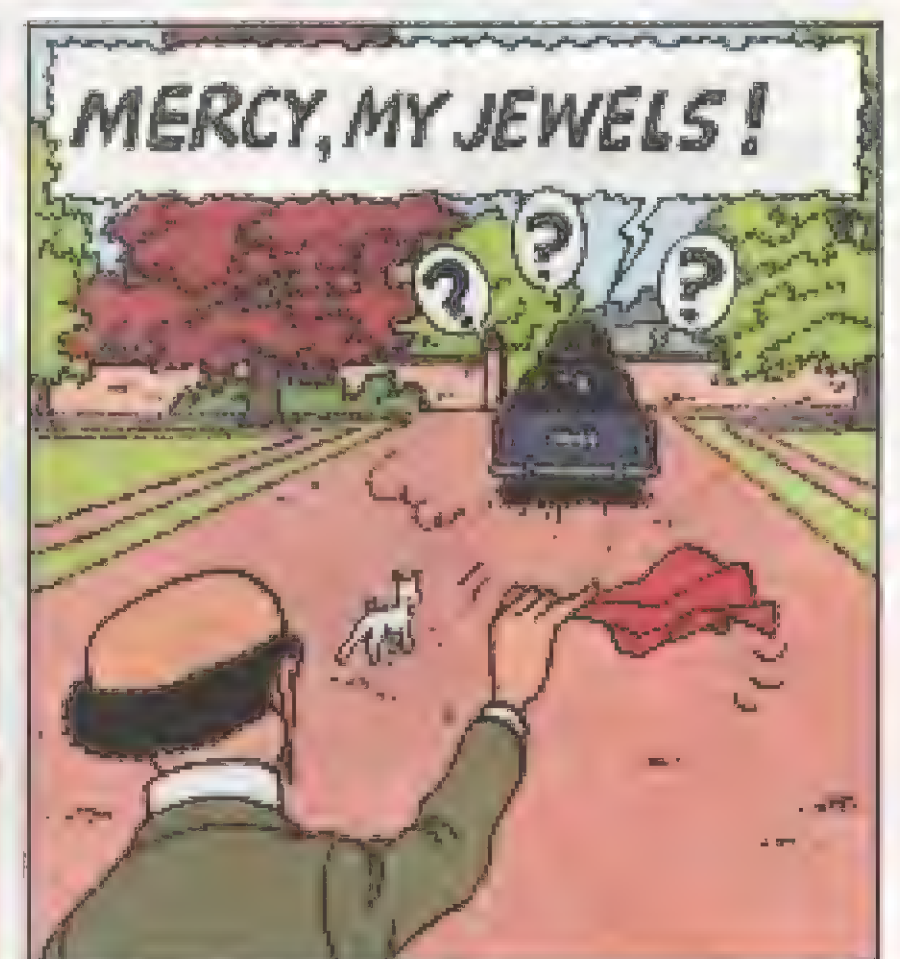
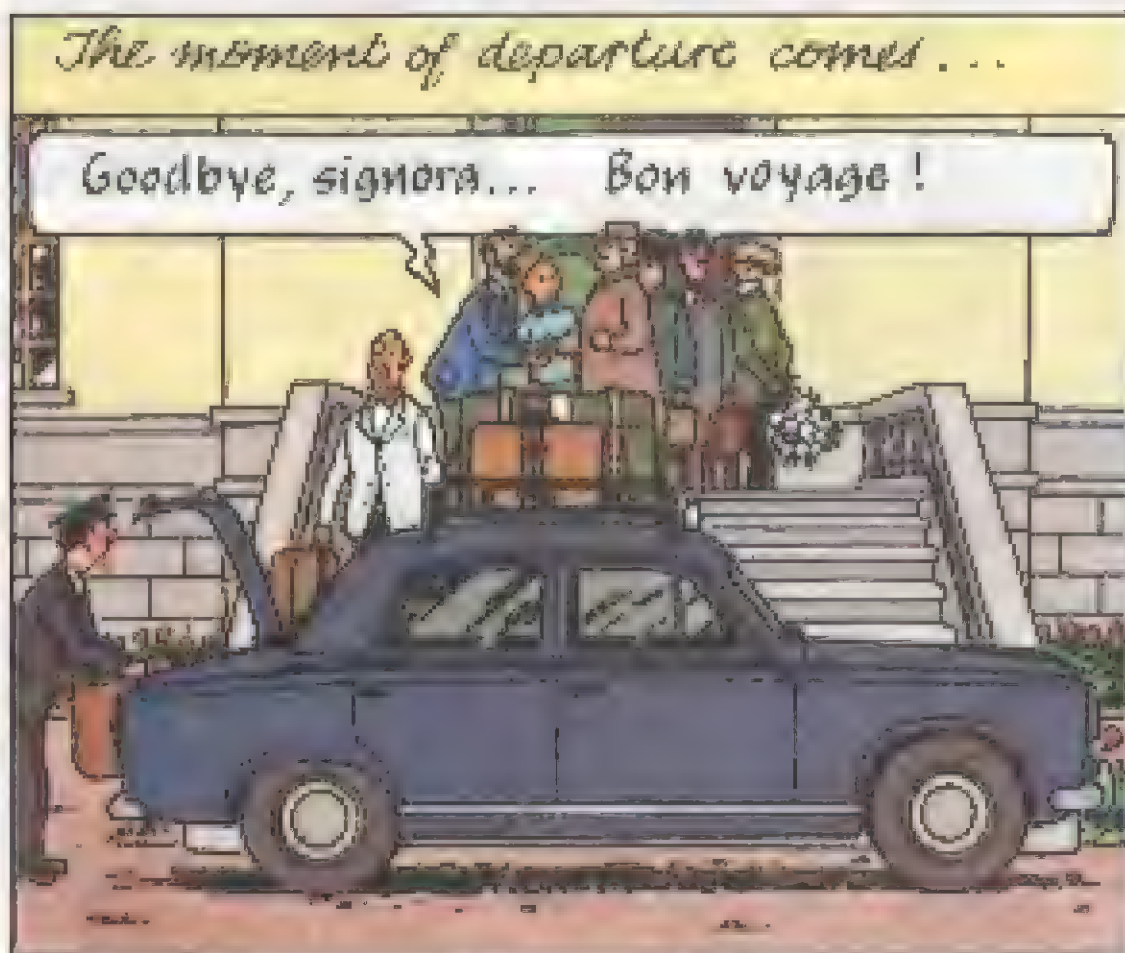


She's go-go-go-going ♪♪
away ♪♪ Hip hip hip ♪♪
hooray! This is my lucky day!



She's go... guo... gug! ...Ta-ra-
ra-er... um... yes... H'mm.







Nightingale with a Broken Heart

MILAN, TUESDAY

'Triumph... superlative... sublime... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castafiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA.

Time and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtains! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marlinspike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gypsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight





I wonder what's got into him?



Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Signora Castafiore?

A message?... Me?... For Castafiore?



No, a message!... I forgot to tell you, I'm leaving today for Milan: I'm going there to demonstrate my Super-Calcolor to the International Television Congress. Naturally, I shall call upon our charming friend.

Oh? Well, tell her whatever you like: but for pity's sake, don't invite her back to Marlinspike!



That's very kind: I'll tell her. She'll certainly be touched by your invitation...



Captain! Captain!

Now what?... Has he set the house on fire?



Is there a woodman anywhere near?

A woodman?... Yes, Charlie Sawyer, in the village... But why?



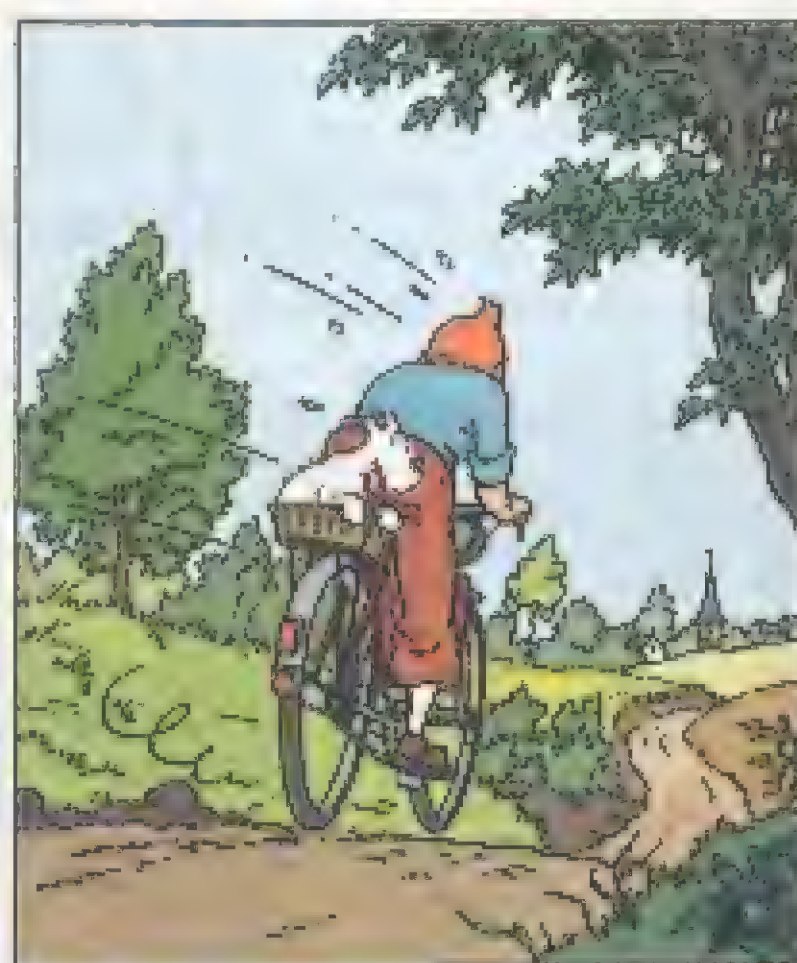
Thanks!... Oh, I almost forgot... Ring up the Thompsons... Tell them to come here as soon as possible: about the emerald.

About the emerald?... What?...



Later!... And remember to telephone, won't you?

But Tintin, look here...



Half an hour later...

We've only come as a special flavour... er, savour... er, well, so far as we're concerned, there's absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by the gipsies, with the help of their monkey.



It's as clear as day to us, eh Thompson?

To be precise: dear as day. That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!



There's only one thing Tintin can tell us: where the emerald is hidden.

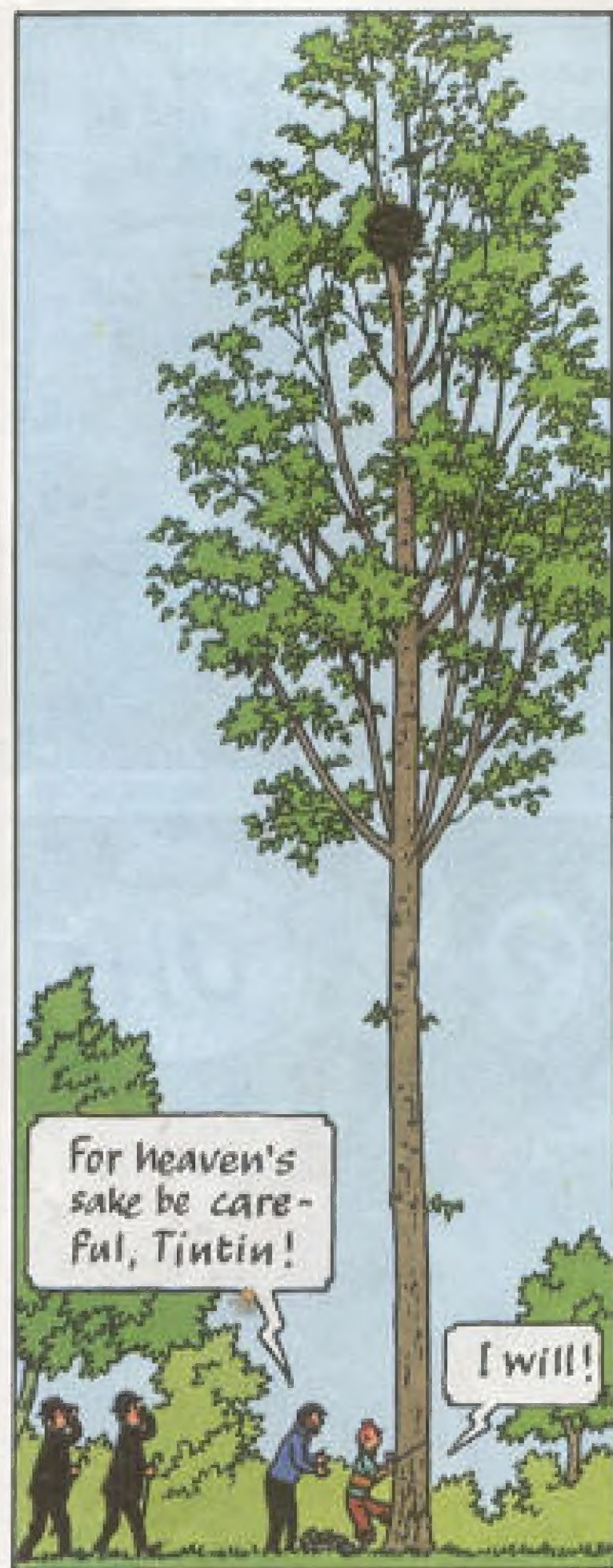


And if you'll come with me, gentlemen, I will do precisely that!

You?!

No?!

Yes?!





Look out for the dead branch!



No damage done!... What about you? Have you found anything?

Yes, and how! I've got Irma's thimble ...



AND THE EMERALD! HERE'S THE EMERALD!!



Some bits of glass... a marble... and a monocle... That's the lot... I'm coming down.

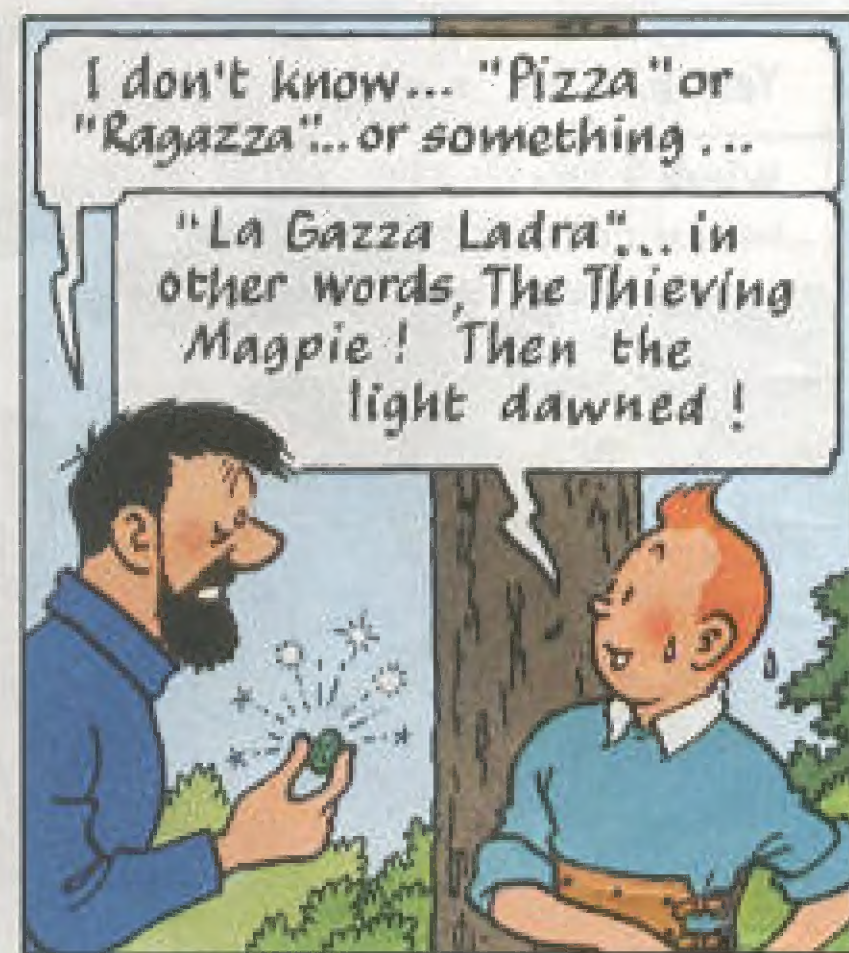
Chak-chak

Thief!



Wonderful!... Tintin, you're a genius!... But what on earth suddenly made you think of a magpie?

Do you remember the name of the opera they mentioned in the paper?



I don't know... "Pizza" or "Ragazza"... or something ...

"La Gazza Ladra"... in other words, The Thieving Magpie! Then the light dawned!



I thought to myself: "There's a 'gazza ladra' somewhere around... But where? ... What about the spot where Miarka found the scissors? They must have fallen from the robber's hiding-place." ... So I ran to look, and there was the nest!... Well, that clears the gypsies!



Just our luck! The one time we manage to catch the culprits they turn out to be innocent! It's really too bad of them!

You'd think they'd done it on purpose!



Anyway, thanks to us, the emerald has turned up. And all we have to do is to return it to Signora Castafiore.

You know, Cuthbert Calculus is just leaving for Milan. Couldn't we give him the jewel?



Definitely not! We and we alone must restore the emerald: we are in beauty downed! ...

As you like: here it is.



You know, what pleases me is the relief for the gypsies. They'll be completely cleared of suspicion now.

It's a sight for sore eyes...

To be precise, I'd say...



?

?

OH!

